THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR

PEMBERTON LLOYD

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

NEW COURT AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
WHERE THE AUTHOR'S ROOMS WERE.
By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

THE

MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

BY THE

REV. PEMBERTON LLOYD, M.A.,

Of St. John's College, Cambridge,

late Vicar of Ancaster, Lincolnshire, and now Patron.

LONDON:

W. H. & L. COLLINGRIDGE,

148 & 149, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

PRINTED BY W. H. & L. COLLINGRIDGE,
148 & 149, ALDERSGATE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

QH
81
L77m

I dedicate this Book

TO MY

Father and Mother,

JAMES SIDDEN and LUCY ANDERSON LLOYD,

with the greatest love and respect

for their memory.

866586

PREFACE.

My object in putting this book on the market was not because I felt there were not a great many published now on similar subjects, but because I felt there was no book dealing absolutely with the months of the year, *i.e.*, explaining the meaning of the names to the months, and dealing with the events in each month. And secondly, I felt village life would be much happier if persons who lived in villages took a pleasure in the months as they passed, and if the events which made village life joyous in the past could be re-enacted in the present; for, certainly, it seems a pity—a grievous pity—to see towns so overcrowded and the country so deserted. You have only to travel in the train and look out of the window to see clearly that many and many a farm is going to ruin.

Assuredly, if villages were made once more models of beauty and centres of joy, those persons who formerly rejoiced in their well-being would return again in the persons of their grandchildren.

Of course, the welfare of a village lies very largely with the clergyman, and also a great deal with the squire and the doctor (if there is one); but if all work together for the common good, and there be a Christian feeling between rich and poor, a brotherhood in Christ, a village will soon become a centre for good, and its influence will wander far and near. I love the words of that old English song, "Home, sweet home," and a pretty rustic home in a happy village has been the theme of many songs.

A man, when abroad, thinks of his home, and pictures the church spire, or church tower, the valley or the wood, the cottage garden, and the creeper round the porch; and when home life and home love are gone, England will be so shattered at its base that it will not recover.

There are duties for father, mother, and children. The father should be the head of the home; the mother the mistress; and the

children the flowers of the home. Let me exhort the husband to see to the wife, and remember that she wants taking out for a holiday now she is married, just as much, if not more, than when she was engaged, as she has more anxiety and trouble; she also wants a cheery word about the way she keeps the home and the children.

The father wants to see, with his wife, that the children go to the House of God. Let the parents go with them, and see that they behave well when in the House of God. Do not let the family life be split, but let them all be together, remembering the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Then the wife. The husband wants to see a tidy room and clean children when he returns home. He wants to see the tea-things laid, his slippers by the fire, and a clean shirt. He does not want to find his wife out gossiping, and an untidy home; or small wonder if he departs to the cosy fire at the "Pig and Whistle," or the "Red Cow." But a good wife—a loving, unselfish, religious-minded wife—a wife with a bright, sunny smile—is the greatest blessing heaven can shower down upon mankind, far beyond money. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She stretcheth forth her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth out her hands to the needy; her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Then the children. Let them be taught to sew and darn socks well, to keep a home clean, to cook plain cooking, and to read instructive books. Crush out early, in the kindest way, that great hydra-headed dragon of selfishness. A selfish boy, or a selfish girl, makes, when grown up, a tyrannical husband or a miserable wife, and either the one or the other is the ruin of the home.

Let the boys respect their sisters, and let the sisters do all they can to earn their brothers' respect. Instil into them early, refinement, courtesy, and tender-heartedness. To make a child refined, you must be good; to make a child courteous, you must make the child think of others first; to make a child tender-

hearted, let it see to those in distress. Let me quote, in conclusion, the beauteous chapter of St. Matthew, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

This should be the village motto. We are all children of one Heavenly Father. Let us help one another in trial and sorrow. Ease one another's burdens. We are all journeying, let us hope, to one common goal, so let each help the other over the stiles that obstruct the way to the kingdom of our Heavenly Father.

"For it shall be, though far away the sound
Dies in the infinite silence of the sky;
Though obscure and hid in the profound,
Our days stream outwards, onwards, and pass by:
It shall be—behold, a new world is made
Out of the old, and the old dieth not:
For though the mountain forms and flowers fade,
Ageless remains the far informing thought.
Ah! when this troublous dream and mortal sleep
Fades from our eyelids and the end is near,
Down through the spaceless void and starry steep,
Instinct with love the dreaming soul shall hear
One whispered word, and all the past shall be
Upgathered into love's eternity."—*Carpenter.*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

New Court, St. John's College, Cambridge	*Frontispiece.*	
Ewes and Lambs	*facing page*	18
A Colony of Snowdrops	,,	18
View of Rochester	,,	30
Crocuses in Grass	,,	44
Snowstorm at Norwood	,,	58
Football at Crystal Palace	,,	68
Hyacinths in Hyde Park	,,	76
Among the Rhododendrons	,,	76
The Fleet at Southend	,,	84
Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race	,,	92
Oxford and Cambridge Hurdle Race	,,	98
Oxford and Cambridge Mile Race	,,	98
The Maypole at Dr. Barnardo's Homes	,,	104
The Maypole Dance at Dr. Barnardo's Homes ...	,,	104
"The Old Folks at Home"	,,	110
Oxford and Cambridge Lawn Tennis Match ...	,,	114
Oxford and Cambridge 100 Yards Race	,,	114
Tulips	,,	120
The Skylark	,,	128
Hay Time	,,	134
Picking Blackberries	,,	134
Archway of Roses	,,	142
A Fragrant Corner	,,	148
Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match	,,	170
The Australian Team	,,	180
The Champion Swimmer of England	,,	186
Swimming from Richmond	,,	186
Sweet Lavender	,,	200
Harvest Time	,,	208
Among the Ferns	,,	208
Measuring the Hops	,,	220
Dinner-time in the Hop-fields	,,	220
Meet of the Belvoir Hounds	,,	232
Early Britons at the Church Pageant	,,	238
Golf: "Thompson Driving"	,,	246
A London Fog	,,	250
St. Martin's Church, Canterbury	,,	256
The Lord Mayor's Show	,,	260
Snow Sports	,,	280
The Christmas Rose	,,	280
The Light of the World	,,	290

CONTENTS.

JANUARY.
- Meaning of Name.
- January and March as beginnings of the New Year.
- Special Frosts.
- Wassail Bowl.
- Epiphany.
- Festival of the Ass.
- The Robin.
- Flowers, etc.

FEBRUARY.
- The Ploughshare.
- The Lupercalia.
- The Fragrance of Flowers.
- Candlemas Day.
- St. Valentine's Day.
- The Umbrella.
- Snowdrop, etc.

MARCH.
- March and Mars.
- Pleiades and Orion.
- Ash Wednesday, Lent, etc.
- Archery.
- Cock Fighting.
- Football.
- Daffodils.
- Birds.

APRIL.
- April and Venus.
- Palilia.
- Palm Sunday.
- The First Celebration.
- The connection of the Buffet Game with Christ's Sufferings.
- Easter Day.
- Primroses, etc.
- Birds.
- Rowing and Racing. The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.
- Oxford and Cambridge Sports.

MAY.
- May and Majoribus.
- May and the Maypole.
- The Floralia, etc.
- Ascension Day.
- Oak-apple Day.
- Bees.
- Trees and Flowers (Tulips, etc.).

JUNE.
- June and Junioribus.
- June, the Marriage Month.
- Whit Sunday.
- Bell Ringing.
- Lawn Tennis.
- Cactuses, Roses, Lilies, etc.

JULY.
- July and Julius Cæsar.
- Cricket.
- Oxford and Cambridge Cricket.
- The Seaside—Swimming, etc.
- St. Swithin's Day.
- Flowers.
- Trees.

AUGUST.
- The Harvest Month.
- Augustus Cæsar.
- The Heather.
- Ferns and Coal.
- Festival of the Wakes.

SEPTEMBER.
- The Gleaning Month.
- Partridges.
- Bear-baiting.
- Falconry.
- Hops.
- Blackberries.
- Vine and Fig Tree.

OCTOBER.
Hunting.
Apples and Cider.
Pageants and Miracle Plays.
Halloween.

NOVEMBER.
The Wind Month.
Fog.
All Saints' Day.
Gunpowder Plot.
Lord Mayor's Day.
Martinmas.
Chess.

DECEMBER.
Holy Month.
Snowtime.
Christ's Birthday.
Decorations, Yule Log, etc.
Saturn and Saturnalia.
St. Nikolas Day and Santa Claus
Hogmanay. Ringing Out the Old Year, and Christmas Festivities.
Flowers, etc.

ADDENDA.—Rochester School Prize-giving, etc.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.—With References to Origin of the Names.

I beg to acknowledge that I have consulted or taken an extract from the following Authors for my book :—

The Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D.
Edward Step. Seashore, Wood and Moorland. Romance of Wild Flowers. Ferns. Wild Flowers Month by Month.
Edward Hulme and Shirley Hibberd. Familiar Garden Flowers.
Professor Miall. Round the World.
Rev. C. H. Johns. Forest Trees of Great Britain.
Forbes Watson. Garden Flowers.
Spencer Thomson. Wild Flowers.
W. B. Westell. Nature Rambles.
Canon Ellacombe. In a Gloucestershire Garden.
H. B. Tristram. Natural History of the Bible.
H. Rider Haggard. Gardening Year.
Chambers. Encyclopædia and Book o. Days.
Cassell. Sports and Pastimes. Book on Birds.
Badminton Magazine, 1896.
Dr. Smith. Classical Dictionary of Antiquities.
Colonel Mackinlay on the Maji.
R. A. Proctor on Astronomy.
Mitchell on the Orbs of Heaven.
Edward Dunkin. The Midnight Sky.
Darwin. Journal of Researches in Valdivia.
McDuff. Brighter than the Sun.
Canon Farrar. The Lord's Prayer.
The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. Sports and Pastimes. English Villages. Old Time Parson.
W. H. Davenport. Adonis. The Bird World.
Dean Hole on Roses.
The Parlour Menagerie.

CRICKET.

W. W. Read.
Bishop Montgomery.
F. Gale.
Pycroft. Echoes of the Cricket Field.
Henry Perkins. Oxford and Cambridge.
Lord Harris on Kent.

THE

MONTHS OF THE YEAR

JANUARY.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower,
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain."—*Spenser*, English altered.

"Lo! when the buds expand, the leaves are green
From the first opening the flower is seen,
Then come the humid breath and rosy smile
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile;
But as we look and love and taste and praise,
And the fruit grows the charming flower decays
Till all is gathered, and the wintry blast
Mourns o'er the place of love and pleasure past."—*Crabbe*.

"See winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Welcome, kindred glooms,
Congenial horrors, hail.
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
And seen the deep fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening sky.

"The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolored flocks,
Untended, crop the wholesome root
Along the woods.

"The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ruminate in the contiguous shade.
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage hind
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs; nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof."—*Thomson*.

It seems impossible, though a life-long custom, to picture any other idea than that January 1st was always the commencement of the year. Numa Pompilius is said to have started it 672 B.C., when he called the month Januarius.

The Jewish, Egyptian, and Greek calendars did not commence at this point. The ancient Jewish year began with March 25th, which was the custom for a long time in Christian countries.

In England, with which we are concerned, it was not till as late as 1752 that January 1st became the initial day of the legal year. Before that date, Christmas Day, March 1st and Easter Day had commenced the year, and dates had been set down like this—January 30th, 1648-49. In Scotland the change came in 1600; in France, 1564; in Holland, Germany and Russia, 1700; in Sweden, 1753.

January was called by our Saxon ancestors "Wolf-monat," because in the cold time people were in danger of being devoured by wolves, and also "Aefter Yule," that is, after Christmas. Still, January is a more euphonious and sensible title. What, then, is its meaning?

The word January is taken from the word Janus, and Janus was an ancient Latin deity—at one period the chief deity. He was the God of all beginnings, both in public and private life, of the birth of man and the opening of the year; and so he suitably presided over the first month of the year. He was the God of the beginning of enterprise in trade and warfare. He belonged to the primitive religion of the household, and was the God of the doorway. He guarded and watched all who went out or came in, and as he sanctioned the opening and shutting of the door he was called Patulcius and Clusius. His aid was sought in all beginnings and undertakings, and he was on that account called "matutinus pater," who started the daily work. Moreover, from being guardian of doors he became the God of the city gates and wharves of the Tiber, and so a ship appears upon the Janus coins.

He presided over the calendar of each month, whence he was called Junonius, because Juno, as moon goddess, had to do with the months.

His most prominent function was the guardianship of the State in time of war, when the gates of his most ancient sanctuary at the end of the Forum were left open to show that the God was ready to welcome them home safe and victorious.

The Temple of Janus stood near the theatre of Marcellus, whilst Janus with the four gates and a four-headed figure of the

God for the four seasons, stood in the Forum. As the God of gates he carried keys, and as an auspicious God he was crowned with laurel.

He was the inaugurator of the arts of peace, and was renowned for wisdom and piety.

In conclusion, we must bear in mind that in the belief of the Romans every thing and every action had its corresponding God or Spirit, even ploughing and harrowing.

The custom of celebrating by some religious observance, accompanied by festival rejoicing, the first day of the year was a prevailing item amongst most ancient nations—Jews, Egyptians, Chinese, Romans, and Mahommedans. The Romans regarded their first day of the opening year as a day of special interest, and commenced it with prayer and rejoicing. Tacitus and Suetonius mention it as a day for giving presents. In England and Germany Christmas is the day. France and Italy prefer the New Year. Presents consisted of sweetmeats, copper coins, jewellery, and dress ornaments. Pins were given in the sixteenth century, and I imagine that what a bride called her pin-money came from this; but in 1545 pins were 6s. 8d. a thousand; previously they were made of boxwood, bone, or silver for the rich, and skewers for the poor.

In France presents are kept up with great vigour. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all interchange on the New Year's Day, and the enormous sum of £20,000 was, it is said, on one New Year's Day spent on sweetmeats alone.

But it was left to Queen Elizabeth apparently to carry the custom to the greatest length. She was such a lover of dress and jewellery, that she received presents from the peer to the dustman—caskets studded with precious stones from the nobility, ornaments and dress. The value in one year was over £1,262. Still, she did return presents of gilt plate.

Of course in an ordinary winter, sliding and skating are the order of the day in the country, and where long stretches of water can be found to bear, the pastime becomes a fête. But we have become independent of mild winters, and roller skating is the substitute for what cannot be obtained.

The cattle in the country, however, do not view a hard winter

very favourably. They simply stare at the frozen ponds and whisk their tails, whilst the birds starve, fieldfares pining in the leafless hedges; but the robin never despairs—he comes to our houses and begs for food. Let us not forget the birds in winter. At Norwood I had a covered-in balcony, so I put food out every day where it could not get covered by snow, and this the birds heartily enjoyed and repaid me in the spring by building their nests in my garden. Last winter was hard—it threw numbers (like painters and builders) out of work; but yet the snow gave much employment to the unemployed.

Burns reminds us of the snow thus—

"The wintry wind extends its blast,
And hail and rain does blow,
The stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snow;
Whilst tumbling doon the burn comes down,
And soars from bank to brae,
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day."

Still I always *feel* when we get to New Year's Day that, although it is midwinter, we have passed the worst. I know it is not so; but it is the thought that we are nearing spring every day, and that it is getting lighter every day, which cheers us. Moreover, January is a beautifully bracing month, the stars shining brightly at night, whilst the air is very clear. Many people sit and warm themselves all day, and miss the enjoyment of a bracing walk and some healthy skating, and the sight, which is unequalled, of the snow hanging like festoons from the trees and bushes which surround them in any country place.

But one word more. Let us not forget that we are beginning a new year, and that we must try and make it a fresher and better year: and without trying to preach let me say, let us copy the month and brace up our minds to do strong, brave, and manly deeds. Let all weaknesses flee with the year that is gone, and let us step out into deeds which will be an example to many—and leave the world better than we found it.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

This is a very ancient custom. The head of a house assembled his family round a bowl of spiced ale, from which

he drank their healths, and then the rest followed suit. The word they used was "wass-hael," or "to your health," and so it was called the wassail bowl. The poor who could not afford to do this carried a bowl adorned with ribbons, and begged to have it filled.

Here is the sort of request they made—

"Good master and mistress,
Whilst you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.

"We have got a little purse
Made of stretching leather skin;
We want a little of your money
To line it well within."

The ingredients of a bowl would be ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast and roasted apples. The bowl was regularly carried from door to door in Cornwall sixty or seventy years ago.

In Oxford the Fellows of Merton College, in the middle of the eighteenth century, met together in the hall on Christmas Eve and other solemn times to sing a psalm and drink a grace cup to one another, called "Poculum Charitatis, wishing one another health and happiness; and in the North Riding of Yorkshire it was the custom, at any rate as late as Aubrey's time, for the parishioners, after receiving the sacrament on Christmas Day, to go from church to the alehouse, and there drink together as a token of charity and friendship.

In Devonshire and Sussex it was the custom to wassail the orchards. A troop of boys visited the orchards, and encircling the trees, sang—

"Stand fast, bear well crop,
Pray God send us a howling crop;
Every twig apples big,
Every bough apples enow;
Hats full, caps full,
Full quarter sacks full."

Then the boys shouted the chorus and tapped the trees with their sticks.

FROSTS AND SNOWSTORMS.

Now with regard to frosts. There have been in England in days gone by most severely cold Januarys, when the Thames was frozen over. In 1205 the frost lasted over two months, and the land

could not be tilled till March 22nd. The next was 1564, when football was played on the Thames. This was the end of December.

In 1684 there was a frost of seven weeks, producing 18 inches of ice. All sorts of trade went on on the ice. A printing press was set up, and persons rushed to get their names printed (as having been on the Thames); coaches rode on the ice from Westminster to the Temple. No vessels could come near, and the fish all died. There were side shows on the ice; and then a dense fog set in and none could see. Charles II. visited the Thames this year, and these names were printed by Croome, as present with the king, January 31st—James Duke, Katherine Queen, Mary Duchess, Anne Princess, George Prince.

In 1716 an ox was roasted whole on the Thames, and there was a popular *fête*; persons walked about as if it were a large garden-party, and tents were set up as if it were the Canterbury cricket week.

Then 1814. This was a very famous frost, but only a sheep appears to have been roasted. A thaw took place on January 26th, and then it froze again. But, like the last, booths were erected and refreshment tents and merry-go-rounds; in fact, it is described as like a Greenwich fair. Then another thaw came and everything was floating about, and a vast number of persons were immersed.

Skating of course abounded. In early days the shin-bones of animals were tied to the feet, and skaters glided over the surface by propelling themselves over the ice with the aid of a spiked stick. At a later period the iron and steel blades were introduced, the cutting edge of which enabled the skater to dispense with the stick, push off with one foot and glide on the other with alternate strokes.

Stow relates that London apprentices used to tie bones to their feet (as stated above) and under the heels, and by that means traverse the ice.

Figure skating is now much practised in Holland, America, Canada and other countries.

Lincolnshire, with its fen country, has always been famous for skaters. Three companies of the Rifle Volunteers assembled on the Witham in 1860 and had a skating parade of several hours; and in 1861 the numbers of skaters in London seems to have been

recorded—St. James's Park, 6,000; Kensington Pond, 4,000; Regent's Park, 25,000; Serpentine, 30,000.

Lastly, one or two observations about snow will, I think, be in keeping with the month.

Snow is, of course, the crystalline form into which the excess of vapour in the atmosphere is condensed when the temperature is below freezing, and for absolute loveliness in winter I know of nothing to equal the sight of a fresh fall of snow on the trees and hedges. Nature has been described as in "bridal robes," and the flakes have been called the blossoms of summer—models of the spirit world.

Dr. McGook says—

> "In tiny spherules, traced with lines
> Of Nature's geometric signs,
> In starry flake and pellicle,
> All day the hoary meteor fell."

But here is one great blessing of snow. It not only keeps us from losing the precious fruits of the earth by insect pests, since it destroys them by millions, but it protects plants and keeps away the severity of winter. But let us wander to the Alps. Macmillan says: "Here I saw one of the good offices of the snow. A huge wreath of snow was melted in a July sun, and from one end there flowed a rill of the clearest water, and around there bloomed a perfect garden of Alpine plants. Gentias of every shade, blue forget-me-nots, white ranunculuses, yellow geums, mountain cowslips, crimson rhododendrons, and crowds of graceful purple tassels of the Soldanella."

Of course we all know how the Esquimaux build their homes of snow, in some parts they build them of planks covered with sod, elsewhere of stones and sod, and the Arctic navigator is indebted to banks of snow for keeping his ship warm in winter.

Then, again, in Greenland how swiftly do persons glide down the hillside on their skis, their cheeks brushed by the frosted pine branches and fanned by the brisk, cold air. Even children learn to use the ski as soon as they can walk.

DEW.

If you turn up the word dew in any Encyclopædia you find as follows: "The aqueous vapour or moisture which is deposited

from the air in the form of minute globules on the surface of bodies during the night," and this happens when the surface of the ground is colder than the lower strata of the atmosphere. It does not fall like rain and rest there, but its existence depends on the power which the surface has of becoming sufficiently reduced in temperature to effect the condensation. Dew appears chiefly on calm and clear nights, it is never seen on nights both cloudy and windy. But Aitken says quite differently. He says dew comes from the ground and has been trapped by the grass and other objects, and he proved that fact by taking up a grass plot and making it subject to evaporation, and a similar grass plot and covering that with a pan and then weighing each, for if you place a bell glass over a plant it is more covered with dew within than without. Likewise, moisture rises in the night from bare soil, roads and the driest earth; but below freezing point dew becomes "hoar frost," about the prettiest sight you can see.

THE LAMB.

Spring is the "lambing season," but I always looked forward when living at Ancaster Vicarage to hearing the bleating of the lamb in the fields in late January, and a most pleasing sound it was. It appealed to me as the first promise of the New Year.

Then the bounding nature of the lamb is not only very pretty, but most interesting. All "wild" sheep are natives of mountainous country or elevated table land, and thus the domestic lamb, which sprang from the mountain sheep, inherits the tendency to bound, and you can observe lambs racing up one side of a mound and down the other. Very early in their career domesticated sheep which live on hills and mountains are still inclined to seek the highest ground at night.

Sir E. G. Loder has a small herd of "moufflon" running wild in his park near Horsham, and they have a specially-built mountain top of stone to make a home of, and the lambs when frightened rush quickly to this spot.

The ancient Hebrews were, we know, an agricultural and pastoral people, and so their pastures are described as "clothed with flocks." Persons who have travelled in the East say that the habits of three thousand years ago are unaltered, and should a description be written now, the Old Testament would be pre-

Page 18. EWES AND LAMBS.—A REST BY THE WAY.

Page 43. A COLONY OF SNOWDROPS.

sented to the gaze. The shepherds will run away from the sheep, and they will follow him as a school teacher plays with the children; but there is this difference—we get a sheep-dog and drive the sheep; in the East the shepherd leads the sheep.

Sheep were clearly introduced into England prior to the Romans, for wool from the earliest has been regarded as our natural raw material for woven goods.

The mother of Alfred the Great is described as diligently occupied in spinning wool, and an old Chronicler says of Edward the Elder—"He sette his sons to schole, his daughters he sette to wool worke."

But I must not omit the Poet Wordsworth on the "Lamb."

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink! pretty creature, drink!'
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden by its side.
No other sheep was near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone.
With one knee on the ground did the little maiden kneel,
Whilst to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.
'Drink! pretty creature, drink!' she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.
'Twas little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare;
I watched them with delight, they were a pretty pair.
Toward the lamb she looked, and from that shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face."

EPIPHANY (Old Christmas Day).

"The mist of ages parted: I gazed o'er realms afar,
And, shining, silver-hearted, beheld the Bethlehem Star;
The star which trembled o'er Him—the kings who came to see,
And bowed the knee before Him, that first Epiphany.
And lo! behind the sages, across the starlit sod
Pressed those who, through the ages, have in their footsteps trod;
Have marked His stars revealing, nor dallied with its call,
And low before Him kneeling, have yielded Him their all.
Old saints, with radiant faces, young martyrs crowned with flame,
Who bore, in divers places, their witness to His Name.
Yea, king and priest and maiden—pure knight and singer sweet,
They came, with treasures laden, to worship at His feet.
The slave who wore the fetter; the king who wore the crown;
Whoe'er hath loved Christ better than what he here laid down.
The painter and the poet who scanned his flashing scroll,
And wrought and toiled to show it before some fellow-soul.
Low knelt they to adore Him, as knelt the sages three,
Who bowed the knee before Him, that first Epiphany.
And I, the last and lowest, who came to Bethlehem's shrine—
Dear Lord! dear Lord! Thou knowest whate'er I have is Thine."

Epiphany, twelve days after Christmas, was a separate festival in the year 813. The word comes from the Greek, alluding to the shining of the star when Christ appeared to the Gentile world, personified by the Magi; and the star which they followed is shown by Colonel Mackinlay in his book to be Venus, the Morning Star, which was the object of Eastern worship, especially to the Pagan Arabs; moreover, this planet Colonel Mackinlay shows is even at the present day used by travellers as a timekeeper, and regarded by the Chinese as the herald of dawn, the rising of the star being thus pictured—"It is a scene of indescribable beauty in the East, where it is seen in all its loveliness, and words fail to describe what you see over the hills of Bashan."

"I woke and the night was passing,
And over the hills there shone
A star all alone in its beauty,
When the other stars were gone.

"For a glory was filling the heavens,
That came before the day,
And the gloom and the stars together
Faded and passed away.

"Only the star of the morning
Glowed in the crimson sky,
It was like a clear voice singing,
'Rejoice! for the sun is nigh.'"

In the East in the Middle Ages there was the "drama" of the "Feast of the Star."

Three priests clothed as kings, with their servants carrying offerings, met before the altar; eventually a procession was formed, and as soon as it commenced to enter the nave a crown, with a star resembling a cross, was lighted up and pointed out to the "Magi" with the words, "Behold the Star in the East." Two priests drew aside and said, "Behold the Child," and then the offerings were made. *At Milan*, in 1336, the "Festival of the Three Kings" was celebrated. Three kings appeared on beautiful horses, a star going before them; they ask Herod where Christ should be born; then they marched to the church of St. Eustorgius, where they find a manger and Christ the Babe.

At Bâle, in Switzerland, you can stay at the "Three Kings Hotel."

At this season the *Polish peasants* go round the villages carrying a huge lighted star symbolising the Star of Bethlehem. Three boys personate the three kings of the East, Casper, Melchior, and Balthasar; they have a small show in which the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents are performed, and, moreover, in commemoration of the legend which tells how the birds and beasts of the field came to worship the infant Jesus, the young peasants dress up as various creatures, such as the "stork" and the "bear," going round the houses singing carols, for which they are paid by gifts of cakes and sausages.

One of the most lovely hymns, a hymn on this star, is "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," which can be beautifully set to Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Sad to relate, it is not in our "Hymns Ancient and Modern," but can be read in the "Hymnal Companion."

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

"Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

I must now speak of a quaint custom—the election of Kings and Queens by beans. It was a very ancient custom. The farmer invited his friends and the labourers to supper, and a huge cake was brought in containing a "bean" and a "pea." The man to whom the slice was allotted containing the bean was King, and the lady who got the pea was Queen. The rest were ministers of State and maids of honour. So we have the motto, "Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau"—he has found the bean in the cake. The festival was generally held in a large barn decorated with evergreens and a large bough of mistletoe, and these were the lines sung:—

"Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
When Bean is King of the sport here;
Beside, you must know,
The Pea also
Must revel as Queen of the Court here."

The King and Queen acted as Master and Mistress of the Ceremonies.

And surely when we put money in a Christmas pudding this is a relic of the King and Queen of the Bean. I imagine so.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen used to go to St. Paul's on Twelfth Night to hear a sermon, an old custom in Elizabeth's reign, and a century ago the King and Knights of the Garter, Thistle and Bath, went to the Royal Chapel of St. James and offered gold, myrrh and frankincense in imitation of the Magi, and not so many years back confectioners' shops had Twelfth Night cakes in the window. Birch's, of Cornhill, was a famous shop, and now it is, I think, Ring and Brymer.

In King Alfred's reign it appears that a law was passed making the twelve days after the Epiphany festivals.

On Epiphany Eve farmers and servants used to meet in the evening and walk to a field of wheat, and *for this account* I must refer to the Rev. Ditchfield's book on old English sports—"There they lighted twelve small fires and one large one, and forming a circle round, they raised a shout, which was answered from all the neighbouring fields and villages.

"At home the busy housewife was preparing a hearty supper for the men.

"After that they went to the ox stall, and the master stood in front of the finest ox and pledged him, the company followed his example with the other oxen, admittance being refused to them after this, till they had sung some joyous songs."

Now a writer, speaking of East Anglia, says that the labourer there has forgotten to laugh. But is it a wonder? What is there now to make him laugh? What is there to look forward to? Public houses flourish, certainly, but there is little for a villager to really enjoy.

In olden times there was a great love for the "House of God." Amusements came at festivals, many ceremonies being for Church expenses. The clergyman was a friend to his parishioners, the farmers were also, and the squire was the friend of both. The old-fashioned clergyman, whatever else may have been said about him, was a splendid Parish visitor; his Parish loved him, and when he died there was genuine grief. Now people look upon the name "Parson" as a "slight." If

they do not like their clergyman they say, "It is only the Parson." But the word "Parson" is not a slight; it meant the Chief Person in the Parish; the one to look up to; the consoler in grief; the one who wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

This was the first Monday after the Epiphany. Ploughmen, their hats decorated with ribbons, drew round the Parish a gaily-decorated plough. It was naturally, of course, a rustic festival, referring to the resumption of work after the Christmas holidays. Thirty or forty swains dragged the plough from house to house, preceded by one "Bessy," in the dress of an old woman. There was also a fool and "Morris Dancers." The fool was attired in skins of various animals, having a long tail. A Lincolnshire description is as follows. "This procession threw life into the dreary scene of Winter, and as it came winding along the lanes from one village to another, it was not unusual for a score of the sons of the soil to yoke themselves to the plough. The women took a great pride in decorating their husbands, and some had corn in their hats; if the winter was severe there were threshers, reapers, carters with whips, smiths and millers. Bessy carried the collecting box." In Whitby, in Yorkshire, there was a "sword dance," and they plaited their swords so firmly that they could be held above their heads without being undone. There was also a competition afterwards between the maids and the men who should get up first; if the ploughmen were up and dressed at the fireside, with the field implements, before the maids put the kettle on, then the maids had to give the men a fowl for next Shrovetide.

ST. DISTAFF'S DAY (7th January).

This was a woman's festival, and recalls a time when spinning was a cheerful resource for a woman in any rank of life; the spear for men and the distaff for women, and so the two words "distaff" and "spinning" were almost synonymous with women. For instance, we got from the first this remark: "The crown of France never falls to the distaff," which means to the female branch. (In England, of course, it does. We have had

Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria.) Then from the word "spin" we get "spinster." To spin was the occupation of an unmarried woman, and spinning was the first effort to clothe the person. You hang the flax on the distaff and wind it round the spindle, and so Solomon speaks of woman thus—

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff" (Prov. xxxi. 19). The lady carried them out when visiting even for a day, and the farmer's wife had her maids spinning.

This was succeeded by the "spinning wheel," but now the spinning wheel has left us; yet spinning is, I believe, still pursued in Italy by the peasants.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ASS (14th January).

Commemorative of the flight into Egypt, this was a ludicrous festival, and almost, if not quite, "blasphemous." A lovely girl seated on a beautifully apparelled ass, and holding a child, was led through the streets to the church and placed near the altar, but instead of responses the people "brayed," and instead of the benediction the clergyman "brayed" three times, and the congregation "hee-hawed." I quote parts of a hymn on the subject:—

"From the country of the East
Came this strong and handsome beast—
This able ass beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.

"He was born on Shechem's hill;
In Reuben's vales he fed his fill;
He drank of Jordan's sacred stream,
And gambolled in Bethlehem.

"Gold from Araby the blest,
Seba myrrh, of myrrh the best,
To the Church this ass did bring.

Chorus—"Now, Seignor Ass, a noble bray,
Thy beauteous mouth at large display;
Abundant food our haylofts yield,
And oats abundant load the field.
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw."

ST. PAUL'S DAY (January 25th).

Apart from the wonderful and well-known account of the conversion of St. Paul, this day was observed for another reason. It was a constant belief that the whole weather of the year was

affected by the weather which occurred on this day, and the idea is shown in this verse of Latin—

> " Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni ;
> Si nix vel pluvia, designat tempora cara ;
> Si fiant nebulæ, pereunt animalia quœque ;
> Si fiant venti, designat prælia genti."

And a rough translation of this will be—

> " If it is a fine day, the year will be fine ;
> If it snows or rains all will be dear ;
> If clouds come many animals will die ;
> If wind comes there will be war."

Such superstitious ideas are very odd.

In the reign of Philip and Mary it was a day of great processional state, in which the clergy and school children joined (the Bishop of London pontifically attired), and a march through the streets ended up at St. Paul's Cathedral. A buck and a doe were brought to the altar of the Cathedral and received by the Dean and Chapter, who sent the buck to be baked, fixing the head and horns on a pole before the cross.

But here let me note how infinitely more beautiful the old St. Paul's was than the present St. Paul's. To my mind, St. Paul's outside is particularly unimposing, whereas the old St. Paul's had a most homely, religious and elegant appearance, its pretty spire in the middle and ornamental appearance being far more ecclesiastical than this present Cathedral.

THE OWL.

The owl was at one time regarded as a bird of evil omen and the harbinger of death.

The Romans viewed it with detestation and dread, and according to Pliny the city of Rome underwent a solemn lustration in consequence of one of the birds having strayed into the Capitol. But it was just the other way with the Athenians. They considered it the favourite of Minerva, and quite venerated it, and because it saw in the darkness it was considered a model of wisdom. So the junior Grecian priests wear an owl skin as an insignia of wisdom. Possibly the idea of this wisdom is taken from its being such a recluse, solitary and mysterious.

White, of Selborne, speaks of owls which bred under the

eaves of the church, and at sunset used to hunt round the meadows in search of food, they beat the fields like a setter, and they carry their prey in their claws to their nest, which is a collection of twigs and straws.

The bird is of great use to farmers, because its food consists of vermin and insects which destroy the crops. It is stated that at Bridgewater, Somerset, mice overran the country, and were destroyed by an assemblage of owls.

They range over the whole globe, from the Polar regions to the utmost oceanic islands. When I lived at Norwood, on Beulah Hill, I heard the owl every night. It flies to the trees down Beulah Hill towards Streatham Common, and then over to the Convent Woods, and its hooting is most weird. I met a policeman one night who said he caught one in Beulah Hill by turning his lantern on it, but it only survived captivity a few days. Our English owls are the barn owl, church owl, screech owl, tawny owl, wood owl, and brown owl.

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
'To-who!
To-wit! To-who!' a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
'To-who!
To-wit! To-who!' a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."—*Shakespeare.*

This seems vulgar, but it is Shakespeare.

WATER WAGTAILS.

It has been truly said that there are not in this country more beautiful birds than these, and it is a bird of which I am very fond. With its rapid movement, its pretty way of hopping through the pools on the roads, its slender legs and white head, its easy flight "a succession of curves," it has been well called "the type

of perpetual motion." It has a long tail and flits about from stone to stone, capturing minnows. It is a very tame bird, and generally visits farm-yards. Its food consists of insects and small shell-fish. Naturally they seek running streams for food, yet you can often see them following the plough and picking up the half-torpid grubs, and thus they are a blessing. Its principal resorts are open and well-cultivated districts. It builds its nest in any convenient crevice, in a hole in the wall, a hollow trunk, you find a snug home built of roots, twigs, leaves, moss and straw, lined with hair or any soft substance like wool.

There is an interesting story told of a "pied wagtail." It built in a chink of an outer wall of a saw-mill; the wheel revolved within four inches of the nest, and it entered and left its nest by flying through the "spokes" of the rapidly revolving wheel.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

To speak of the robin never needs an apology; we all so love the robin that it has become what we may call an instinct to love it.

One writer thinks our love comes from the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood"—

> "No burial of these pretty babes
> By any man receives,
> Till Robin Redbreast painfully
> Did cover them with leaves."

For even a boy will hesitate to touch the nest of a robin. Its nest is neatly built and securely hidden, and dead leaves, grass and moss are the materials. The bird builds in the most out-of-the-way places, such as banks, hollow trees, old cans, and water spouts. She feeds her young on insects, berries, caterpillars and worms. The cock is most kind to his mate, and will come flying with a worm in his beak, singing at the same time to announce his approach. If you are digging in your garden you soon find Robin by the upturned soil; and what quick movements, cheerful voice and bright, intelligent eyes!

Dr. Jenner says—

> "Come, sweetest of the feathered throng,
> And soothe me with thy plaintive song;
> Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
> No danger shall await thee here.

No prowling cat with whiskered face
Approaches this sequestered place;
No schoolboy with his willow bow
Shall aim at thee a murderous blow..
Thy brood shall plenteously be fed,
With crumblets of the nicest bread;
And when rude winter comes and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Come to my cheery hearth and be
One of my peaceful family."

But when winter comes some migrate to Palestine, Persia and Egypt, and some have come here from colder climes; others have stayed and made friends; crumbs on the window-sill have made them feel at home, and so they hesitate no more, but hop in.

All poets speak of the robin. Thomson says very prettily, "The redbreast, 'sacred to the household gods, pays to man his annual visit.' Half afraid, he first against the window beats, then brisk alights on the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor, eyes all the family askance, and pecks and starts and wonders where he is, till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs attract his slender feet." His imitative powers are very great, too. There is a story which tells of his imitating a nightingale so well that the listener thought it was one.

The female bird has no fear. One built its nest in an occupied bedroom in the clothes-basket, and when the eggs were hatched she went and roused the sleeper to let her out of the window to get food. Again, a robin once went into a kitchen, and the cook was so kind that she remained there all the winter. In the spring she went out and built her nest, and when the young were fledged she tapped at the window and brought them all in to show the cook. I consider these two stories are not to be matched.

Robin is also a good barometer. When it is going to be fine he sings, and when wet he is depressed.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

"Robin, to the bare bough clinging,
What can thy blithe music mean?
Like a hidden fount, thy singing
Seems to clothe the trees with green.

"What warm nest for thee hath Nature,
Where thy soft red breast to lay?
Sing'st thou, little homeless creature,
For the crumbs we strewed to-day?

"Other birds have fled this dim light,
Soaring on to regions fair;
Singing in the richest sunlight,
Singing in the starlit air.

"'What I sing I cannot measure;
Why I sing I cannot say;
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day.'"—*Excelsior.*

As every month arrives I shall endeavour to say a word or two about some of the flowers. Flowers are so distinctly lovely; such a source of comfort to everyone; such a joy to the person lying on a bed of sickness; such a pleasure at a baptism, and for the bouquets of the bride and the bridesmaids; and lastly, such a sorrowful comfort to put by the grave of a departed relation or friend, that to omit the mention of flowers in the account of the months of the year would be omitting one of the, if not *the*, chief part of the month.

Tennyson spoke feelingly when he said, "Little flower, if I could understand what you are, root and all, I should know what God and man are."

"Plant by my grave," says another, "when I am gone, a little forget-me-not." Oh, yes, let us never forget the flowers. I saw in the churchyard of All Saints, Upper Norwood, on one of the graves a most beautiful clematis. It was snow white, and as it surrounded the grave in all its fresh, white bloom it made me pause and look, for it seemed to say, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I do not know if the person who planted it felt this, but I did.

Let everyone steep their heart in lovely flowers; let them buy them and cultivate them; teach your children early to love flowers; let them litter the nursery with them; let them make garlands with them; and this love of the beautiful is within reach of the poorest who wander here beneath the canopy of heaven.

There was once a prisoner in a cell, and a creeper grew up and came through the bars of his window, and he used to love it; it

was a touch of the outside world. But, like the prisoner who delighted in a little mouse (his only companion, which he used to feed), his pleasure was of short duration. A heartless warder tore the creeper down, as another killed the mouse. But many a *wanderer* has been brought to her senses by a sight of the flower which grew at her mother's *cottage door*.

> "Ah! when thy heart in its pride would stray
> From the first pure love of its heart away;
> When the sullying breath of the world would come
> O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
> Think thou again of the woody glade,
> And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
> Think of the tree at thy father's door,
> And the kindly spell shall have power once more."

WINTER JASMINE.

According to Gerard jasmine was grown in England for covering arbours as far back as the year 1597, but certainly the winter jasmine is a very cheering sight, coming as it does in January. We hail with delight its lovely golden flower. It is called "Jasminum nudiflorum," because it has no leaves, only the flower. You can grow it on a wall near doors and windows, and the sight and smell will soon reward your trouble. It was introduced from China, and is a particularly hardy shrub, and not destroyed by frosts. It will grow in almost any aspect, and on any soil, though it prefers a dry, warm soil.

WINTER ACONITE.

This yellow flower of the buttercup family is said to flower in February and March, but I have always known it in late January. Most certainly it is so in Lincolnshire. I do not care for the flower, because when it dies away it leaves the garden so very untidy, but still it is the first flower we see. The daisy is not by any means the first flower, as is often stated. I think the best way to plant the aconite is in the grass; then it has the beauty of the daisy and the buttercup without the untidy garden.

A poison is extracted from its roots, which is much used in the treatment of neuralgia and toothache, and for lumbago. It is invaluable mixed with belladonna and chloroform.

ROCHESTER AND FRINDSBURY HILL.

Photo by Photochrom, Ltd., London.

THE CYCLAMEN.

This is a particularly nice hot-house flower, and one that gladdens the first month of the year. Its name is taken from a Greek word which refers to its habit of "twisting." It turns round and sets its own seed. Darwin studied the plant, and said that the habit of turning was a successful effort of the plant to turn away from the sun for the protection of the seed. It seems strange that the cyclamen should belong to the primrose family, or that its stem is eaten by cattle in Southern Europe. Dr. Lindley says it is the common food of the wild boars of Sicily. But what is more surprising is, that it is so little appreciated. It is very hardy, and increases rapidly. Ellacombe, in his splendid book, "The Gloucestershire Garden," speaks of the great ease with which it multiplies itself.

It is a native of Algeria, Asia, Caucasus, Greece, Palestine, Europe and Syria, and the flowers are white and rose. It is a very fragrant flower, and it is quite common to see Persian cyclamens with fifty to one hundred blooms, and one is recorded as having five hundred blooms.

FEBRUARY.

" Then came old February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them bourgeon wide."—*Spenser.*

" Bring flowers.
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the winter hours;
They break forth in glory; bring flowers, bright flowers."
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

In February you hear the murmur of the ploughshare as it cuts through the soil, already moistened by the melted snow or refreshing rain. You see those sweetly pretty birds, the goldfinch and the linnet, flitting on the leafless hedges. The squirrel rushes up and down the branches of trees, and there is nothing to hide him from your view. Occasionally you come across an owl asleep. Butterflies, too, are laying their eggs on the opening buds of the trees, the rooks are cawing and thinking intently of their nests, and the children are playing in the early spring sunshine. Most writers put primroses in this month, though it never seems to me to be the month for them, any more than it does for the daisy.

I put primroses in late March and April. They are the first roses.

" Primrose, thou first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger."

Of course, the snowdrop is the flower of February, but I will honour it with a place to itself, for when you see it growing in the Lincolnshire woods, it is so very pretty in its wild state.

The rainbow you often see with the showers.

Tom Moore, the Irish poet, speaking of Erin, wrote of it thus, and it is very pretty—

" Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the *rainbow* that hangs in thy skies;

Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
The various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace."

And the rabbits, how they frolic in the woods! It is, I think, a very pretty sight to see them bounding along, frisking with their white tails turned up as danger signals.

But there is one particular creature to name, and that is the *snail*. "There" is the thrush smashing its shell against a stone with all the force of the woodpecker, and if you have seen him dash his pointed beak with great violence against the bark of a tree, you have doubtless also often seen the snail in hard winters hiding in the hole of a wall, underneath posts and other places, and in the ivy, till after a shower of rain he slides out and simply bites all the tender seedlings. I do not remember anything that annoyed me more when I had a little garden of my own for the first time and found all the seedlings covered with slime and bitten off. He is said to have 14,000 teeth, which accounts for great destructive power, and Mr. Step reminds us in his book that the teeth are on his tongue. Of course, the house of the snail grows with him. When the snail was very little his house was very small, too. The edible, or Roman snail, is much esteemed on the Continent as an article of food, and there are regular snail farms in Zurich and Bavaria, they being fed on salad, meal, etc.

But I will quote on the snail the excellent lines of Charles Lamb—

"The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him—a horn, 'tis well,
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stays
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter days.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.

He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels ; himself is his own furniture
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home."

But with regard to the name, the Saxons called February "*Sprout Kale.*" Kale means kalewurt, and was very generally used at this time for making broth. The name "February" arose from the practice of religious expiation and purification which took place amongst the Romans. The name of Sol-Monatt was afterwards conferred in consequence of the return of the sun from the low course in the heavens. It is generally a very damp month, and gloomy.

The proverbs of February are—

"February fill the dyke
Either with the black or white,"

with this addendum—

"If it be white, it is better to like."

The Welshman would rather see his dam on her bier, than see a fair Februeer.

The name "February," we said, referred to purification, and it is taken from the word "Februare," to purify. The *Lupercalia* was one of the most ancient Roman festivals, celebrated in honour of Lupercus, the God of fertility. It was originally a shepherd festival, and so its introduction into Rome was connected with the names Romulus and Remus, the kings of shepherds. And hough it lost its im port when the Romans were no longer a nation of shepherds, yet it was observed in commemoration of the founders of the city. It was held on the Capitoline hill, at the Lupercal, and its almost savage ceremonies would prove that it must have originated in the most remote antiquity.

The ceremony was as follows :—

Two youths of patrician birth were led to the Luperci ; these Luperci had sacrificed to the Gods goats and young dogs (remarkable for their fertility), and they touched the youths' foreheads with a sword dipped in the blood of the victims, and this was probably a symbolical purification of the shepherds. They then cut the skins of the goats into pieces ; with some they covered their bodies in imitation of the God Lupercus, the rest they cut into "thongs," with which they ran about the city ; the

running about was the purification of the land. Also, they struck all whom they met, which was a purification of the men. The act was designated as Februare and Lustrare. *Women* came forward and were struck, and it was supposed to render them "fruitful." The goat-skin was called "Februum"; the festive day, "dies Februata"; the month, "Februarius," and the God, "Februus." The act done to the women, I would note, was originally done to the flocks, and the festival was celebrated on the 15th February.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! Where would the world be with no flowers? It would, indeed, be a dreary place, for we all love the sight of flowers. Their purity, their endless shapes, their various colours, all are so pleasing to the eye, that we cannot imagine what the world would be with none. Then there are lovely artificial flowers, and those magnificent flowers made by the crippled girls. I am sure when I saw an exhibition of them at South Norwood, and a flower of every kind and of every season, all, as it were, blooming at once, I was astounded, for they looked so extremely natural. There were spring flowers, midsummer flowers, and autumn flowers, great bushes and small shrubs, all in one collection—a perfect galaxy of beauty. But the florists' windows in February—freesias, violets, lilies of the valley, narcissi, cyclamen, azaleas, lilac, tulips, anemones, mimosa, orchids, geraniums—it seems marvellous, and in addition, hawkers in the streets selling violets, lilies and narcissi, daffodils and mimosa. "Flowers," someone once said, "are the sweetest things into which God forgot to put a soul." Shelley is a never-ending poet in point of rapture, and his love of flowers was very great, just as Shakespeare's, Wordsworth's, and Thomson's. But here are a few lines of Shelley—

> "The pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall;
> The narcissi, the fairest among them all;
> The wand-like lily which lifted up
> As a mœnad its moonlight coloured cup;
> The jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
> The sweetest flower for scent that blows."

Longfellow.—"Bright and glorious that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours.
These stars of earth, these golden flowers."

"Glorious flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day;
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open, only to decay.

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings;
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things."

The Classics teem with allusions to flowers, and Wordsworth says beautifully (and I call him a Classic), "Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and on trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home." And do not the eyes of the untutored infant sparkle at the sight of flowers, and the children of the poor learn their best lessons from the fields, hedges, lanes and streams, picking the daisy, primrose, cowslip, and kingcup? I always think that it is such a good plan to speak to children at Children's Services about the flowers, and illustrate lessons which will keep them straight when their tiny feet have learnt to walk further—lessons on the flora of Palestine, the lilies of the field, the roses near the Mediterranean. But I should like to refer especially to sweet-smelling flowers and their effect. We all know how much we love sweet-smelling flowers; but perhaps we do not all know their great medicinal value, and this is so extremely ably pointed out by the great preacher of modern times, Hugh Macmillan, that I cannot do better than quote from his splendid book "The Ministry of Nature."

He reminds us all that the human period was the time of fragrant plants—that they did not exist antecedent to man, and that scented plants are one-nineteenth of our "flora." That now the poor have one advantage over the rich in the case of flowers (I like to hear this, because they have so very few material advantages), and that is, that the rich have, as a body, turned out of their gardens the sweet-smelling flowers, like lavender, rosemary, thyme, and marjoram, and have substituted rich exotics. "Where the advantage then?" you say. Macmillan reminds us that the "scent" of these is of priceless value to the poor who grow them.

Then he notices that the white-coloured spring flowers have the best scent, the yellow and other coloured summer ones are the

next, and the autumn the least, corresponding with the ages of man.

He quotes Professor Montegazza, who says that the essence of flowers, such as lavender, mint, thyme and bergamot, in contact with atmospheric oxygen or sunlight, develops a very large quantity of ozone, the purifying and health-inspiring element in the air. And when the Dutch cut down the spice trees of Ternate, that island was immediately visited with epidemics; and that at a visitation of cholera none of the persons employed in the perfume shops of London and Paris had the disease. Now this is a wonderful testimony in favour of scented flowers and of perfumes. Scent is often run down as bad or snobbish. Since I read this I invariably have scent. Now for one or two examples. On the Andes we have the Peruvian heliotrope, giving an odour so sweet that the Indians regard it as a mystic spell, that opens to them the gates of the spirit world. On the highest peaks of Teneriffe, Macmillan says, grows the Retama, and the white blossoms are so lovely that beehives are brought up by the peasants from the valleys; whilst Hymettus, a mountain in Sicily, is celebrated for the excellence of its honey, and the aroma of the spice islands is wafted out to sea.

The bee knows the sweet-smelling plants. He flies to the rose, lily, lavender and lilac, and if you were to put on a table scented flowers and unscented, the bee would fly to the scented.

The churches of Norway are often bestrewed with pine and birch, which they consider healthy for crowded congregations. The pines of the northern countries prevent epidemics, and till lately sweet sedge grass was strewn about Norwich Cathedral. The Jewish apothecary was a seller of perfumes, and the Talmud directs that the tenth part of a bride's dowry be set apart to buy perfumes.

Then about the dead. The rosemary is still placed on the snowy shroud. We remember Joseph of Arimathea embalmed our Lord's body, and this was with the finest spices, and many of the alabaster boxes dug up from Egyptian tombs, two or three thousand years old, show traces of ointments once contained in them, and so it must be good to plant churchyards with sweet-smelling flowers, shrubs and trees. I knew a clergyman who forbade this in the churchyard, and one wondered whether the

village had more to put up with in his hardness of heart or ignorance of mind.

But incense and anointing have both their lessons in their way. Incense contains sweet spices. The oil for anointing was composed of myrrh, cassia and cinnamon, with a quantity of olive oil. The Hebrews and Egyptians, one great authority says, used perfumes not for effeminacy, but their rooms and their bodies were fumigated, or scents were worn on the person in gold and silver boxes. Of course, sometimes the scent is in the wood, other plants have it in the root, the seed, or the leaves; leaves of a verbena have been known to preserve their scent for centuries. Some flowers smell most in the day and some at night. So the Almighty Creator has seen to us in every way, and we can bless Him for the flowers, for their beauty to the eye, the pleasure to the nose and their health for the body.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

From a very early date the 2nd of February has been held in memory of the Purification of the Virgin Mary. Some imagine it is connected with the Lupercalia, and that it is a Christian festival "engrafted" on to a heathen one from the close coincidence of the time with that of Februation. At any rate, it was instituted by the Emperor Justinian in 541.

The name "Candlemas" is taken from the ceremony of the Church of Rome—the blessing of candles by the clergy and the distribution amongst the people to be carried in procession.

At Rome, in the chapel of the Quirinal, the Pope officiates and distributes candles amongst the clergy, each kneeling to receive them. First come the cardinals, bishops, canons, priors, abbots, and priests. The Pope is then mounted on a chair and carried in procession round the ante-chapel, with hymns.

In England in Catholic times a meaning was attached to the size of the candles, and the candles were supposed to possess supernatural value.

But here is an English verse—

> "This done, each man his candle lights,
> Where chiefest seemeth he
> Whose taper greatest may be seen,
> And fortunate to be

Whose candle burneth clear and bright,
A wondrous force and might
Doth in these candles lie, which, if at
Any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm
Nor tempest doth abide,
Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
Nor any devil's spide,
Nor fearful sprites that walk by night,
Nor hurts of frost or hail."

The festival commemorates, as you see, "The Purification of the Virgin," and so afterwards women, when churched, carried candles with them. The idea of candles came out of Simeon's words, "A light to lighten the Gentiles," for in the Middle Ages ideas were literally carried out.

Henry VIII. declared at the Reformation that the bearing of candles was done in memory of Christ.

Candlemas Day, if fine, was supposed to have an effect on the future weather, and so we have the Latin—

"Si, Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum, quam fuit ante;"

which really means—

"If the sun shines on Candlemas Day,
There will be more ice after than there was before."

Moreover, evergreens were taken down in churches and houses at this time.

"Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe.
Instead of the holly now upraise
The greener box for show."

"Thus times do shift; each thing in turn does hold,
New things succeed as former things grow old."

In Scotland there was a curious custom on Candlemas Day. The children attending school made small presents of money to their teachers, and the boy and girl who gave most were styled King and Queen in state. They also had a football match, keenly contested, either the East of the town *versus* the West, Unmarried *versus* Married, or one Parish *versus* another.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The origin of Valentine's Day does not seem to be quite certain. It appears that "one Valentine," a priest of Rome, was

martyred in the third century, first beaten with clubs and then beheaded, and his remains preserved in the church of St. Proxedes, in Rome, where a gate from the Porta del Populo was formerly named Porta Valentine. But at the Lupercalia the names of men were put in a box and drawn by the young women, and as Valentine's Day came then the persons chosen were called "My Valentine."

Some think the original idea was the birds *choosing their mates* in early February, and that that happened near to Valentine's Day.

But as to the custom of sending cards, I think that was a very pretty and innocent idea for persons who were fond of one another, and it seems a pity it has died out.

Of course, jokes partially spoilt it. Envelope after envelope were put one outside the other, till inside you came to the words, "Blessed is the man who expecteth little; he shall not be disappointed"; or a parcel left at a door, and when the door was opened it vanished by pulling a string. Again, it was supposed that the first unmarried person whom you met on St. Valentine's Day was a future husband or wife, and here in the verse I quote is the idea of the "*birds mating*"—

> "Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
> Their paramour with mutual chirpings find,
> I early rose just at the break of day,
> Before the sun had chased the stars away.
> Afield I went amid the morning dew
> To milk my kine, for so should housewives do.
> Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
> In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

Here are two superstitious ideas—

One girl says as follows—"The night before last Valentine's Day I got five bay leaves and pinned four to the corners of my pillow, and the fifth in the middle, and if I dreamt of my sweetheart we should be married before the year was out. But, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk, filled it with salt and ate it, shell and all, without drinking. This was a good addition." One can readily imagine some sort of a dream would come.

Or to roll bits of paper in clay, put them in water, and take the first that rose, was another sure sign.

UMBRELLA.

February being usually a wet month, I will here give a small account of the umbrella.

In the first place the word comes from the Latin, "umbra"—shade, and it was originally a screen to keep off the sun, just as ladies now carry parasols. Sculptures exist now from Egypt, Nineveh, and Persepolis, about umbrellas. From Sir Gardner Wilkinson's engraving we have an Ethiopian Princess travelling from Egypt to Thebes in a car with a fixed umbrella. From Persepolis one is pictured held over the king's head by a slave. At Nineveh one was carried over the king's head, and it had tassels falling from the side and silk frilling. This was in time of peace.

China and Burmah had sunshades. Greece and Rome had sunshades for women. In Italy they were used by horsemen for the sun.

In the reign of Queen Anne they were used as shields from the rain for women.

Swift, in the *Tatler*, says (1710)—

> "The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
> While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides."

They were used by the clergy at funerals, and were made of very heavy leather.

Umbrellas, I may say, were brought over originally from India, Spain, and France; but the eighteenth century had half gone before they were in vogue. In 1752 General Wolfe, writing from Paris, said, "The people here use some sort of umbrella to defend them from the rain. It would be a good idea for England."

At last Jonas Hanway, lately returned from Persia, used one in the streets of London, and it was called a parapluie, which meant a protection from rain. But people were jeered at and called mincing Frenchmen for using them, partly because it was considered effeminate and partly because it militated against the cab-drivers, who considered their rights were put on one side.

Defoe, you will remember, makes Robinson Crusoe describe that he had seen umbrellas in the Brazils, and that he had constructed his own umbrella in imitation of them. He says he

"covered them with skins hair outward, so that it cast off the rain, like a penthouse, and kept me beautifully cool." And so one sort of umbrella was called "The Robinson." Talking of umbrellas, I always think, when driving in Paris, that the umbrella fixed in the voiture is an excellent idea.

HAZEL TREE.

The Romans called it corylus, inventing the name from the Greek κόρυς—a helmet or cap. The old British name is hoesel, and hoesel is a cap or hat, and hoesel nutu is the hatted nut. It is also the only British tree in its wild state which produces edible fruit. There are several improved varieties cultivated extensively in Kent, round Maidstone. The principal types are "cobs," or round nuts; and filberts, or elongated nuts, called filberts or full beard from the lengthened appendage to the outside cover. It is found in England at an elevation of 1,600 feet. They appear to prosper by quarries of freestone, and Hasellwry, in Wiltshire, Haselingfield, in Cambridgeshire, and Haslemere, in Surrey, are named after the tree.

The Constantinople Hazel has nuts much larger than the common hazel, and is a native of the Levant, from whence the fruit is imported into Britain; but it is not such a nice nut as the cob or filbert. The Barcelona comes from a tree very similar to our own.

The usual form of the hazel in its wild state is a straggling bush, and the flowers are the earliest harbingers of returning spring. Before the snowdrop is out the nut tree is hanging with catkins, but after this season a beetle, by a marvellous instinct, when the nut commences to appear, bores its way inside, lays an egg, which afterwards becomes a grub, forces its way out, falls to the ground, buries itself, and at last becomes an insect.

There is this about the hazel, which I will note here. It retains its leaves when every other tree is dismantled, assuming a bright yellow, which gives to autumn a lingering beauty which it would otherwise lack.

The tree is useful for making crates, baskets and hoops. The roots are also useful for veneering by cabinet makers; moreover, hazel nut oil is much used by painters.

Nuts in ancient times were in much request on All Hallows Eve, October 31st, and so that night was called "Nut Crack Night."

A nut was chosen to bear the name of each unmarried person and placed close to the fire until it ignited, and it was pretended that the way in which it ignited prognosticated events in the life of the person whose name it bore.

The great "robbers" of the tree are the squirrel and nuthatch. The nuthatch, it is thought, takes the nuts to a hollow tree, or some crevice of a tree, into which it can push them till they crack, and then gets the nuts.

The squirrel begins as soon as the nut begins to swell, and has a fine repast from July to October, gnawing a hole and getting the nut piecemeal; moreover, it destroys more than it eats. A remarkable discovery of nuts was once made in Ireland. They were found at great depths and in great numbers on the seashore. How it happened no one knew, but they were like the hazel.

THE SNOWDROP (Galanthus).

A native of Switzerland, Austria and Southern Europe, this purification flower has gained a popularity almost beyond any other flower of spring. I expect its coming so early in the year makes it a very great favourite, and then, again, its sweetly pure, pearly look. It has had a variety of names—the snow violet, snowdrop, white bell, bell of the snows, bell of winter, snow piercer, and fair maid of February. It is almost wild in most parts of East Anglia, and is especially so in Lincolnshire.

Two points, perhaps, directly strike us, and one is its light, thin stalk on which its bell-like head hangs. Then it holds its head down and not up, so that the honey may not be dashed out by the rain. Moreover, it will blow any way, so that it is not easily snapped by the strong winds of March. Two green leaves are the first signs of returning spring, and as they push up through the soil the flower is wedged in between the two leaves, but soon springs up and outdistances the leaves.

The Greek name "Galanthus," or milky flower, is very pretty, and Forbes Watson says of this, "Perhaps it comes nearer to the actual colour than our native Saxon, and expresses the softness and purity of the blossom, as well as the milky aspect of leaf and

stem." Still, I love the name "snowdrop," or snow piercer. Some think the name Galanthus more suits the snowflake, which is the snowdrop on a larger scale.

Many say, "What is its relation to the snow?" It is a bright link between the beautiful past and the future. It is a promise that all the snow of winter shall turn to something beautiful, as far as Nature is concerned. It seems to show us the snow, and as we look at the flower we see the beauty inside the chalice. I had not viewed it like this, I own, till I read Forbes Watson on it; but it is a beautiful idea, and as the drop was the name for a pendant jewel, so we see the flower of the snow is a jewel.

TO A SNOWDROP.

"Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend,
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years."—*Wordsworth.*

But, like the Christmas Rose, it has a legend.

"An angel was sent to comfort poor Eve when she was banished from the Garden, and was mourning over the barren wilderness around. No flower grew, and snow covered the earth. It seemed like the funeral of the world. But whilst the angel was speaking he caught a flake of fallen snow, breathed upon it and bade it live, and ere it had reached the ground it turned into a lovely flower, which Eve thought far prettier than the flowers she had left behind. The angel said, 'Fear not; one day lost joys shall be restored, and bright days shall come again.' Of course, Eve felt happy, and behold, a bed of snowdrops sprung up and seemed like 'blossoming snow,' and appeared to say, 'He that overcometh shall be clothed in raiment of white.' And certainly, if the flowers are so lovely, man made in the image of God will not be less hereafter."

CROCUSES NATURALISED IN GRASS.

Page 45.

Tennyson is, of course, most touching in his *May Queen*—

> " There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the pane ;
> I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
> I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high ;
> I long so to see a lovely flower before the day I die.
>
> " I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;
> You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
> Nay, nay, you must not weep or let your grief be wild ;
> You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child."

But this last verse is surpassingly lovely—

> " She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor ;
> Let her take them, they are hers, I shall never garden more ;
> But tell her when I'm gone to train the rosebud which I set
> About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette."

CONNECTION OF PLANTS WITH SAINTS' DAYS.

The Snowdrop was the Purification Flower.
The Crocus—Valentine Flower.
Daisy La Belle Marguerite—St. Margaret.
Rose of Sharon—St. John's Wort.
Anemone—Pasque Flower.
Daffodil—Lent Lily.
Canterbury Bell—In honour of St. Augustine.

CROCUSES.

This flower bursts out soon after the snowdrop in a blaze of colour—golden yellow, violet, white and striped varieties. There can scarcely be a more lovely sight than the first burst of the crocus family, whether you see it in the cottage garden, the private garden, the grassy parks, Kew Gardens, the Nottinghamshire pastures, window boxes ; they are most handsome flowers, and coming before the gaudy tulip, they charm us more.

The yellow crocus has been called the " rosy-fingered dawn of Spring."

But for romantic description of our universal favourite, I suppose, none can excel the late Forbes Watson. He pictures them as lighted up with rosy reflection, pencilled with delicate streaks and nerves of shade. He compares them to the bar-tailed humming bird, and he says they give an idea of fine, gold-like, transparent glass.

His remarks about the purple crocus are equally happy, though I cannot myself see why he admires the purple flower so much less. In my opinion the two colours with the striped look so beautiful blooming together.

However, Forbes Watson thought that the purplish brown of the earth "struck a discord," and he likes them in the Nottingham meadows. It is quite clear that Nottinghamshire is a lovely flower county, for Dean Hole and Forbes Watson have the same idea. The latter says, "Look at the broad, pale sheets of lilac bloom outspread upon the early grass, whose sweet young green is only just recovering from the winter's frost." And we feel the charm of the purple crocus. But here is a sweetly pretty piece. "The purple crocus, partly for the full materials for colour-contrast afforded by its interior, partly for the exceeding delicacy of tint, the lilac stripes and markings, the transparent veins, and the pale watery lake which lies at the bottom of the cup, seems to bear us to some enchanted spot, a fairy land of colour, where no shadow ever falls, a land of dim, eternal twilight and never-fading flowers," and this to my mind is a most magnificent and ethereal description, and seems to beat any other of his many beautiful word-painting ideas.

The word "crocus," I will add, comes from the Greek, and means saffron. Its native parts are the Mediterranean, Naples, and the mountains of California. The greatest enemy is the sparrow. I can never grow the yellow crocus that he does not nip the heads off.

The legend concerning the crocus is this. Crocus went out to play in a field with Mercurie; a quoit hit him on the head, killing him; Saffron sprang up from the ground and was called Crocus.

MARCH.

" The bloom is in the bud, and the bud is on the bough ;
And earth is grown an emerald, and heaven a sapphire now ;
The snowdrop and the daisy wild are laughing everywhere,
And the balmy breath of opening buds steals softly through the air.
What promise in the verdant plains ! what hope is on the wing !
A blessing on thy balmy breath, thou merry month of spring ! "

" Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil.
There is not one but
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding loves,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

We derive the present name of the month from the Romans. With them it was the first month of the year, and it continued to be in many countries till a comparatively late period, the legal year beginning on March 25th till 1752. For commencing the year with this month there seems to have been sufficient reason, from the fact of its being the first season after the death of the year in which decided symptoms of a renewal of growth take place. The Romans dedicated it to Mars, as they attached such importance to war; but there are ancient points to be noticed here which, perhaps, everyone does not know. Julius Cæsar, about B.C. 45, decreed that every fourth year should have 366 days. In 1582 Pope Gregory found there had been an over-reckoning of ten days, so he had a decree that the extra day should be dropped three times in every four hundred years. This was adopted in Britain in 1752, and this is the reason, to take an example, that Lady Day is reckoned not to arrive till April 5th, and this date of the year is still observed in the computations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Amongst the Saxons the month bore the name of "Lenet Monat." The English dedicated it to the Goddess Rhoeda, and hence it was called " Rhede monath." It was also called " Illyd monath," or the stormy month. After the introduction of Christianity the

month was held in great reverence, as the month in which Lent began.

But to return to Mars, of which I will say more. He is represented as leaning on a spade, holding almond blossoms, with a basket of seeds on his arm.

Now, next to Jupiter, Mars enjoyed the highest honour at Rome. He was considered to be the father of Romulus and the father of the nation, and so he was called "Father Mars" and "Mars-Pater." Jupiter, Mars and Quirinus were the three tutelary divinities and guardians of Rome. Mars, as a deity watching over the Roman citizens, was called Quirinus. Then he was the guardian of the honourable pursuit of agriculture, and under the name Silvanus was the guardian of cattle. For this reason was he honoured with offerings of first fruits in Spring, because he was considered to be the God of the vigorous growth of the year. He was called "Gradivus," as the protector in battle.

The most characteristic sanctuary of Mars was the shrine in the Regia, where the sacred spears were kept—the Temple of Mars at the Porta Capena. Then there was the sacred oak, the sacred fig and the wolf. The emblem of Rome was sacred to him, and just as we say "By Jove!" so the Romans said "By Mars Per Martem," and "suo Marte," by his own exertions, and even now we speak of "a martial bearing" and "martial law."

And the writer of the splendid play, "A Message from Mars," has immortalised the planet Mars by his perfect lesson on "Unselfishness."

This, and Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross," were two splendid stage sermons. And here, before I speak of the planet, I may say that it appears to me a great pity for the clergy to look down on the stage. I know of no book that has ever had a greater effect upon me than some of our finest plays, and I say it with all respect, that the earnestness, power, and love depicted in some of the best plays is a mighty power for good, and the Church might learn many a good lesson from our finest actors. Of course, the stage always needs to teach fine, manly lessons, and bring to the front all the virtues (this was done in the olden days) at the same time. The stage has in plays like those to which I refer, and plays like "The Daughters of Babylon," done enormous good to

the masses. It is very clear when you see empty churches in many places that something is terribly wrong somewhere, because the parochial system should give the clergy an immense hold. There should be, I think, more sympathy between the clergy and the people, and it has been my experience that the poor will always flock to church to hear the clergyman who is kind to them in the week, and takes an interest in them and their families; and it is not the lack of interest on the part of the rich laity, if they prefer to wander into the country and learn lessons from Nature's God.

The planet Mars has a year probably 687 days long, and the heat of the summer would be cooler and the winter warmer. It shines with a fiery red light, and is a brilliant object in the heavens at midnight, and when seen through a telescope its surface appears to be covered with irregular blotches, some red, others green, whilst at each pole is a spot of dazzling white. The red spots are supposed to be land, and the green, water; the white, snow. But, to leave the more uninteresting description, I may say that Mars is the only planet which it is thought may be inhabited, but with beings different to our own, since not a plant here would probably live there. The gravity is much less, and it is estimated that a Daniel Lambert would leap six feet, and an athletic man twelve feet. And this idea was brought out in the play, "A Message from Mars."

But this month I wish to speak of stars which I consider far more interesting, and they are *Pleiades* and *Orion*. In Job xxxviii., 31, you read, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

Now, this isolated group of seven stars has been designated by an appropriate name. The Greeks called them Pleiades from the word "pleein," to sail, because it indicated the time when a sailor might travel in safety. They were also called Vergiliœ, from "Ver," the Spring, because they ushered in the mild vernal weather favourable to farming and pastoral employments. The learned priests of Belus carefully observed their risings and settings nearly two thousand years before the Christian era.

Canon Fleming, in one of his late sermons, speaks of the wonderful "influence" of the Pleiades on Nature, but apparently this is not the right idea. It may be very apparent at the time of

Spring; but the idea is otherwise. I must begin by two or three comments. The Chaldaic word translated Pleiades is "Chimah," meaning an axle, which turns and moves other bodies along with it, the sun probably turning round Alcyone, the leading star of the Pleiades. So God means in speaking to Job, "Can you prevent the attraction which causes the planets to revolve round a given centre?" And here let me give you Macmillan's beautiful description of an Oriental night: "The sky is of the deepest purple, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud, the very image of purity and peace; the eye wanders dreamily and loses itself on the threshold of other worlds; over the mountains the moon walks in brightness, far up towards the zenith is Orion, and behind it the Pleiades. The night winds moan in the acacia trees, and God speaks, passing all before Job, and God means, 'Since you cannot rule the world as I can, be still, and know that I am God.' It brings to our mind the remarkable fact that not one in the planetary or star system jars or gets out of place, but all goes on. We run round and round the sun, and have travelled thousands of miles and never known it, and the same stars appear to us as appeared to Job; and if we look at Venus in England, yet it appears pretty well in the identical spot when we are miles away. The whole lesson to us is one of the grandeur of the world and the power of God." But of Orion, Dunkin in his "Midnight Sky" calls them the finest agglomeration of stars to be found in any portion of the heavens. There appear to be one hundred stars with three central ones, pointing on one side to Sirius and on the other to the Pleiades. And so God meant, "Can a man loose these stars? unclasp this starry bracelet?" No! only God can. These stars appear to be a lesson to teach us how God keeps every star of this one hundred in its place, and no sooner does the constellation arise above the horizon than they appear together as before.

One of the group is bright red, one yellow, one green. One shines like an emerald, another like a ruby, another like a sapphire, and a fourth like a topaz. This lesson makes us, I think, feel that each star may be a sun, and each sun the centre of a solar system, and that our earth is as nothing, and we, as individuals, are a mere "drop in a bucket"; and this idea always makes it the more inconceivable to me that any clergyman can think he can create God as he would be doing if he changed the bread and wine of

the Holy Communion into the sacred body and blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Chambers, I think, very wittily calls March Nature's forester, going through the woods and dotting the trees with green, to mark out the spots where the future leaves are to be hung. Now, there are a good many writers who speak of the flowers of March, and they name a good many; but my experience is, that this is not *generally* the case. In some very mild Springs a sprinkling of flowers may here and there be blossoming in March, but they are the exception. I do not say that the coltsfoot, dandelion, daisy, early primrose, cuckoopint, toothwort, and celandine *cannot* be out, as also the March marigold and wood anemone; but I should say they would be very rare in most Marches. The daffodil, furze and Pyrus japonica I say nothing about. The furze, in an ordinary year, will be out, as also the Pyrus japonica. But taking last year. In March the ground was covered with snow to the depth of about half a foot, and there was a frost. Every single night the leafless trees, being clothed in white, look more like flowers than anything else. They do indistinctly remind one of the hawthorn of May. I went out one night at 12 p.m. down Beulah Hill, and the sight of the freshly-fallen snow was exquisite as it hung like blossoms on the boughs.

There is, however, one beautiful sermon written, from which I will quote a word or two on the "leaf," for we do see the budding leaf, and Macmillan, with his usual brilliancy and oratory, passes in review some striking thoughts. I refer to his sermon on the "olive leaf." He speaks of the beautiful air we breathe, and remarks how we are indebted for that to the leaf, to the palms of the south and the pines of the north, to the birches of America and the gum trees of Australia. He says: "The crust of the earth was once like a burnt cinder, and the reason why it is not so now is owing to the ministry of the green leaf."

And then he speaks of man guarding his home with a lightning conductor, to receive the discharge and bear it harmlessly to the earth, forgetting the efficacy of the forest trees and the blades of grass in the meadows, for a twig covered with leaves is three times as effectual. Then he points out that in a leafless world there would be no rains and no streams Destroy the woods and you destroy the balance of Nature; you prevent the

formation of clouds; you dry up rivers; and yet in many places you will find that authorities decide to cut down numbers of trees, because they spoil the air and make it unhealthy—the authorities made this absurd mistake at Beckenham.

But here is a very instructive idea. Thoreau said that the whole earth is a gigantic leaf in which the rivers and streams resemble the veins, and the mountains and plains the green part. The stem of a plant is a leaf rolled up tight, the blossom is a leaf transfigured, and the seed is a leaf packed together. And in this connection I will mention two very singular-leaved plants. They belong to what are called insectivorous plants, which practically is a plant "eating insects."

NEPENTHES DISTILLATORIA.

There is a pitcher hanging at the end of a leaf, and it is acknowledged to be part of the leaf. Insects find their way into the liquid in the pitcher, which is composed of chloride of potassium, soda, lime, and magnesia, and undergo a kind of digestion before they nourish the plants. But there is also, it seems, a black ant in the neighbourhood who knows of the "larder of insects" and the danger of the pitcher, and he tunnels up and gets them for food without risk.

Then there are the sundews. The leaves are covered with crimson hairs, each tipped with a long knob. This knob has a fluid-like gum. As the sun shines on them they look beautiful; but there is no honey, only death. Moths and flies are caught, as also the beetle; for what happens? There is no flying away. They each stick to the plant. It is like the spider's web. They are doomed, and the more the insect kicks the more the other knobs close over him. They simply stick fresh gum on his back and sides; then a fluid dissolves the insect, and the leaf obtains the nutriment. This plant is called *Drosera Rotundifolia*.

Then Chambers quotes Venus's fly trap. You find it from Long Island to Florida. He says there is greater divisional labour than the sundew. Marginal teeth, sensitive hairs, and digestive glands have separate functions. Digestion will go on for a week, according to the size of the "captive insect."

LENT.

Ancient Saxon—Lencten. German—Lenz, "the Spring." Greek —Tesserakonte. Latin — Quadragesima. Italian — Quaresima. Spanish—Cuaresma. French—Carême, the period of fasting before Easter. Lent was observed in the days of Irenæus, but without uniformity, and gradually extended from one and two days till in the fourth century it was forty days.

The Greeks commence to abstain from meat the Monday in Sexagesima week, and from cheese on the Monday in Quinquagesima week, Sundays and Saturdays and the Feast of Annunciation being deducted. In the eighth or ninth century it was settled to commence with Ash Wednesday. (The rigour of fasting is now relaxed, "and assuredly fasting could never make Christians.") In our Prayer Book, then, we begin with Ash Wednesday, and have Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima Sundays, denoting seventy, sixty and fifty days before Easter, and omit no days, as was the custom when Septuagesima Sunday was calculated to begin Lent.

Lent, of course, is meant as a time of humiliation, and all sport and amusement is considered unbefitting. In the Early Church it was a time for preparing Catechumens for baptism. Of course, the primary idea was to impress everyone with the thought of sorrow for their sins, and of sorrow for the trials and death of the Saviour, and this idea is good; less feasting prepares the mind for thoughts of Christ, our fellow-creatures, and heaven.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

This meant "shriving," or "absolution time," which particularly spread over several days before Ash Wednesday. These days were sometimes called Fasting-tide, Fastinass, Fasten's-e'en, and, in the modern discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, a trace of this is still preserved; confession having been fulfilled, permission was given for amusements. In England, when Shrove Tuesday arrived, it was formerly a very "festive" day, for bells were rung and everyone betook himself to amusement, such as football, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, with throwing at

cocks; the idea of being "shrived" was forgotten, and the pancake was a predominant idea. Westminster School seems to have been very important in this particular. At eleven o'clock the Verger of the Abbey came out with a "silver baton," and was followed by the cook, who entered the School and tossed the pancake into the Upper School, and he who got it unbroken and carried it to the Deanery obtained one guinea from the Abbey funds; this performance seems incredibly stupid, but it still I believe exists.

CAPUT JEJUNII, OR ASH WEDNESDAY.

The first day of Lent, so called from the Catholic custom of strewing ashes on the head as a sign of penitence. This custom, probably introduced by Gregory the Great, was sanctioned by Pope Celestin III. in 1191, and afterwards generally prevailed. Before Mass, the ashes are consecrated on the altar, sprinkled with holy water, and signed three times with the Cross, whilst the priest recites as follows: "Memento quod cines es et in cinerem reverteris." (And at the burial service we substantiate this idea with the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.") The ashes, which are those of the palms consecrated on the preceding Palm Sunday, are then strewed on the heads of the priests, clergy and people. In England the Commination Service is read, and surely it is a very doubtful service.

During the Lenten season, and on Ash Wednesday in particular, an absurd custom used to exist in memory of St. Peter and the cock crowing. "The King's cock crower" used to crow each hour of the night instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary way of watchmen.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

This was Refreshment or Mid-Lent Sunday, when people visited their Mother Church, and made offerings on the altar. Hence, too, arose the practice of "mothering"—visiting parents on that day, and giving them presents. Some youth might return from a far country and rejoice his parents' hearts, and so happy recollections centred round the day. (Personally, I think all these landmarks were very nice, and that it is a great pity they were

given up.) The cakes alluded to as "given to parents" were called "Simnells," and even now in Lancashire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire they are still eaten.

The word "Simnell" is said to come from the Latin, and means "fine flour," and so Hot Cross Buns are a relic of the Saxons, who ate cakes in honour of the "Goddess of Spring," and the early missionaries tried to banish the heathen idea by putting a cross on them. The Sunday has also been called, from a very ancient time, "Dominica Refectionis," or "Refreshment Sunday," from the Gospel in which our Lord is recorded as feeding the five thousand by a miracle.

ARCHERY.

Whenever we think of archery we are proud, because it carries us back to the time when the English bows and arrows won all their many famous battles—Crecy and Poictiers. Agincourt and other battles against the French were all turned in our favour by the skill and prowess of our archers. Not that the French had no bows and arrows—they had, but theirs were more clumsy, and they had not the skill of the English. It was ordered on every holiday "that the English should practise archery and give up cock-fighting and football." Edward IV. ordered butts to be set up in every town, and every Englishman not only had to have a bow of his own, but he had to instruct his children in the art. Even in 1572 Elizabeth offered Charles X. six thousand men, half of whom were archers.

It would seem that in those times the Army was a "study," now it is a profession.

In 1574 the Finsbury Archers had no less than 164 targets in Finsbury Fields.

The Prince of Archers was, of course, Robin Hood, whose heroic character has been dramatised; his prowess was no doubt exaggerated, though this verse is a splendid one:—

> "He was an archer true and good,
> And people called him Robin Hood;
> Such archers as he and his men
> Will England never see again."

Nottingham has been, and is, a famous city, with its ancient

history and its Sherwood Forest, where Robin hunted the King's deer.

In time of war the archers had a bow of yew, a sheaf of arrows winged with grey goose feathers, a sword and small shield.

But let us look at "very early" bows and arrows; "triangular flint arrow heads" are found in all parts of the world, showing that they must have been known and largely used at a period anterior to the discovery of metals. Assyrian sculpture and Egyptian hieroglyphics testify that archery was in high estimation at that time.

The Romans did not disdain the use of the bow, and Harold is represented as shot in the forehead with an arrow; Gratian, Commodus, and Domitian were said to be accomplished archers, whilst many native tribes, like the South Sea Islanders, are experts in its use; moreover, the Bushmen and some South American natives make use of poisoned arrows.

COCK FIGHTING.

This barbarous custom, which formerly existed in England and was a Shrove Tuesday amusement, was common amongst the Greeks and Romans, as it is now amongst the Malay countries, Spanish America, and India.

In England there was a cock-pit at Whitehall. Let us take a foreign description of our pastime: "The English eat a cake on Shrove Tuesday, and then run and kill their poor cocks. Even kings took delight in it, as you see by the cock-pit at Whitehall. The poor bird was tied by the leg, and a partaker in this vile sport stood twenty-two yards off (a cricket pitch), and had three shots for one penny. If he hit the bird down he won it."

This was one of our English disgraces. It was even sanctioned in the North of England grammar schools, and the master received "cock-fight dues." In 1790 a master's salary was made up of "salary," "fees," and "cock-fight due," and as late as 1812 there were cock-fights at Cromarty. Every boy will remember one remark with which he was familiar at school, viz., "cock-shy." This was, of course, in allusion to the "shying at cocks." But I do not think it is worse than that disgraceful practice of vivi-section, which is simply fiendish, and reduces those of the medical profession who indulge in it to a pitch of degradation.

But then there was fighting "between cocks." First the training, and then the fastening on of spurs (silver), and the weighing of the antagonists. There were a certain number each side, and they fought till only one was left. By the Act of 1849 a penalty of £5 was levied on any one keeping fighting cocks or being connected with cock fighting.

FOOTBALL.

Dearly as I have always loved the game of cricket, yet I suppose football is a much more favourite game, the reason being, I imagine, that everyone can play at once and not be bowled out and retire for half the day, and then field the rest, and it is easier to learn. Moreover, it can be played on a rougher ground, and even a very few can join in it, but it is wonderful how many will look on, for there is no reclining on the grass, as in summer. It is sometimes piercingly cold, and at other times soakingly wet. This, all militating against the lookers-on, only shows how very popular the game is. When you think of 100,000 witnessing the Final Tie at the Palace, one stands amazed. Why, our whole available army is supposed to stand at 150,000, without the Territorials. Surely we had best enrol very soon as volunteers some of our magnificent hardy athletes.

The Greeks had a game to a certain extent resembling football, which was played with a kind of ball known as "harpaston." Amongst the Romans there was a game played with a large inflated ball, "the follis," and though the ball was only struck with the hand, yet it was like our football.

As early as 1314 Edward II. forbade the hustling over large balls, and in 1349 Edward III. objected to it, whilst Elizabeth put the penalty of imprisonment against it.

The Puritans ran it down, and it declined in the seventeenth century (it was the nineteenth century which brought it on again). The Scotch have always been great at the game, and even the women played; but James I. said a fairly decent thing about it. He called it "meeter for laming than making able," and Stubbs called it "a bloody and murthering practice"; but there were free fights and deaths then.

There is no doubt that it has kept the youth of England

strong, and games do prevent the decay of a nation. This verse of 1509 I call good—

> "The sturdie ploughman, lustie, strong, and bold,
> Overcometh the winter with driving the football,
> Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall."

It is in no way clever, but it is true.

> "Am I so round that, like a football, you do spurn me thus?
> You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither;
> If I last in his service you must case me in leather."—*Shakespeare.*

Football, after many changes of rule, settled down at last to Rugby Union and Football Association, two exactly opposite styles of play. I think we may designate the styles "rough" and "smooth"—the one a mimic battle, the other an elegant dribbling match.

Football has now taken strong hold in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States.

THE ANEMONE.

Now, if Beaconsfield had selected the anemone as his flower, it always seems to me there would be something in it, for surely the anemone is a most glorious flower. Rider Haggard, in his garden work, soars into praise over the anemone. He seems to forget all his ghost stories for the moment and bursts into praise over the anemone. On Mount Tabor, he says, he saw millions of anemones stretching for miles, the whole plain being starred with red, blue, and white, a perfect carpet of flowers —for there are lilac, white, red, scarlet, blue and purple. It is generally held that our Blessed Lord referred to the anemone when He said, "Consider the lilies," for they cover the Mount of Olives and carpet the plains. They are luxurious by the shores of the Lake of Galilee, the olive yards of Ephraim, and the hills of Nazareth. Palestine is rich in flowers, and this is the gayest. The word "anemone" seems to have a dubious derivation. Some say it comes from "Anemos," the Greek for "wind," others say from the river Anemo, near Ravenna, where they grow in plenty; but since the Mountain Anemone is called an Apennine windflower, I think we may take the word "wind." It loves breezy heights like Switzerland, but with us it is a rockery plant.

FRONT GARDEN AT AUTHOR'S HOUSE, NORWOOD,
SNOWSTORM, APRIL, 1908.

Page 68. *Photo by the Author.*

The Wood Anemone is a little flower, but very pretty, though very unassuming, the ornament of many a woodland scene in April and May ; it attains to its height of luxuriance in April pastures, the air and light moisture forming large flowers. But anemones are seen at their best at the "Temple Flower Show." I am sure to see that show is quite an education ; you feel with regard to the flower itself that you have never seen an anemone before.

PYRUS JAPONICA.

Different counties seem partial to different shrubs and flowers, besides the fact, of course, that there is the difference of climate ; but Lincolnshire is certainly very partial to the Pyrus Japonica. There you see the beautiful flaming flower on the cottage walls, a picture of beauty in the early Spring. Another name for it is the "Japan Quince." The word "pyrus" means "pear," and the quince was known to the Greeks as "kudonia." Of course pears, quinces, and roses, belong to the pomaceous (apple) section of the "rose" family ; in other sections of the family we have peaches, cherries and plums, and in others strawberries, raspberries and blackberries; but I will speak more on this subject in June, when we speak of "Roses." Very early sometimes in the year the Japonica comes into its glorious flower. You can plant it in a sheltered spot and train it to a trellis, and it will do well with a moderate amount of sun. The flowers come before the leaves. When the leaves appear you may find a few quinces. The various colours are scarlet, flesh-coloured, pink, mottled, and pure white flowers. It is a native of the south of Europe and temperate parts of Asia, and was cultivated by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Quince marmalade is made from it, and very lovely it is, and stewed with sugar it makes a pleasant addition to apple tarts. It is often used in England as a stock on which to graft the pear.

DAFFODILS.

We are accustomed to look upon the daffodil as the flower of March—and a most lovely flower it is. From Homer downwards every poet has praised it. They are described as "coming before the swallow dares, and taking the wind of March with beauty,"

all merrily swaying in the breeze; and Wordsworth speaks of it thus:

> "Hosts of golden daffodils
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

Macmillan declares "there is no more lovely sight in the wild March mornings than the graceful deep green foliage. Studded as if with moidores and ruffled by the wind, the flowers meekly bend their graceful stalks; but the heads, perfect in shape and unique in their two harmonious shades of yellow, are cheerfully lifted up again to catch the smile of the sunshine gleaming between the scudding clouds. 'And so our heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils.'" A wood in which there is a large share of daylight is a favourite home for them.

But daffodils are sold in the London streets in February, and the florists' windows are full of them. Forbes Watson speaks of them as plants which afford a most beautiful contrast—a cool, watery sheet of leaves, with bright warm flowers, yellow and orange, dancing over the leaves like meteors in a marsh. But where I love to see them is in the grass of parks. There they do look finest, and transform the turf into an image of beauty.

Of course they are called Lent lilies or pseudo narcissus, and there are the Incomparable Daffodil, the Jonquil, Poet's Narcissus, and Polyanthus Narcissus. The double daffodils belong exclusively to the gardens. Narcissus is the poet's daffodil, and according to legend the flower sprung from the dead form of a boy who, admiring his own image in a pool, fell in and was drowned, being, therefore, the victim of self-admiration. Another version is, that he was inaccessible to love, and Eros died of grief for him; but one of his rejected lovers prayed to Nemesis to punish him, and he was caused to fall in love with his image, and he pined away because he could not get near it.

The Incomparable Daffodil and the Trumpets are both beautiful; but none touch, in my opinion, the simple narcissus, and so Shelley thought when he said, alluding evidently to the legend—

> "Then the pied windflowers, and the tulip tall,
> The narcissi the fairest amongst them all,
> Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
> Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

FURZE.

There is one March shrub which is very beautiful, because the colour is so showy, and that is "gorse," or "furze." To see this growing in profusion on our London surburban commons, or in the form of massive hedges, to see there the golden boughs falling over, is particularly pretty. Growing, as it does, wild, it is really almost the first sign of Spring which you see. Last year everything was backward, and so gorse was only out in April, but as a rule it is out in March.

As everyone knows, it has very sharp needle-like points upon the stems, and the flowers are a beautiful golden colour—you may see a furze common later on in the year, when the whole expanse of furze is one mass of gold. In the Spring it is one of the fairest floral sights of the year, and the pleasant perfume the plant throws off is also very seductive. Although this really beautiful wild plant is often passed by in this country, in Russia (that strange and vast land of hard-driven people) it is cultivated in greenhouses for its beauty—

One poet sings—

> "Barbed blossom of the guarded gorse,
> I love thee where I see thee shine,
> Thou sweetener of our common ways,
> And brightener of our wintry days."

The honey which is found in the blossoms is much sought after by those clever little bees.

Of this sings the poet, too—

> "Thy honeyed blossoms are but hives
> That guard the growth of wingèd lives."

These first golden blossoms of the gorse are—

> "Tokens to the wintry earth
> That beauty liveth still."

It suffers from the frosts of severe winters, whereas in mild seasons its flowers may be seen all the winter. Hence the old proverb, "Love is out of season," when the "furze is out of blossom."

Linnæus is said to have burst into raptures when he saw

Wimbledon Common one day, with its clusters of golden flowers. It is said to afford a useful fodder when its thorns are artificially bruised, so sheep farmers sometimes burn it to the ground to get the young shoots.

You will have noticed how the pod in gorse, which has to ripen its ovules into seeds, is protected. First of all, it has the hairy sepals covering all the rest of the flower, and shielding it from the rain; then the large upper petal forms a roof to send the rain off when the flower opens; then the wings, keeping the keel, or boat, tight; then the boat itself, with its down-covered edge, keeping out the wet and the insects; lastly, the filament-tube holding it close and safe when the boat falls away. Then the pod itself is covered with hairs; these shield it when the tube withers and the pod is left to shift for itself until it is fully ripe and ready to burst and scatter its seeds, which it does with the crackling noise that may be heard on a still day, when the sun is high in the heavens, by anyone who stands for a few moments among the furze bushes.

Very intricate is the construction of the gorse blossom. Truly wondrous is the means God has contrived for the perpetual renewal of this exquisite flower; and this is only one of the myriad ways in which He ministers to our joy and pleasure in the kingdom of the flowers.

Many are the delights of an hour spent on the breezy down on an August day. Not the least of these is to stand still and see

> "The heath and the threat'ning
> Loud bees with their yellow thighs;
> And, twinkling out of the golden furze,
> The marvellous butterflies."
>
> *An extract from H. W. Worsley-Benison.*

MEZEREON (Daphne mezereum).

A very pretty shrub of the family Daphne, comprising spurge laurel, spurge holly, wood laurel, and dwarf bay. It flowers about the month of March, or earlier, and has white, pink, yellow, red and lilac flowers.

It is called by Hulme a "dwarf olive"; but it is elsewhere called the maczeroun of the Arabian physicians. When it

flowers the hedgerows are bare and the birds are twittering, and then it bursts forth in its glory, or as it is put—

> "Ere a leaf is on the bush,
> In the time before the thrush."

And after the flower the leafy rods are dotted with red berries.

There is the Daphne Alpina—a pretty rockery shrub, with white or rosy flowers.

Daphne Odora—pink and white.

Daphne Indica—with white flowers.

Daphne Japonica—with pink flowers.

The Mezereon and Laurel Daphne want loam, and the others peat.

THE THRUSH.

The thrush is highly valued by every bird lover; its pretty marks and lovely song make it a general favourite. It sings for hours together and is counted the "harbinger of Spring." If you should have tall fir trees in your garden, you will probably find it at night perched on one of the topmost boughs, singing out of pure delight. And it has more variety in its tone than any other British bird, not even excepting the nightingale. It feeds very much on snails, looking for them on mossy banks.

A poet writes—

> "Sweet thrush, whose wild untutored strain
> Salutes the opening year,
> Renew those melting notes again,
> And soothe my ravish'd ear.
>
> "Though in no gaudy plumage dressed,
> With glowing colours bright,
> Nor gold, nor scarlet on thy breast
> Attracts our wandering sight."

A lady lying on a bed of sickness, apparently with her window facing a lovely garden, relates how one thrush every night would take to practising song, and go over and over again the "same bar," as much as to say to its fellow thrushes, "There! What do you think of that?" The popular character of the bird is easily tested by seeing the high prices for these birds at the Crystal Palace show.

Clare writes thus of its nesting—

"Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to noon a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy! and often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day.
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-bye, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of green and blue.
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky"

APRIL.

April is eminently a Spring month, made up, it is supposed, of shower and sunshine; though I never consider that state of things belongs entirely to April. It was called by the Saxons "Oster monath," because the wind generally blew from the East. In the Anglo-Saxon calendar they are at that time represented as sitting on mead or ale *benches*—called the "eale benc"—drinking ale. (It is needless to mention that chairs and sofas were then unknown.)

> "This month all Nature seems in love;
> The lusty sap begins to move;
> The jealous trout that low do lie,
> Rise at a well-dissembled fly.
> The showers are short, the weather mild;
> The morning fresh, the evening smiles;
> The fields and gardens are beset
> With tulips, crocus, violet.

But, before we speak of the month further, let us ask what April means. Very many people fancy it comes from the Latin "aperire," to open, "as the leaves open out." But this, evidently, is not the solution at all. To begin with, leaves commence to open before February has done. The old Romans called April "Venus month," and here is the solution. The month of April was peculiarly sacred to Venus, both in her old character as goddess of gardens, and in her Greek character as goddess of love and growth. Venus was also called "Venus Victrix," as giving victory to lovers; and "Venus Genetrix," as the goddess of creative power. She was also the goddess of beauty, and prayed to by women to prevent their hair falling off. But her character of "Aphrodite" is very interesting, and it is from this that we get the word "*April*." She was called the daughter of Zeus, and a myth represented her as sprung from the foam of the sea. The animals sacred to her—the "ram," "goat," "deer," and "partridge"—were symbolical of fertility, and in the tree world the myrtle, cypress and pomegranate. And so we get April from "Aprilis," which was Aprilis, a form of Aphrodite, and whoever wore the girdle of Venus became an object of love and desire.

And then we have that most interesting star, Venus, concerning which it would be an omission if I did not speak.

Milton speaks of Venus thus:

"Now glows the firmament with living sapphires, and Hesperus, that leads the starry host, rides brightest." It is needless, I think, to say that Hesperus is Venus, or that in April Venus does ride the brightest. Jupiter, which is a far larger planet, and Sirius, which is infinitely larger, are both far less bright than Venus. I quote from Colonel Mackinlay's book on "The Magi"—

"I woke, and the night was passing;
And over the hills there shone
A star all alone in its beauty
When the other stars were gone.

"For a glory was filling the heavens
That came before the day;
And the gloom and the stars together
Faded and passed away.

"Only the star of the morning,
Glowed in the crimson sky;
It was like a clear voice singing,
'Rejoice! for the sun is nigh.'"

All the magnificence of light and day which we possess Venus possesses in a higher degree. It has a transparent atmosphere, in the midst of which are combined thousands of shades of light. Clouds arise from the stirring ocean, and transport into the sky snowy, silvery, golden and purple tints. In appearance Venus is small, but it is calculated that our fastest steamer would take two months to circumnavigate it. It is nearer to the sun, and is, therefore, hotter than this earth. It has 225 days, and its seasons are, in consequence, less than ours, and the change from summer to winter is quicker. No definite answer can be given as to whether life is possible on Venus. If there is life they are different human beings to ourselves.

In the morning Venus appears to be a still more lovely object, owing principally to the clearer state of the atmosphere before sunrise.

"Fairest of stars, lost in the train of night,
Sure pledge of day that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

But let us talk of Spring. This month of April should be so lovely. Browning calls it lovely, and it really is.

"Now the golden-crested cowslips in their glorious sweetness reign,
And the red-streaked daisies smiling deck the grassy verdant plain."

Violets open, and their smell is wafted on the breeze. Primroses have also come out, and the pretty anemone, whilst daffodils cluster in the woods.

And as the poet has it—

"All things wake from winter bondage,
Why not man from grief and care?"

The birds have "woven" their lovely nests. The linnet, whitethroat, goldfinch and bullfinch are flying in the hedges, and the nightingale trills away. But what is so very lovely is the fresh green of the hedges. I think, after a deal of rain and then two days sun, the hedges and early trees are perfectly beautiful in April, and in the end of the month, if Spring had not been retarded, the sweet-smelling honeysuckle and the wild dog-rose are a positive delight; and well may we say to the wind—

"Oh, ye fostering breezes blow;
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers descend;
And thou, world-reviving sun, temper all
With no laggard step into the perfect year.
You brooks, how you run on in light,
As if you had a chase of mirth.
Oh, sky so blue, oh, air so warm,
My very heart has caught the charm
That sheds a beauty on the earth."

But to enjoy the month, go into the country yourself; see the farmyard close by; observe the fluffy chickens darting in and out of the green hedges, flying to the mother hen. They are like little balls of worsted. Then look at the geese and turkeys. How pretty a Kentish farmyard is in Spring, the long-legged little colt keeping close to the mare; and the calf walking up to the gate at the sight of the farmer's wife; and then the litter of pigs; whilst the swallows build their nests just under the roof of the cowshed; the bees, too, are humming and returning to the hive laden with their spoil; and over there are boys at a very primitive, but rough, game of cricket. What a game this is, and in what impossible places do they play! But what matters that if

only they "play the game"? Perhaps one of those we look at will one day improve and play for his county. No country clergyman can do wrong by encouraging cricket, for none can play cricket well and lead a bad life; his eye and his hand must be steady, and it is a game which can make a true man of a village lad. Moreover, some of our earliest and our finest cricketers have come from remote country villages.

But fancy a heavy snowstorm in April. And in 1908 there was a very severe snowstorm. I had quite a crowd of trees near my house at Norwood, and the sight was lovely, so I took nice views of the house and trees. The fir trees were encased in snow, and the almond trees completely finished off. Moreover, it was the end of April. I had been to Kew Gardens in the early part of April, and that was piercingly cold; in fact, April was far from being the beautiful month which we generally look for. But as to Kew, in April, the first sight that greeted me was the daffodils growing on the lawns; Darwin's berberis (a shrub which I never admire), viburnum, and double white peach, growing in the open. Peacocks were strolling over the lawns, displaying their tails to an admiring crowd. And what proud birds they are!

In the "houses" were lovely acacias, rhododendrons, azaleas (these were particularly fine), *immense* double yellow wallflowers. Carnations were beautiful, especially the white. South American lilies, a camellia tree about ten feet high, and all varieties of cinerarias, deutzias and ranunculuses were very beautiful.

The fern houses did not seem to me so wonderful. The museum of *wood* was very interesting; eucalyptus very large; cork bark; fuchsias of New Zealand; Douglas fir; and date palm, of Algeria.

The palm house is worth a journey alone. To the top of the glass roof must be seventy feet, and there were palms from India, Brazil, America, Africa, Asia and Queensland. Then in another house you saw the most lovely wisterias, dicksonias, agaves (which only flower once), and likewise cactuses and aloes.

PALILIA (21st April).

This was a festival celebrated every year at Rome on April 21st in honour of Pales, the tutelary divinity of shepherds. The

FINAL FOOTBALL TIE AT CRYSTAL PALACE.

Page 57.

By kind permission of Messrs. Russell, Photographers, Baker Street, W.

21st of April was the day on which, according to the early traditions of Rome, Romulus had commenced the city, so that the day was solemnised as the "dies natalitius" of Rome. It was originally a shepherd festival, and continued to be so amongst country people till the latest times. The first part was a public purification by fire and smoke, and the things burnt in order to produce the smoke were the blood of the October horse, the ashes of the calves sacrificed at the festival of Ceres, and the shells of beans. The people also were sprinkled with water. With regard to the October horse, as no bloody sacrifice was allowed at the Palilia, so the blood was the blood which had dripped from the tail of the horse sacrificed in the month of October to Mars on the Campus Martius. This blood was preserved by the Vestal Virgins in the temple of Vesta for the purpose of being used at the Palilia. The shepherds offered a prayer to Pales, and after these rites were over the cheerful part began. Bonfires were made of heaps of hay and straw, and the festival concluded by a feast in the open.

THE PALM TREE.

This tree has ever been associated with Palestine. The Hebrew is "tamar," and the Greek, made English, is "phoinix," and the name by which the land was known to the Greeks and Romans was Phœnicia, or the land of palms. So much so, that when Vespasian wished to commemorate on his coins the capture of Jerusalem by Titus he represented Judea as a woman sitting weeping under a palm tree.

The palm is characteristic of sandy soils, but it flourishes better in rich and well-watered soils. It ranges from Western India across Asia along the Euphrates and Tigris to Syria. It is the principal tree of Arabia and Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia.

Linnæus calls them the princes of the vegetable kingdom, their proportions and the beauty of their leaves being so graceful to the eye. The leaves are used for thatching and making mats, hats, and umbrellas. Of some the fruit is eaten; of some beverages are made; of others the fruit is used to fatten hogs; and from others is made intoxicating drink.

The Palmyra Palm of India produces palm wine, and the leaves

of the Taliput Palm are so large that they are formed into tents and umbrellas. This palm has been known to reach the height of one hundred feet. The Rev. James Wells, referring to the palm in his book of "Bible Images," says, digging down forty feet to the root of a palm in the Indian desert, he found abundance of water, thousands of root hairs and root fibres drawing in water and shutting like the mouth of a fish. The palm tree is a splendid grower; it draws water in every pore from earth, sky and sea. The sons of the desert call it "the blessed tree," the sister of man. It is food, comfort and wealth.

Turning to the Scriptures, palm trees adorned the temple. Palm branches were placed for Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and we read that "the righteous shall flourish as a palm tree, and the redeemed shall be clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." But there are many reasons for this idea. The palm tree flourishes in a barren soil; it requires constant moisture; it is a lofty tree and straight; it is always growing as long as it lives; it is always green, and always bears fruit far from the earth, and as near as possible to heaven. Moreover, the Jews of old used palm branches as emblems of victory, and Christians do the same now. Jericho was the city of palm trees, and the gardens there are often referred to by classical writers, but they, I believe, have disappeared now.

Tristram says that formerly the whole valley of Jordan, from Gennesareth to the Dead Sea, was stocked with palms, and so if any traveller is disappointed with the Holy Land he must feel that he did not know the Holy Land in the Saviour's time.

In England palms have been of late years planted in the summer by the National Gallery and other places.

THE FANCIED PALM OF CHILDREN.

That sprig which is popularly known as "Palm" amongst children is taken from the Sallow tree, and is not, therefore, Palm at all.

The male and female blossoms of the Sallow grow on different trees, and the male is what children call "Palm." I naturally allude to that downy sprig which you see children with on Palm Sunday.

Of course, the Sallow is a species of Willow.

At Lanark the boys of the Grammar School parade the streets and carry willow tree in blossom, ornamented with daffodils and other Spring blossoms; also men and boys go and gather the sallow everywhere for buttonholes, and so much so that a woman in Covent Garden one year made quite a nice little sum by selling the sprigs for Palm Sunday.

PALM SUNDAY.

We know that Palm Sunday—the Sunday before Easter—has been called by that name from an early period, and in lieu of the Palm-tree, branches of some other tree—box, yew or willow—were blessed by the priests after mass and distributed among the people, who carried them in a joyous procession, in memory of the Saviour's triumphant entry. After that they were burnt and the ashes laid aside, to be sprinkled on the heads of the congregation on the next Ash Wednesday, "with the priest's blessing." At one time in the English Church there was an elaborate blessing of the flowers by the priests to displace the devil and his influences. There was also an elaborate procession of a wooden ass mounted on wheels, whilst willow was strewed, and this was afterwards gathered and kept as a protection against lightning. Crosses of Palm were made and sold to the people as a remedy against disease.

The ceremonies at Rome commence on Palm Sunday, and there are generally ten thousand foreigners in the city. Of course the Pope, borne on his Chair of State, with soldiers presenting arms amid a burst of music and giving his blessing to the multitude, and then proceeding to bless the Palms, is the central idea.

Formerly there existed at Caistor, in Lincolnshire, a Palm Sunday custom of a very quaint nature.

A person, representing the proprietor of the estate of Broughton, comes into the porch of Caistor church when the first lesson is read and cracks a "gad whip," which he then folds up; at the second lesson he comes to the minister with the whip held up, and at the other end a purse of thirty pieces of silver; then he kneels before the minister, waves the whip three times round his head, and retires after the lesson. The custom ceased in 1845. Of course you see in this a reference to Judas Iscariot and the money for our Lord's life.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

This day has always been marked by the Church from an early age with great reverence, and by acts of humility, bearing in mind Christ's act in washing the disciples' feet, and so food was distributed in baskets or maunds. In Rome it was called "Holy Thursday." In England an old name was Shere Thursday, the priests shearing their hair on that day. But it is well written about thus—

> "And here the monks their maundies make with Sunday solemn rites,
> And signs of great humility and wondrous pleasant sights.
> Each one the other's feet doth wash and make them clean and dry,
> With hateful mind and secret fraud that on their hearts doth lie,
> As if Christ, with His example, did these things require,
> And not to help our brethren here with zeal and free desire."

I may add, however, that even Queen Elizabeth washed thirty-nine poor persons' feet when she was thirty-nine years old, after they had been previously cleaned, and then kissed them above the toes.

This was last performed in James II.'s reign. In William's reign presents of food were given, and he left the washing to his almoner; and then in Victoria's reign more money was given, and no washing. So Royalty seems to have become less humble. In Rome the "humility" services are still kept on, or were till lately, by the Pope. The oils were blessed, and bells were silenced till Easter Sunday. Pilgrims' feet were washed and absolution given.

But also on this day the "Last Supper" was celebrated or instituted.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION.

Now, about this I would like to make one or two remarks. It has been well called "Dies coenoe Domini," "The Eucharistic birthday," natalis Eucharistiæ, and our Lord's words were, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

But let us note when Christ said, "Take this," and "Drink this," He Himself was present, and therefore it could not have been "His" body and blood, and He afterwards spoke of the wine as "this fruit of the vine," for some, of course, state that at a celebration of the Holy Communion you absolutely partake of

Christ's body and blood, which is like saying that the officiating clergyman can create at his own will Christ Himself, or that the creature can create His Maker; now Christ, who used similes, said elsewhere, "I am the door," and He could not possibly have meant that He was a door, any more than when He said, "I am the vine," He meant that He was a grape-vine.

When Christ did institute the Supper He sat "at a table." It was a "love feast," and a commemoration feast, and all were treated as equal. He called His disciples "friends," and the remark made about the Early Christians was, "How these people love one another!" The length of time that Christians were told to celebrate the Lord's Supper is contained in Christ's words, "*Till He come.*"

THE BUFFET GAME.

I am indebted to the Rev. Hugh Macmillan for the account of the "buffet game" and its connection with our Lord's terrible sufferings upon the cross. He reminds us that we are apt to think children's games are *new*, or that some new ideas would displace the old familiar games, but it is not so; and when you think of it, children now love to play "shop," or the "doctor," or even the "clergyman"; and our Lord refers to this idea when He says of the Jewish children sitting in the market-place and playing "marriages and funerals," only He records this under the image of mourning and dancing.

Battledore and shuttlecock and kite-flying (all of which sort of games everyone has enjoyed) come from South-Eastern Asia, whilst the New Zealand natives play cat's cradle.

Tennis was called by the Greeks "sphairisis," and by the Romans "pila."

But the BUFFET GAME is first depicted on the tombs of Beni Hassan, a town in Middle Egypt. On the walls of these tombs you see Syrian people visiting Egypt during a famine, and these are supposed to be the Israelites under Jacob; there are also illuminations of many Egyptian games.

Men standing with clenched fists round a central figure, whose head is bent down, he is blindfolded, and one of them has struck him, and is saying, "Who struck thee?" Amongst the ancient Greeks this sport was called "Kolophismos," and the

Romans, having received it, called it "qui feri." So with the two nations it meant the game of "A blow" and "Who struck thee?" The French called it "Main chaude," because it made the hand warm. We play it as "touch last," and "blind-man's-buff" is a development of it. Now, it was the Jews who perverted this Buffet Game, not the Romans. The Jews seem to have turned an innocent game into pure blasphemy, and so we read, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." The members of the Sanhedrim and menials of Caiaphas heaped upon Christ all their hatred. They spat in His face and smote Him with sticks and struck Him, and when blindfolded they said, "Who is it who smote Thee?"

Nothing was, we all know, finer than the administration of justice by the Romans. They would never have descended to any such base treatment of any man whatsoever. They were quite impartial. We remember with pleasure that Pilate stood up for our blessed Lord, and it seems a most unfair thing that in our Creed His name should have descended in the words, "suffered under Pontius Pilate," because it puts a wrong appearance on what happened. It was the bitter hatred of the Jews, and a hatred which I can never grasp. It was only a shade worse than their mockery of His pretensions, as they pretended when they put on Him the robe. No wonder that the very grandeur of the demeanour of the Son of Man has glorified the cross. "He was oppressed and afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth." When little children now play "blind-man's-buff," how little they know of its connection with Christ's sufferings. It is a pity that this beautiful idea of Hugh Macmillan's is not explained more on Good Friday. I have never yet even heard it mentioned in church, as I have not heard mentioned very many of the beautiful ideas in his sermons. We seem to hear so often the sad story, but with no fresh and interesting light like this; anyway, it seems very interesting to me.

The death upon the cross was considered to be a punishment dishonourable for any, save malefactors and slaves, and so we can see what the degradation was to Christ; but since Christ's death crucifixion has become a matter of reverence. We reverence the cross; we use the symbol at baptism, saying, "We do sign thee with the sign of the cross."

But crosses were put in many places, till destroyed so senselessly by Cromwell.

Edward I. placed crosses at Waltham and Charing in memory of Queen Eleanor's last journey to Westminster. Then Henry VII. put up St. Paul's Cross; sermons were ordered to be preached there, and Elizabeth came and returned thanks for the Armada defeat.

The Saxons, too, had erected crosses before there were churches, which were rallying-places for Christian congregations, and the bells in the tower summoned people to the service; and at Whaley's Cross, 1,300 years ago, Paulinus preached.

We all know, sacredly and solemnly, how we have been accustomed from childhood to think of Good Friday in connection with our Lord's sufferings upon the cross, and the more the mind dwells upon those sufferings the more we think of our sin—yea, of our continued sin. But I wish to speak here of the "hot cross bun" and of superstitions. Why are the buns often made without the cross? In Cornwall they say there were great superstitions. For instance, in some of the farmhouses the Good Friday cake hung on the rack till next Good Friday, and a little was supposed to be beneficial to sick cows. To preserve friendship two friends broke a bun within the church doors, and if they kept the halves they could preserve their friendship. Again, it was supposed by some to be *sinful* to do anything in the shape of work on Good Friday. Italians and Spaniards would not even go out to sea. If eggs were preserved on Good Friday they were supposed to extinguish fire. Then another idea was that of making cramp-rings out of the handles of coffins, which rings were blessed by the Kings of England, as they crept on their knees to the cross, and were supposed to be preservative against cramp.

On Good Friday a small building was erected to represent the Holy Sepulchre, and a person watched for two nights to represent the soldiers.

EASTER DAY.

I suppose next to Christmas Day there cannot be a more popular festival than Easter Sunday. The sadness of Lent and the thought of Good Friday suddenly end up in a joyful resurrection, and apart from that and the ever-pressing feeling of our own

resurrection, and those of our friends, the very lovely season of the flowers and the singing birds lends an additional halo to this beautiful day. "He is risen!" is a beautiful salutation. Nature has risen. Christ has risen. We must rise. It has been called the "Sunday of joy" and the "bright day."

It is supposed to derive its name from Eastre, a Saxon goddess; but it seems to me more appropriate to derive it from "Eos," the dawn, for at the close of every night Eos ascended on a chariot to heaven to announce the coming light of the sun to the gods, as well as to mortals, and she was the goddess of all that was young and fresh.

The Vernal Equinox was observed by ancient nations of the East as a season of rejoicing in honour of the Sun God and his return to clothe the earth with verdure. He appeared to them to rise triumphant over darkness and death, and to bring back life and light to the world. The Church, therefore, gave a Christian significance to such rites, which could not be rooted out. So joy at the awakening of Nature became joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness from the grave.

In Russia there was a very pretty idea—cage birds were let loose as emblematical of victory.

In the ancient Church it was an appropriate time for baptism. Courts of justice were closed; alms given to the poor and needy; slaves received their freedom.

But the Austrian Tyrol custom is very pretty. On Easter Eve bands of musicians traverse every valley, singing beautiful hymns to their guitars. Their Spanish hats are decorated with bouquets, and they are accompanied by children bearing lighted torches of pine-wood; Paschal eggs are dyed and given to the children; and wine is brought by the farmers' wives. An egg, we know, contains the emblems of resurrection, and "I remember" this custom, which is a North of England custom. Eggs were dyed and given to one another (when boiled hard) to be thrown over fields, and they would not break. I do not know whether the throwing was symbolical of anything.

One evident custom is followed out by ladies, and that is, of having a part of their clothing new on Easter Day.

But may our hearts burst out in praise to Him who made us; may we rise to the truth of the resurrection, and begin a new and a

Page 77. HYACINTHS IN HYDE PARK.

Page 118. AMONG THE RHODODENDRONS.

better life, looking on this world, lovely as it is, as no final abode; resting in spirit on the bosom of immortal love until the time comes for each one of us to leave the body of our flesh and soar to the regions of immortal splendour, the beauty of which our present limited vision cannot grasp. May we hear the words, "Come, thou blessed of My Father," and dwell in that land where no shadows shall bewilder.

HYACINTH.

What favourite flowers are the hyacinth bulbs! Persons get them in early Autumn, and either put them in boxes or in glasses in a cellar till the white shoots have grown far down the glass, or else they grow them in the garden. But the flower of the hyacinth is not only absolutely lovely, and you can get them in such a variety of colours, but the smell is so delicious.

It is a Netherlands industry, and a very good one for them, since with us the bulbs degenerate. At Haarlem there are what are called "hyacinth farms." The soil is of a peaty character, and this is what happens. A tract of sandy soil is first heavily manured with cow manure, then planted with potatoes till the rankness of the manure is gone, after that the land is ready for hyacinths. As a rule, in England, we do not give hyacinths enough moisture, and when you put the bulb in a glass it should barely touch the water.

The "Oriental" hyacinth is a native of Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia, and is now naturalised in the south of Europe. The flowers—blue, purple, and white—are very beautiful and very fragrant. The hyacinth was introduced into Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century, but little known in England till the seventeenth century.

The ordinary wild hyacinth of the woods is sometimes mistakenly called "blue-bell."

But there is a story about "Hyacinth" which I will relate. He was a youth of extraordinary beauty, and beloved by Apollo, and as he was once playing at quoits with the god, the wind turned the quoit so that it slew Hyacinth. Then from the mention of the wind there grew up the story that Zephyrus also loved Hyacinth and slew him from jealousy because he preferred Apollo. And from his blood there grew up the hyacinth, on

the leaves of which appeared the exclamation of woe, "Ai," or the Upsilon of the Greek "Uakinthos"; and so the festival of Hyacinthia was celebrated in Hyacinth's honour.

This festival of Hyacinthia lasted three days, and on the first and last, sacrifices were offered to the dead, and the death of Hyacinth lamented. It began when the tender flowers, oppressed by the heat of the sun, drooped their delicate heads. On the first and last days no one wore any garlands at their repasts, nor took bread but only cakes, and when that was over everyone went home quietly, but the second day was spent in amusements and rejoicings. It was celebrated at Amycloe, and the Amyclaeans, even if they had taken the field against an enemy, returned home for the festival.

THE DAISY (Marguerite; Bellis Perennis).

The children's friend! The flower which we knew the earliest and love the longest. Shelley called them the "pearled Arcturi of the earth," after the fixed stars; and again it has been defined as a planet fallen from heaven to earth and changed to a flower. Its name implies the "eye of day," and if we turn to Chaucer, we find that he was accustomed to go out early in the morning to see the daisy open its eye, and late in the evening to see it shut its eye, for it closes its petals not only when it rains, but at night. It has a small quantity of honey, and therefore is careful of the dews by night and the rain by day, but directly the cloud passes and the sun rises it opens its eye. The insects come to the daisy for the sake of the honey at the base of each tiny floret, and whilst gathering it they carry fertilising dust of one daisy-flower to another. It is a source of pleasure to the child, but a source of wonder to the philosopher, for it is said to be far higher in organisation than a palm tree or an oak.

Macmillan, writing about the daisy, says as follows: "What delighted me most was to find the hill-side in Nazareth white with daisies, like our own meadows in June, but taller and bigger, with a bolder look, and their white frills tipped with a deeper red by the live coal from off the altar of Nature."

But still, they had the familiar appearance of our own fields, and it is a peculiarly pleasant link of connection between our childhood and that of our Saviour, that He must have loved this

flower and gathered it, and, perhaps, made daisy-chains of it, when He was young. When the daisy first appeared it had single flowers arranged round its stalk, each with a separate stem of its own; gradually these flowers came closer together and lost their stems, until at last they were united in the present close, compact mass of one flower head, and it has become so hardy that it is impossible to kill it off. But look at the daisy through a magnifying glass. There is a fringe, and each of the white petals of the fringe is a little tube; then come small flowerets massed together, and both petals and flowerets are, as it were, strapped together by a green binding, and so well are all put together that what are many young flowers seem as one. Or, as has been well said, the daisy is "an unselfish gathering together of many, for the common good of all." Moreover, the white petals are like a nightcap to the florets, and when they have done their work and the seed forms they drop off, as no longer needful.

The Daisy is thus a composite flower. You see the daisy in the rich meadows and on the slopes of the bleak mountains. It grows on the shores of Galilee, six hundred feet above the sea, and on the hills of Nazareth, one thousand feet above the sea level. It fringes the everlasting snow of Hermon and expands its rays in the heat of the Jordan valley.

"If the daisy shakes her 'tresses' (white petals)
To the broad blue arch of sky,
As a child that dimly guesses
All the love of mother's eye.
If she clasps each lily finger (white petals)
At the falling of the night,
Lest the pure stars, an she linger,
Seem to shame her golden light.

"If she wreathe the mountains round her,
Centred on the grassy earth,
Where the first sun-glances found her
Shaking dewy locks of mirth.
If she dance with many a sister (white petals)
In the hot shafts of the sun,
Swaying, swimming in bright glitter,
Where a thousand are as one."

WORDSWORTH ON THE DAISY.

"With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet daisy! oft I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy.

"Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!

"I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee.

"Yet, like a star with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

"Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet, silent creature!

"That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature."

The family is split up into one thousand species. I name some of them here. Carline thistle, feverfew, dandelion and groundsel. The carline thistle I have mentioned elsewhere.

FEVERFEW.

Latin, "febrifuga," a well-known border plant, but not allowed in fashionable gardens to show its daisies, only the green. It is supposed to be a cure for fever.

DANDELION.

A well-known weed: one certainly not much admired, and yet very handsome. This was formerly used by our forefathers as a medicine and in salads.

The Dutch and French eat it in the Spring. Like the daisy, it forms a rosette upon the ground and prevents other plants from springing up and choking it. It, too, has a toothed leaf, and takes its name from the lion, a lion's teeth turned inwards at the points, the French for tooth of lion being "dent de lion," and so it has become dandelion. It has a very long root, so that it is difficult to pull up; but the roots, when washed and

dried, can be ground into powder and made into pills, which are very good for medicines, and also you can make "dandelion coffee."

GROUNDSEL.

A weed so well known in every garden as to need no reminder. Frequently it is sold in the London streets for "canary food." From sixty to eighty florets are in each head.

VIOLETS.

Shakespeare says—

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlip and the nodding *violet* grows,
> Quite o'er canopied with lush woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

And what favourite flowers our wild Spring flowers are! One knows not whether primroses or violets are the greatest favourites. Because Beaconsfield said he liked the primrose, that obtained a tremendous reputation. Yet violets have always been beloved, their smell is so beautiful; they do better for a buttonhole, and we can buy them anywhere in the London streets in February. They come from warmer climes than ours. Cornwall is a good county for violets; many grow them there and make a handsome income from them. In Lincolnshire, near Boothby Pagnall, and at Willoughby, near Ancaster, purple, white, and a kind of red violet grow in hundreds.

Milton, in his "Lycidas," speaks of the "glowing violet." Shakespeare speaks of "violets dim." Forbes Watson supposes that Milton means by "glowing" fragrant, and if he did he is right. Violets, like lilies of the valley, have a delicious smell.

The dog-violet has no smell, it is lilac in colour, but is a pleasant-looking flower. Then there is the pretty violet of the marsh, like a wild pansy, and growing in bogs and near ponds.

Of course, the violet expands itself by runners. There is no need to fertilise it; out comes a thin cord, dips into the leaf-mould and soon establishes a new plant. But though it is said of the sweet violet—

> "Like virtue, oft unseen, unknown,
> Save by the sweetness round it thrown,"

yet we love them all.

The so-called dog's tooth violet is more of the lily tribe than the violet.

But under this head we have violas, a very great favourite now, being a mixture between the pansy and the violet. They have the sweetly pretty shape of the heartsease, and the purple colour of the scented violet ; these really are great gems in a garden, and yet I cannot yield to it my love for the pansy ; ever since I can remember I have been fond of the pansy. You can have such a variety of colours in one flower, and such brilliant blooms, and now cultivation has made them truly an enormous size ; moreover, they have such a velvety appearance. The word "pansy" comes through the French from "pensée," suggestive of thoughtfulness. The violet "regina" is remarkable for its great size of flower ; it is sweet-scented as well, and is often considered by its noble appearance to be the queen amongst violets. Then there are the Neapolitan violets, and the Parma violets from which the beautiful scent is made. Now let us speak of another very favourite flower, viz.—

PRIMROSES.

"Mark how delicately fair that primrose of the vale ;
It blossoms without toil or care and tells a wondrous tale.

"Could chance alone such tints combine?
Create so sweet a flower?
No ! nothing but the hand divine
Possesses such a power.

"Soon as the wintry storms have fled,
And beauteous Spring is seen,
That lovely floweret shows its head,
To deck the woodlands green.

"And when the appointed morn shall come
Will the redeemed arise,
In the new Eden's deathless bloom,
Sweet flowers of Paradise."

I suppose a sheltered wood is where they flourish best. There they are, all delicacy and softness. Forbes Watson, in his well-known book, speaks of them as springing by the mossy roots of the beech or beneath hazel bushes, amongst violets and white anemones, and the more abundant dog's mercury. They are beautiful in Devonshire meadows, and close to Nottingham ; *there* the pastures are smothered with them, and persons flock in numbers to pick them for Easter church decorations. And what

a source of profit they are to numbers in the London streets! I am sure from violets and primroses they must keep themselves for a month or two in the year.

It is often considered that a primrose and a polyanthus cannot be at all the same, because a primrose produces single flowers and a polyanthus many, but botanists tell us that sometimes primroses appear in clusters on one stalk, and are joined much lower down. Primroses can be all colours—pure white, deep yellow, pale rose, lavender, crimson, and purple. The oxlip is the best example, I think, to show the affinity of colour, and sometimes oxlips and cowslips produce the one flower. But the "Abyssinian primrose" is a good example of the likeness of the primrose to the polyanthus, only it is more odd still. One set of flowers grows out of another set, and it is like one polyanthus on the top of another. The humble bee visits the flowers and gets the honey by biting through the nectary near the honey gland, and so getting the honey without fertilising the flower; and if you have noticed a brimstone butterfly on a primrose you will have seen how the uniformity of colour makes the flower look like moving life.

It is particularly easy to grow the Chinese garden primrose if you sow the seed from March to May in a "house" and see to it carefully, and certainly these primulas are very lovely. The double primrose is a garden variety of the common yellow primrose, and is very, very beautiful, though it lacks that delicate look which the wild primrose has.

Poets have always loved the primrose. Mrs. Hemans says—

> "I saw in my evening walk
> A little, lovely flower;
> Under a hollow bank it grew,
> Deep in a mossy bower."

And Clare—

> "Welcome, pale primrose, starting up between
> Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
> The lawn, the wood and spinney through,
> 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green."

But Herrick's lines are thought lovely—

> "Why do you weep? Can tears
> Speak grief in you
> Who were but born
> Just as the modest morn
> Teem'd her refreshing dew?"

I may add that the French is primevère; Latin, primula, from Primus, first—the first rose.

THE COWSLIP.

This is scarcely ever seen in London streets, and yet I call it a most lovely flower. I remember being delighted with finding cowslips in the Clifton fields, near Bristol, as a boy, but they were comparatively few and far between (and we used to make cowslip tea with them).

But to see cowslips growing in pastures, as if they were a field of buttercups, then I must take you near Nottingham; and in Nottingham there is even a Cowslip Sunday, when hundreds of people go in waggonettes to the fields to gather them at the end of April. Evidently the late Forbes Watson had an intense love for the cowslip, so I cannot do better than quote his lovely words, for then "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

He says there is scarcely any flower that depends so much upon its surroundings. "We feel this when we suddenly come upon a meadow with thousands scattered over it, like flocks of early lambs. And then, as we gather, one after another, the bunches of pale unequal fingers, how delicious it is to inhale the sweet odour, and look into the quaintly-spotted cups!" And he says, "What a homely simplicity there is about the cowslip, the quiet look of an unpretending country girl, fresh as if newly bathed in milk."

I see he calls the cowslip and primrose one plant, in different forms, the one being convertible into the other—the primrose, the cowslip of the woods and sheltered lanes; the cowslip, the primrose of the fields.

The name is of Saxon origin. Its bells were long supposed to be the haunt of fairies, and in some parts of England they are called "fairy cups."

The American cowslip is said to be a very handsome flower, but it reminds me more of the Lyre flower, and not of a cowslip at all.

KINGCUPS.

Go to the meadows in April and see the golden kingcups. They are truly wonderfully handsome, and it is a wonder that they

THE FLEET AT SOUTHEND: JULY, 1909.

Page 92.

Photo by the Author.

are not more cultivated by persons who have "wood-like gardens," but you never find a private garden with kingcups. Some people call them marsh marigolds. You see them growing in the brook and hiding the water by their thick stems and broad, glossy leaves. Children call them large buttercups, and so they are, with different leaves. Tennyson says of them that they shine like fire "in swamps and hollows grey," and there are to be found in the flower-cups brilliant gold and green beetles feeding on the pollen. Browning says—

> "Where one orange cup amassed
> Fire beetles blind and green,
> They grope among the honey meal."

There is one point we might not imagine, and that is, that we must not expect them to come up in the same place every year.

AURICULA.

I always feel that this is one of the flowers which is undervalued. It has an extremely soft appearance and a beautiful eye. Of course it is of the primrose family, but it is very lovely, and there are some kinds which are amazingly handsome. In 1850 there were 1,200 varieties; now there are many more, but still you could not call it a favourite garden flower. It has smooth, dark green leaves, covered with a mealy powder, and in Scotland it is called in consequence "the dusty miller."

There are shades of yellow, maroon and purple. It is a native of the Alps, the Caucasus, and the mountains of Syria.

It was highly esteemed amongst the Romans, and since the seventeenth century has been thought highly of by the florists of England and Holland. Lancashire seems to be its favourite county. The name "Auricula" is derived from the Latin word "auris," an ear, from the fancied resemblance of the leaf to the ears of an animal.

RANUNCULUS.

This is the head of the family of Crowfoot, Fair Maids of France, Buttercup, New Zealand Water Lily; and the Ranunculus is a native of North Europe, Australia, New Zealand and America, and grows well in open, sunny beds.

Fifty years ago one thousand varieties were in cultivation, but

now there seem to be only a few dozen which are catalogued, so completely has it dropped out of fashion. The word is taken from "Rana," a frog—why, I cannot say. The flowers are various in form and colour, and certainly are beautiful.

The prettiest is the Asiatic Ranunculus, a native of the Levant, and cultivated for over three hundred years. There is another form called Bachelor's Button, but I call this more like a daisy to an ordinary looker-on.

There is an acridity of the leaves of many kinds, which, applied to the skin, produces blisters; and there is one kind, a pretty British species, *Ranunculus sceleratus*, which, I am sorry to say, beggars have used to produce sores and gain them compassion. Water distilled from the *Ranunculus flammula* produces vomiting.

The Ranunculus is supposed to give an unpleasant taste to milk and butter, and therefore farmers "grub them out." However, the *Ranunculus aquilites* is greedily devoured by cattle, and there is no acridity in it.

THE ALMOND TREE.

Everyone knows the flowering almond, which is very beautiful when in full bloom. Some years it is stopped by frost. In 1908 a snowstorm completely finished off the two large trees in my front garden at Norwood; but apart from the flower, the leaves when they appear after the flower are very pretty.

The rod of Aaron mentioned in Numbers was taken from the almond tree, and it is customary for the Jews to carry rods of almond blossom to the synagogue on festival days. The bitter almond appears to be the usual thing, and the sweet ones accidental varieties.

In commerce the long almonds of Malaga are known as Jordan almonds, but the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued. Tristram's beautiful description of the almond in the East is as follows: "The blossom of the almond is a pale pink, but when, as in the orchards near Nablous, the peach and almond trees are intermingled, the almond looks white by comparison. In early Spring it forms a beautiful feature in the landscape there, as the lower slopes of Gerizim, as well as the valleys, are studded

with almonds and peaches, in lovely contrast with the deep green foliage of the orange trees. There are also many wild almond trees on Mount Carmel. It is frequently mentioned in Scripture, and is one of the native fruits of Palestine. In the description of old age, in Ecclesiastes xii. 5, it is said, 'The almond tree shall flourish.' This has generally been explained by the resemblance between the hoary locks of old age and the blossom of the almond; this blossom is pinkish rather than pure white," but before it falls it turns snowy white.

Greek fable associates the tree with human sympathies. Servius says Phyllis was changed by the Gods into an almond tree, as an eternal compensation for her desertion by her lover. When it was too late to claim his bride the lover returned, and the tree was shown him as a memorial; he clasped the tree in his arms and it shot forth a new growth and flowered gloriously.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

What a lot of sentiment settles round the nightingale, with its power of song! Persons will go any distance to hear the nightingale, and yet it is an ordinary-looking bird, but with an extraordinary power of song. It is rather larger than the hedge-sparrow, and of a rich, russet brown above; the lower part of the bird is greyish white. It is a native of the lowest parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe; so it is widely scattered. It frequents thickets, hedges, damp meadows near to streams, and the market gardens of London. We welcome it to our land about the middle of April, the males coming first. It makes its nest on the low fork of a bush, the nest being loosely constructed of leaves, rushes, and grass. Its chief food consists of worms, beetles, insects, ants' eggs, and caterpillars. The poets of India, Persia, Greece, and Rome, have been full of songs of this favourite bird. Childe Pemberton writes of it thus—

"I know not why, but I could not sleep,
And I watched for the dawn to break;
And I saw the sunlight slowly creep,
And I heard the cuckoo awake;
And the nightingale sang me a wondrous song,
That never was born below—
The one sweet song that is never too long,
And only the nightingales know."

The meaning of the word I call very pretty. It comes from

the Saxon "night," and galon, "to sing." (We remember that Antony called Cleopatra his nightingale.) The bird has an extremely flexible voice, and a prodigious variety of song, from the softest trillings to languishing and lamentable sighs; it is mentioned as singing like a thrush, blackbird, and skylark. One certainty is, that it has great power of mimicry.

I will quote Isaac Walton on it—"He that at midnight should hear the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

The idea is that it only sings at night, but, as a writer says, "To hear him to perfection, go out on a lovely Spring morning, when the sun bursts forth, and drops of water glisten on the leaves; then his song of joy bursts out beyond all else." They are very affectionate birds, and will come from the cage and hop on your finger and sing, and when you arrive at the door and knock they will know your step, just as a dog would.

THE CUCKOO.

This bird comes to us about April 23rd, and migrates in July to Africa or India. Its time here is thus very short.

It is a well-known fact that it builds no nest, and that its eggs are deposited in the nests of small birds, such as the hedge sparrow, wag-tail, pipit, and warbler. It used to be thought that they were laid in the nest by the cuckoo, but now it is known that the cuckoo lays them on the ground and carries them in her enormous bill to the nest and drops them in. The eggs of the cuckoo are small, and so no doubt is engendered in the minds of the birds in whose nests her egg is placed. The cuckoo itself is a large bird, quite a foot long, and is often mistaken for a sparrow-hawk. As I have mentioned before, its stay in England is very short, so by this plan many birds are reared, whereas if (it is considered) the cuckoo built a nest, so many cuckoos would not be reared; but this way the young cuckoo has all the nest and all the food. Now this remark I must explain. The cuckoo when hatched, by a kind of instinct, commences to edge out either the eggs or the young birds. It

has a broad back, and it puts the young birds on its back and then hoists them to the edge of the nest and topples them over. It seems an extraordinary and cruel arrangement, but such is the case. Moreover, say the bird's nest selected is a hedge sparrow, the young cuckoo soon gets very large, and so large that the hedge sparrow has to fly on its back to feed it. The cuckoo is an "arboreal" bird, and thus frequents tree districts. (I always heard, for instance, many cuckoos in Norwood, which was originally Northwood.) The great blessing of the cuckoo is that it rids the leaves of trees of caterpillars, which constitute its food, and it always selects its nest to lay the eggs in amongst those birds which feed their young on insects. The bird itself, we said, was like a hawk, and numerous are the superstitions about it.

(1.) That it is in the winter transferred into a hawk.

(2.) That it brings a speedy marriage to the maiden who first hears it.

(3.) That it is a prelude to storms and to prosperity. There is a Danish legend, which says that the cuckoo is asked so many questions whilst in Europe that it has no time to build a nest, and so goes to other birds, for every village girl kisses her hand and says, "When shall I be married?" And the rheumatic old folks say, "When shall I be released from this world's care?" And the bird answers "Cuckoo," but the questions prevent the business of nesting.

"Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

"What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

"Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

"Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visits o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring."—*M. Bruce.*

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow is the harbinger of summer. He lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of Nature, and winter is unknown to him. The female is said to have had originally the branches and trunks of trees for nesting places, but evidently the Psalm writer used to watch her active movements as she darted in and out of the court of the Temple, and built her nest in hallowed places in the lofty stone walls of the Temple. And surely one of the pleasant experiences of country life is in the early morning to hear the twitter of the swallows and to see the sunlight flashing on their shiny backs as they dart in and out of their nests under the eaves. And what a beautiful bird it is, with the glossy blue of its slender wings, the soft, snowy whiteness of its breast and throat, and the quick sparkle of its fearless eye! Country children are so used to the swallow that the bird has no fear, and after the bird's trust in man, and building under the eaves of his house, how cruel it seems to pull her nest down as some do! Its nest is stuck together with saliva from the mouth, and made of the common clay of the ground. It is a very affectionate bird, and if a hawk were to kill the male bird, or if it were shot, the hen refuses to eat, and dies in a few days. How swiftly it flies! What constant motion! How it catches its prey "on the wing," hardly ever alighting!

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Now the sun bids Nature smile!
Safe arrived and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle!"

"Swallow! still twitter on my lonely roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day.
Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear.
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What makes thee shun the wintry gale?
How knowest thou thy departing time?
Hail! wondrous bird! hail! swallow, hail!

"Said a swallow to me one day—
'I have caught some distant echoes,
In my flight above yon cloud,
Of those beauteous seraph voices,
Singing anthems clear and loud.

And my little wings have fluttered,
Listening with a mute delight
To such music I have never
Heard in any earthward flight.

"'I have tried to find the entrance
To that wondrous, blest abode,
But a glistening angel whispered,
"Go and cheer earth's lonely road."
So I come upon my mission,
And I want to tell you now
That our God in heaven loves you,
Heeds your every prayer and vow.'"—*Cecilia Havergal.*

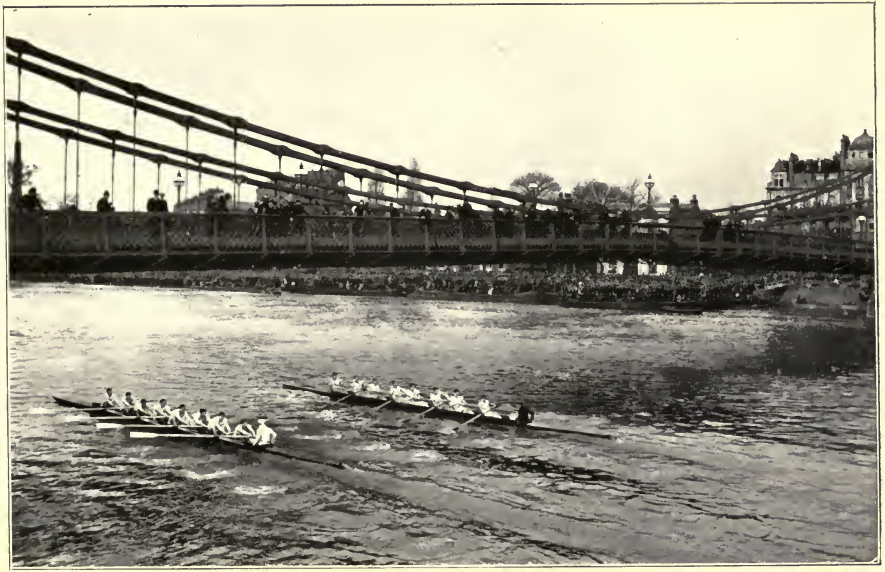
ROWING, RACING, Etc.

I suppose it is fairly universally admitted that there is no finer or more invigorating exercise than rowing, nor one which produces a sounder state of health, provided of course that the person indulging in it is of an ordinary sound constitution, for it must be of necessity an exertion which brings into play all parts of the body. I can say with perfect truth that the first time I had a keen pleasure in rowing was when I was a boy at Rochester School, and was able to go out in a boat and row on the Medway, and the first excitement I ever felt in regattas was also on the Medway at Rochester. The whole pleasure, I might also say, amidst the many races was to see the sculling when one "Josh Tuffill" pulled through Rochester Bridge far ahead of all those contesting. We all knew "Josh" would win, and we gazed from the Esplanade beneath the Castle grounds, and amid breathless excitement called out, "Go it, Josh!" for "Josh Tuffill," to call him by his familiar name, was a townsman of the place, a splendidly-built man of six feet two inches. It mattered not who of the Engineers' officers rowed against him, our champion "Josh" was sure to leave them vainly struggling far behind.

The word "regatta" is of Italian origin—a name given at Venice to rowing matches on the canals. It is a word which covers not only a rowing match between a number of boats, but a sailing match between a number of yachts. The name "yacht" was first used in 1660, when the Dutch presented a yacht named the "Mary" to Charles II., though Queen Elizabeth evidently had a royal yacht at Cowes in 1588. The first authentic record, says Chambers, was in 1720, when the Cork Harbour Water Club was

started. There are many yacht clubs now established, chiefly on the Thames and the Channel between Southampton and the Isle of Wight, and steam yachts have so increased that I suppose we may say there are some one hundred and fifty of over three hundred tons.

The renowned Henley Regatta was first founded in 1839, and is now of course a great society function of several days, but stupidly, I think, allowed to clash with the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match in July. The prizes are the Grand Challenge for best eight oars; the Stewards' Cup for four oars; Ladies' Plate for college and school eights; Wyfold Cup for second-class fours; Visitors' for college and school fours; Silver Goblets for any pair of oarsmen, and Diamond for sculls. Of course there are regattas of less importance, like Kingston, Reading, Tyne, Bedford, and many others. If we turn from this to the "University races," and taking my own University, Cambridge, from which to picture events, one's thoughts are naturally turned to the early preparation of the new year, viz., the "tubbing," the getting young hands into trim, then the formation in big colleges like Trinity, John's or Jesus, of the different boats, 1st Trinity, 1st Lady Margaret, 1st Jesus, 2nd Trinity, 2nd Lady Margaret, 2nd Jesus, and so on. And then the bumping races, a trial as to which is the head college boat on the river. The order of precedence of last year's races is adhered to, and then boats get beaten by being bumped from behind, and in a few days one good manned boat may go up night after night. This is always very exciting, and crowds of undergraduates run along the tow-paths cheering on their respective colleges, and to those who never see the great race on the Thames at Easter-time it is the most exciting event of the year in rowing. But what more exciting event is there than "The great race itself," when the best eight of each University is represented on the river? I am sure this was far more exciting in the seventies (when I was up) than ever it is now. Then it seemed to engross the minds of all London. Every carter, every busman, every driver of a hansom had his respective "blue." It seemed an absolute holiday; all went to the river, whether on the banks, or on Barnes Bridge, or on steamers, and the excitement was intense. I don't mean it is not a very enthusiastic day now, but I am sure it is not what it



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE LEADING.

Page 93.

By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

was. If I were asked where it was best to see it, I should never say on a steamer, unless you follow the race, but I should say on Barnes Bridge or on the banks of the river—somewhere where you can get a good long sight of the race approaching, and hear the shouts as the boats get nearer and nearer. It seems, when you are up, quite a delirious feeling to hear, "Go it, Cambridge!" "By George, Cambridge is ahead!" "Pulling steadily, by Jingo!" "Ah! there they come, splendid!" or as they turn a bend on the river, "What an oar!" referring to some particular man.

I imagine, though it was before my time, that the excitement must have been uproarious when Cambridge, after losing time after time for eight or nine years to Oxford, went straight ahead to victory stroked by the indefatigable "Goldie" (now deceased). I imagine that the men of that year now living must have a keen sense of intense pleasure when they feel how they pulled Cambridge out of the fire, for the partisans of Cambridge must have quite lost heart until the champion came to the front. Another very notable name after this was Muttlebury. But what an important man is the cox, for far more depends on the cool head and steady judgment of the cox. But it is all-important the selection of the eight, their order on the boat, their training, so that they may finish up when in the highest state of perfection—the selection, too, not only of good finished oars or heavy men, but of men who pull their own weight and something more. But what seems more surprising still is that, after all our insular pride, after all our University crews and London Rowing Clubs, we should have to knuckle under to Belgium. Let us trust that we may soon alter this decision, and have the same justifiable pride in the prowess of our rowers as we have in our grand old English bluejackets, who, from the time of King Alfred to Nelson and onwards, have been the proudest boast of our sea-girt England.

Lastly, if anyone desires to see a really lovely sight, or enjoy a really lovely time, let him go down to the river and see the beautiful house-boats at Hampton Court and further up the reaches. They are, with their decorations of flowers and lights, a truly magnificent sight. One gentleman said to me only the other day, "What Continental sight beats this?"

One anecdote with regard to rowing at Cambridge I think I may relate, to show the general enthusiasm. I was one day sent for by the Senior Dean to be reprimanded for not having kept "sufficient chapels," and not wishing to be "gated," and knowing the Senior Dean was not only an enthusiast about rowing but a thorough gentleman as well, I commenced to talk like this—"Oh, you should, sir, have seen 'Lady Margaret' coming up the river! it was a lovely sight! They kept steadily creeping up, and at last with my heart beating I had the joy of seeing them bump Trinity. Oh, it was fine! They rowed like one oar!" "Did they?" said the Dean. "Yes, sir," I said; "I wish you had seen the sight"; and when I had done I said, "Good morning, sir," and he forgot to "gate" me about those chapels. Doubtless he remembered afterwards, but he was too good a sportsman and a gentleman to send for me again. It was Dean Russell.

I would refer those who want a complete record of all the University races since 1829 to C. M. Pitman's book, which I believe is very perfect.

Referring to the importance of weight, amongst other facts, he notes how the "heavier crew" won forty-one times against nineteen of the lighter men, and that Cambridge in 1854 averaged only the small amount of 10 st. 10 lb. He comments on F. I. Pitman's renowned spurt at the end of the race in 1886, and how Cambridge then won, and that in 1859 Cambridge sank.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

Sports are naturally the same everywhere. Distance-running, hurdle races, high and broad jumping, throwing the hammer, putting the weight, walking races, throwing the cricket ball (though this last appears to be becoming extinct in many places), but wherever sports are they are interesting, exciting, and well patronised. Yet nothing touches the Sports of Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club; the immense crowds and the importance of the occasion make it one of the events of the year. Vigorous and careful training is absolutely necessary for success, and yet we may say that an athlete is born and not made, different muscles and particular limbs being requisite for any special event.

To these sports come the old and the young to gaze at the

one race, amongst others, in which their relation, their son, or their friend is engaged. And a magnificent sight it is, for it is not too much to say that the finest youths of the kingdom are gathered together—there middle-aged men come who were famous in their day, but are now getting beyond sports of any sort, and amidst feelings of pride at what is done comes the thought—"Ah! I once could have made a fair show at this." And so it will be with the present athletes, just as Vachell says in his splendid Harrow book, called "The Hill"—

> "Forty years on, growing older and older,
> Shorter in wind as in memory long;
> Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
> What will it help you that once you were strong?"

And yet we may say, "No one regrets it."

> "Forty years on, when afar and asunder
> Parted are those who are singing to-day;
> When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
> What you were like in your work and your play.
> Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
> Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song;
> Visions of boyhood shall flout them before you,
> Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along."

Now we can say of athletics, how they have improved. Take jumping. Years ago to jump five feet was thought splendid; 4 ft. 8 in. was good. Now 6 ft. 5 in. is an American jump. To anyone who has not seen it done it sounds beyond belief. Chambers says, in his capital book on "Athletic Sports," "For jumping the competitor tries to get himself as light as he can, and to avoid all heavy work with arms and back which may develop muscle where not wanted for jumping, since the less lumber you carry the higher you jump."

Throwing the hammer is Caledonian in origin. The handle of the hammer is about 3 ft. 6 in., and weight of hammer 16 lbs. The hammer is swung round the body twice, and then with a run it is let fly at the right moment, care being taken that the hammer should not fly off sideways, for a good throw is often lost in this way.

In putting the weight (16 lbs.) the object is to propel the weight by the swing of the body, and as little as possible by the arm, and it is done with the right hand close to the shoulder,

but when propelled the right shoulder and leg are forward and the left behind.

Hurdle Racing.

This, to my mind, is the most elegant contest which you can see. The photograph represents a Queen's Club hurdle race, though I always think a snapshot gives a poor idea of the real scene.

Chambers says, adults do the three-step movement; they buck the hurdles and do not jump them like boys do. They trot over them, lighting on the opposite foot from which they took off. But the

Running

is what occupies the attention of the whole assembly, as every one can see a mile race, or three mile race, as it passes by the stand (on the ground) where they are sitting, and in consequence of this fact you hear more applause, and the excitement is very intense as one runner gains on another, or drops out of the race altogether. This photograph represents my nephew, Stephen Pemberton Lloyd, as he ran the mile at Oxford in 1907 and 1908 and won. In 1907 his time was 4 minutes 28 seconds, in 1908 4 minutes 29⅘ seconds.

My brother is Classical Master at Ramsgate College, and I may say, with truth, that Ramsgate College is extremely good at athletics.

Long may athletics flourish everywhere! Long may cricket and football flourish! Games are the making of our young men, and our young men are the backbone of the nation. And how often do our famous athletes go abroad in the mission field and do good? Their deeds have been recorded in books, and then they go out and erect a shrine, not of marble, but in the heart.

We have many instances of this, but I should like to name one who was a splendid cricketer, viz., C. T. Studd, who is now a missionary.

It is an established fact that the really good or famous men never make a noise about it; they pass on silently and do the good, like sweet-scented flowers and bright sunshine they heal and cheer, and the world is better, whilst the bragging voice is

a failure. Let us all aim at high things, for he that aimeth at the sky aims higher than he that meaneth a tree, like the

> "Desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow;
> A devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RECORDS.

100 yards.—10 secs., done by J. P. Tennent, J. G. Wilson, G. H. Wrenson (Oxford).
440 yards.—49⅘ secs., done by W. Fitzherbert (Cambridge).
880 yards.—1 min. 54⅘ secs., done by K. Cornwallis (Oxford).
1 mile.—4 mins. 17⅘ secs., done by C. C. Henderson-Hamilton (Oxford).
3 miles.—14 mins. 44⅘ secs., done by F. S. Horan (Cambridge).
120 yards Hurdles.—15⅘ secs., done by K. Powell (Cambridge).
Putting the Weight.—43 ft. 10 in., done by W. W. Coe (Oxford).
Throwing the Hammer.—148 ft. 10 in., done by R. H. Lindsay-Watson (Cambridge).
High Jump.—6 ft. 2½ in., done by M. J. Brooks (Oxford).
Long Jump.—23 ft. 5 in., done by C. B. Fry (Oxford).

WORLD RECORDS.

100 yards.—9⅘ secs., done by Owen, Macpherson, Wefers, Johnson (Americans); Hempton (Colonial).
440 yards.—48¼ secs., done by Buttery (British).
880 yards.—1 min. 53⅘ secs., done by Kilpatrick (American).
1 mile.—4 mins. 12¾ secs., done by George (British).
3 miles.—14 mins. 17 secs., done by Shrubb (British).
High Jump.—6 ft. 5⅝ in., done by Sweeney (American).
Long Jump.—24 ft. 11⅜ in., done by O'Connor (Irish).
Hurdles.—15 secs., done by Smithson (American).
Throwing Hammer, 16 lbs.—176 ft., done by Gray (American).
Putting the Weight —49 ft. 6 in., done by Rose (American).

MAY.

Chaucer writes about May Day as follows—

> "To the green wood they speeden them all,
> To fetchen home May, with their musicall ;
> And home they bringen in a Royall throne,
> Crowned as King, and his Queen
> Was lady Flora, on whom did attend
> A faire flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
> Of lovely nymphs. O ! that I were there
> To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare."

And Milton also says—

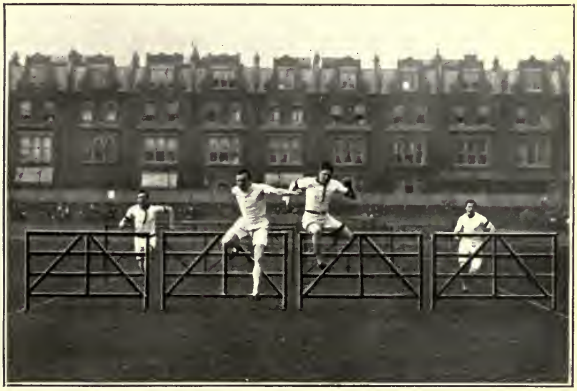
> "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the East and leads with her
> The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
> Hail ! bounteous May ! that dost inspire
> Mirth and youth and fond desire ;
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale dost boast thy blessing.
> Thus we salute thee with our early song,
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

This beautiful month, called "Maius" in the time of the Romans, was amongst our Saxon forefathers called *Tri Milchi*, with reference to the improved condition of the cattle under the benefit of spring herbage, the cow being now able to give milk three times a day; and it was an idea as early as the Roman period that it was an unlucky month to get married in. Sayings concerning May were—(1) "Change not a clout till May is out." It was thought to be a treacherous month. (2) "A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay." (3) "Mist in May and heat in June make the harvest right soon."

Some lay the origin of the name to "Majores," or "Maiores," the Senate in the original constitution of Rome.

The notion that it was in honour of Maia, the mother of Jupiter, is evidently wrong; it was the fifth month in the calendar of Numa Pompilius, and it is so now. Flora was the Roman goddess of flowers; she, as it were, represented Nature, and blessed all the fruits of the earth, and so she had a temple near the Circus Maximus, and was honoured on the first of May by the Floralia or Florales ludi, which were instituted to obtain from

MILE RACE BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.
STEPHEN PEMBERTON LLOYD WINNING FOR OXFORD.
By kind permission of Gillman & Co., Ltd., Oxford.



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE HURDLE RACE AT QUEEN'S CLUB.
Page 96. *By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

the goddess the protection of flowers. It was a festival conducted by the Ædiles, at first a country festival, but when it spread to the towns it ended in excessive merriment, drinking and lasciviousness. May Day, as it used to be in England, was, no doubt, founded on this idea of the "Floralia"—

> "Of all the fair months that round the sun,
> In light-linked dance their circles run,
> Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me."

This is England's beloved month. The poets love it, too. It is all gaiety and sunshine—a perfect profusion of wild flowers; primroses softening every mossy bank; violets showing their sweet-scented heads; wild hyacinths, with their pretty blue; dog daisies, like stars, and "ragged robin." But how the children love to gather the flowers, and what a love of Nature it gives them!

> "The welcome flowers are blossoming,
> In joyous troops revealed;
> They lift their dewy buds and bells
> In garden, mead and field."

Then, the ceaseless hum of the bee, and the floating butterflies—the tortoise-shell, the orange tip, and the meadow brown. But the birds—the willow wren, white throat and tit lark—how they gladden the air, and how the air gladdens them! Then the "chink chink" of the blackbird, and the bursting, ceaseless song of the thrush, whilst the nightingale seems to surpass himself every year; and the gentle cooing of the turtle dove has such a soothing sound, what the poets call a "plaintive cooing." It is small wonder that this magnificent month is represented as a maiden clothed in sunshine and scattering flowers, whilst she danced to the music of birds and brooks. The grass is now tall enough for the flowers to nestle down and take it easy, and to give a softness to the beauteous daisy and the golden buttercup; and when you hear the cawing of the rook, the welcome sound of the cuckoo, and see a flight of blue-tailed jays flying into yonder wood; when you listen to the bells of the sheep jingling in the distance, it fills you with an exhilarating feeling that this world is very beautiful, and that God has given us much to enjoy.

> "Fresh daisies peep up in the world,
> The woodbine scents the hedges,
> And by the stream marsh marigold
> Gilds the reeds and sedges.

"Yon clover buds begin to blink,
Dances the wild bee humming;
Loud sings the lark for joy, to think
That merry May is coming."

And those beautiful wild geraniums, what a nice smell they have, with their rose-coloured flowers, some dashed with purple, whilst Herb Robert is very sweet, and so are the different orchids.

Or see a woodland mere in the month of May. Lights are flashing under water and above the surface, and thousands of silvery fish are playing leap-frog in the stream. And why should they not have games as well as we? And there are dace who feel that the weeds and grasses are fit places of safety for their eggs, better far than where the wildfowl and moorhens hunt for their meals.

Rider Haggard leaves the country and goes to the centre of London, and mentions Leicester Square and Baron Grant's bounteous gift of seats for the poor in that beautifully-kept enclosure, and it certainly is a very great boon, and I have often thought so. And surely those plane trees, as he says, are very lovely, and very great shade for the oft pitiless ocean of London life who rest there, with the children playing between the prettily laid out flower beds, and the perambulators "with the babies." I have often sat there and watched the whole scene. And there is another very pretty little spot, and that is the nicely laid-out churchyard opposite St. John's Wood Road Station on the way to "Lord's." And yet one other very pretty park for children, and that is the Kennington Park ground, on the way to the Oval. This always looks such an open, joyous pleasure ground; such a crowd of pleasure-seeking children at play in and out and round about, and there the flower beds are distinctly lovely, and as the breeze stirs the scene, and the sun shines, it is enchanting. And I may say of the flowers—

"They lurk in every sunny park
Where London children tread,
And dot like stars the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

"They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blossoming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees."

The burst which Nature makes at the beginning of May

stirs up a joy in the heart of man, and makes him feel like a bird on the wing, or a butterfly in the sunshine. "I must be off somewhere" is the bounding feeling of his heart, and to pick some flower is a natural instinct "to be possessed of the beautiful"; it was surely well expressed years back—

> "Hand in hand with jocund May,
> Bent on keeping holiday,
> Flocks and herds and meads and bowers
> Come and fill the fields with flowers;
> Come and fill the groves with song,
> Make the orchards white with bloom,
> Bid the hawthorn breathe perfume."

Amongst the Romans the feeling found vent in their Floralia, and nations, taking up the mantle as it fell from the head of Rome, have settled also upon this day as a day of joy. It was formerly, and I sincerely wish it was now, "a rush for the fields." In the sixteenth century it was customary for the middle and humbler classes to go forth at an early hour of the morning to gather flowers with all possible signs of joy, and they decorated every door and window with the hawthorn.

They called the hawthorn "May," the expedition "going a-Maying," and the ceremony "bringing home the May." Chaucer and Shakespeare show that the Court itself went into the high grounds of Kent to gather in the May, the King and Catherine of Aragon coming from Greenwich, and so Herrick says—

> "How each field became a street,
> And each street a park,
> Made green and trimmed with trees."

It was evidently a gala day in England. The night before, the men blew "cowhorns" to usher in the Spring, and the women carried garlands.

The Celts had a heathen festival, but not connected with flowers. It was called "Beltein"; fires were kindled on hill-tops, and it was kept up not very long ago amongst the peasantry of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish highlands. No doubt it was Druidical. Men jumped through the flames, and children were passed across the embers in order to secure them good luck in the coming year; and Chambers says, "The

universality all over Europe in heathen times of the worship of these personifications of sun and light, through the kindling of fires and other rites, still finds a survival in the periodical lighting of bonfires." In Britain St. John's Eve and Easter had its fire rites, which were clearly of heathen origin.

On this day, Irish kings were supposed to rise from their graves and gather a ghostly army of rude warriors to fight for their country; the wild cries of the shadowy host, the clashing of shields, and the sound of drums, are said to have been heard during the period of the last rebellion in Ireland.

I will here add a description of May-day at Magdalen College, Oxford, given me by my nephew, of Magdalen College, Oxford: "May is celebrated at Oxford by the singing, at sunrise, on the top of the great tower, which is a particularly pleasing scene when the morning is fine. People commence going up at 4.30. Undergraduates and Fellows of the college in their gowns; then the choristers, arrayed in white surplices, chant Latin hymns at the rise of the sun, whilst the people below form a kind of congregation in the street. The singing closes at six o'clock, when the bells are tolled, which causes the tower to swing slightly (a proof, it is said, of its stability). I may add that the tower holds a great many, usually a hundred going up. When it is over, most of the undergraduates, at any rate, have a little more sleep, as they have usually been up all night. The idea of the ceremony seems obscure, but it is supposed to represent, somehow, a Mass sung for King Henry VII., who directed a payment to be made for the ceremony on this day. If so, all I can say is that his wish has been well carried out."

But let us see about the arrangements for the May-pole itself. The pole was as high, they say, as the mast of a ship of one hundred tons. Wreaths of flowers were suspended, and it was carried by twenty or thirty yoke of oxen, each ox having a nosegay tied to the top of its horns. Men, women and children were all dressed in their gayest, whilst young men raised the massive pole with handkerchiefs and flags streaming at the top.

The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers as Queen of the May, and placed in a little bower, or arbour, where she sat in state, receiving the homage and admiration of the youthful revellers, who danced and sang around her. She

evidently represented the Goddess Flora, and the others were her subjects.

Tennyson writes very prettily here—

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow is the happiest time of all the glad new year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest time,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

"I sleep so sound at night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

But what of the ceremony itself?

The Rev. Ditchfield says as follows, in his "Book of Sports"—"A company of Morris dancers approach, and a circle is made round the May-pole for them to perform. First comes a man dressed in a green tunic, with bow and arrows and bugle horn, who represents Robin Hood, and by his side, attended by maidens, comes the May Queen. Will Stukely, Little John, and other companions of the outlaw, are represented. And last comes the hobby horse, a man with a light framework of wood, representing a horse, with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to prevent his feet from being seen. The hobby horse careers about and prances; the Morris dancers have bells which jingle, a dragon hisses and flaps his wings, whilst the hobby horse kicks and rears. Then there is an archery contest, and the victor is crowned with a laurel wreath."

It was the Puritans who put a stop to all and caused the May-pole to be pulled down; they called it a heathenish vanity, "generally leading to superstition and wickedness," and so they had them removed by constables and churchwardens, the officers to be paid five shillings, till they were down. But not content with that, they went on to destroy many church buildings, wreaking irreparable harm upon England. The May-pole was given to Sir Isaac Newton and removed to Wanstead to support the then largest telescope in the world. I cannot imagine how anyone could have thought that the cessation of May-poles, or any similar village festivity, could make village life better, for a lovely ceremony like that must infuse poetry into the people, and it must add to their simple life; it was going to a severe extreme. And now it seems to me that those in authority in villages care far

less for the enjoyment of villagers, and so village life has become dead and dull, and there is raised the cry, "Why do villagers leave the land and flock to the towns?" Is it odd? I think not in the least. I append photos of the Maypole at Dr. Barnado's Homes, which I myself took this year.

Now, in many villages children, on May Day, carry round from door to door dolls and flowers. (In olden times they carried garlands of flowers, decorated with birds' eggs.) But the merry days of old are gone, and, as I say, it is a great pity.

Washington Irving mentions the May-pole with joy. He says, "I shall never forget the delight I first felt on seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. The mere sight of the May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day. And as I traversed part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from swelling hills down among green valleys, my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia."

But where would the month of May be without its hawthorn? I am not going to make such a mistake as to leave out its competitor in beauty, viz., the horse chestnut. This is a magnificent tree for boulevards abroad, and to line roads with. Yet still, this is an enormous tree, and we could not have it in any but large gardens. But the month now before us would be robbed of all its simple beauty if our commons and parks and private gardens had no May trees, with their lovely pink or white flowers, single and double. The smell of the white May is singularly beautiful, and the cuckoo and nightingale seem to love to be in the recesses of the hawthorn. It is supposed to have formed the crown of thorns for the Saviour, and if so it was probably in derision, for it was an emblem of hope to the Greeks, and torches of it were carried by the bride in nuptial processions. It is, of course, a favourite tree for grafting purposes, which Cowley speaks of—

> "Man does the savage hawthorn teach
> To bear the medlar and the pear;
> He bids the rustic plum to rear
> A noble trunk and be a peach."

The word hawthorn signifies a "hedge thorn," the first syllable

MAYPOLE AT DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, BARKINGSIDE, 1909.
Photo by the Author.

MAYPOLE DANCE AT DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, BARKINGSIDE, 1909.
Page 104. *Photo by the Author.*

being a corruption of "hage." By the Romans it was called "spina." Its French name is "aube épine." With us, of course, it is called "May bush."

ASCENSION DAY.

On one of the Rogation days, or on Ascension Day, it was the custom to go in procession round the boundaries of the parish, to ask God's blessing on the fruits of the earth; and because there were then few maps or divisions of land, it was necessary to call to mind, and pass on to the next generation, the boundaries of the township or village. There was a service with it; the choir sang hymns, and under certain trees, which were called "Gospel trees," the clergyman read the Gospel for the day, with Litany and prayers. But here was what we may call a striking custom. Boys were whipped, bumped against trees or thrown into a river, to impress upon them the boundaries of the parish. Such an idea seems to us idiotic, as well as cruel, but they were, it is said, recompensed afterwards and they thought no more about it—it was considered a joke. I believe, till lately, "beating the bounds" was still kept up at Oxford.

All this was intended to preserve a good regard for parochial and individual property, and was derived from an ancient Roman custom called "Terminalia," in honour of the god Terminus, a word which, by the way, we preserve in our railway terminus.

Before the Reformation parochial perambulations were conducted with great ceremony. The Lord of the Manor with a large banner, priests with surplices and crosses, other persons with hand-bells, banners and staves, followed by most of the parishioners, walked in procession round the parish, stopping at crosses and saying or singing Gospels to the corn, and so the custom was called Processions, Rogations, Perambulations, and gauging the boundaries, and the week was in consequence called "Rogation week." Those who took part had refreshment, and in a parish in Buckinghamshire we read of an acre of land let for £3 a year, to provide cakes and beer. They had even to pass through a house if it stood in the way of the boundary.

Of course, the view that is most pleasing about Ascension Day is, that it is the finish to all the sacred life of our Lord. It is not

from the manger to the grave, but from the manger to the triumphant entry into the courts of heaven. Well might the disciples stand gazing into heaven, as they saw the form they knew so well and loved so much disappear above the clouds. The observance of Ascension Day is thought to be the earliest in the Church—as early as the year 68. An inscription on the well of Tissington Hall dressed with flowers, was, "He is gone to glory, where we hope to go." This beautiful idea brings to my mind the custom of dressing wells at Tissington, when the people for ten miles round drove their cattle to drink there, and there was a thanksgiving service. "Fountains and wells were subjects of adoration." Even Seneca said, "Where a river flows there should we build altars and offer sacrifices," and May was considered a favourable time for visiting wells which possessed a charm for curing sick people.

THE OAK.

"The king of British trees in England," says the Rev. C. A Johns, "the country of green fields in which men labour with their oxen and sheep; of lordly parks, with their broad, smooth lawns and clustering trees; of narrow church paths winding along by the side of brilliant streamlets, across flowery meadows, and through woods offering a shade from the heat and a shelter from the storm. Here the oak reigns paramount. Surely it is a kingly tree, the emblem of majesty, strength, and durability."

It was under the oak that the Father of the Faithful reared his tabernacle. Again, Deborah was buried under an oak, and it was called the "oak of weeping"; but leaving Scripture, innumerable are the incidents connected with the oak.

The Christmas yule log was taken from the oak; the worship of the Druids was performed under an oak; King Arthur's round table was made of it; William the Conqueror was said to have taken shelter under the King's oak in Windsor Forest; the cradle of Edward II. at Carnarvon was made of oak. The immortal oak tree of Charles II. at Donington has an interesting record, and the remains are now fenced in by a handsome brick wall. A wreath of oak leaves was given as a "civic crown" to one who saved the life of a citizen.

An oak is said to live a thousand years, so that we could see an oak of the time of the "Conqueror." It is good for shipbuilding, as it is very tough and strong, not too heavy, and is not easily penetrated by water.

King Alfred started the British Navy with it. It is used, as we all know, for articles of furniture, and the timber of most American oaks is very valuable; even its roots are utilised. They were formerly used as hafts for daggers, handles of knives, tobacco boxes, and mathematical instruments.

It was valued for its fruit. In Greece and Italy, before agriculture was introduced, acorns were largely eaten, and the traditions of the poets tell us that strawberries, blackberries, cornels and acorns were the homely fare of the first inhabitants of these countries, and so, perhaps, the Greeks thought it was the first created tree. The word "oak" is identical with the Saxon "aack," or "ak," from which "acorn" is derived. Hence Turner —"Oke, whose fruite we call an acorn or an eykorn (that is, ye corne or fruite of an eike), are hard of digestion and norishe very much."

Now I will say a few words about acorns, galls, and leaf-galls. *Acorns*—everyone knows an acorn, with the ball so prettily buried in the cup. This is the fruit of the tree. Oak apples are not fruit, but caused by the gall-fly. The female pierces a hole in the stem or leaf and lays an egg. This causes irritation, and Nature makes an effort to cover up the substance, and hence the apple; it then escapes in the form of a caterpillar, and thus the holes.

MAY DAY (May 29th),

Called Oak Apple Day in many out-of-the-way villages in England, this day is still celebrated in memory of King Charles's preservation in the oak of Boscobel, and his restoration. But old May Day and new May Day both seem dead now. It all seems sad, for what has England gained? The land has been left, and the men flock to the towns. The cry of the unemployed is piteous to hear, and yet half the farms are badly seen to, and many are empty. The lunatic asylums have their inmates; workhouses fill; old age pensions (with all their absurd rules of denial to those

who have had poor pay of three-and-sixpence a week) are instituted; manly strength and vigour decrease. A revival of the old ways would be a great improvement.

Good old Milton speaks of May Day and the month—

> "As the flowery month throws from her lap
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

The old ale-houses here and there have their signboards, with the "Merry Monarch" peeping through the boughs of the oak at the Roundheads below.

THE BEE.

> "Behold those winged images!
> Bound for their evening bowers;
> They are the nation of the bees,
> Born from the breath of flowers!
> Strange people they! A mystic race,
> In life, in food, in dwelling place!
>
> "They built them houses made with hands,
> And there alone they dwell;
> No man to this day understands
> The mystery of their cell;
> Your cunning sages cannot see
> The deep foundations of the bee!
>
> "Low in the violet's breast of blue,
> For treasured food they sink;
> They know the flowers that hold the dew
> For their small race to drink;
> They glide—King Solomon might gaze
> With wonder on their awful ways."

The name bee is common to a numerous tribe of insects—the bee which we know is the honey-bee. In its natural state it constructs its nest in hollow trees, and in such a state they, doubtless, swarm in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, but it would be difficult to find them "wild" in England. Cæsar called our island "Britain," but it was formerly beautifully styled "the land of green hills," and the "island of honey." A Roman poet, in fact, said that the oaks "dropped honey." This was before, of course, the axe had laid low forests which covered our island so extensively. And so bees ought to be our national pride.

Maeterlinck speaks of the first apiary which he saw in Holland. He refers to an aged philosopher whose great pleasure was his

garden, and he adds that "he had an apiary." He speaks of the musical voice of the garden, and what unspeakable delight it was; "the immaculate days," and the schooling which the bees afforded for men; and he speaks also of the coloured boats and barges, the flower-like doors, the immaculate dams, the varnished houses, the white-hedged fields and flowery lawns of Holland. But to describe his "apiary." It was composed of twelve domes of straw, some of which he had painted a bright pink, some a clear yellow, and some a tender blue, having noticed the bees' fondness for that colour. These hives stood against the wall of the house in the angle formed by a pleasant Dutch kitchen, whose earthenware dresser, bright with copper and tin, reflected itself through the open door on to the peaceful canal, and the water led one's eyes to a calm horizon of mills and meadows, and with the balmy air and the rays of the sun one seemed to have drawn very near to the festival spirit of Nature.

The bee is very refined, extracting nothing but the quintessence of flowers, and preferring those which have the least adulterated odour; they are very clean; they hate anything squalid. If anything is dirty, they turn it out, and if they are unable to eject any intruder (such as a snail) they entomb it. With honey they are very clean; it is a sticky substance, and yet see how they manage.

Their delight in sunshine seems to echo the spirit of those who worshipped the sun as a God, and their self-sacrifice and attention to the common good is extraordinary. But theirs is a dangerous life; every living thing pursues the bee for the honey in its cell; birds and insects are on the watch, and an incredible number are killed or eaten. Changes of weather are fatal to them also.

But where would fertilisation be without the bees? One hundred thousand plants would probably cease to live.

At the dawn of Spring the workers flock to the willow, nut trees, gorse; later, all the fruit trees, and the lovely flowers of April and May; and lastly of June and July. The natural idea is, perhaps, surely two or three flowers could give them honey enough. Their labour seems so great, and for others, but I think the history of the bee is one which we cannot grasp, and must, therefore, leave alone.

Now that verse which we all know—

> " How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour,
> And gather honey all the day
> From every opening flower,"

is incorrect, for the bee is a creature of a crowd. She will plunge for a short time into the flower-world, as a swimmer dives into the sea; but she must, under pain of death, return at regular intervals to the hive, and if you were to isolate the bee and give her plenty of food she would die.

What is true is this: a summer with no bees would be unnatural. Fancy no bees at all! No, we feel we must have bees (and birds also).

Darkie says—

> " Oh! when shall I hear the bees a-humming,
> All round de comb?
> When shall I hear the banjo tumming
> Down in my good old home?"

The queen has a larger abdomen than the working bee, paler legs and antennæ, and there is one queen to a hive. Her duties are easy. She has to lay her eggs in the cells prepared for her, and during several months the eggs are deposited at the rate of one thousand to two thousand a day. In one season a queen will lay one hundred thousand eggs. The first eggs turn to workers and the next to males. If you were to seize the queen and take her away from the hive, work would cease. No comb-constructing would go on, no honey would be gathered; everyone would be looking for the queen; foreign enemies would enter the hive, there being no guard at the door. But put her back and all the bees would crowd to welcome her, which they would show by kissing her with their antennæ; and I may add that the queen does not take her own food, but she is fed like a child by the workers. The election of a new queen at the death of an "old" is decided by combat to the death.

What is swarming? It has been well compared to emigration. Rapid increase of population causes the queen to lead off a number of her subjects. Then there is a second swarm with the first-born queen at the head; then another, and the fight is very murderous and the sting fatal. At last the swarming has

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

"One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still lingers in my memory,
No matter where I rove;
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?"

Page 110. *Photo by kind permission of Messrs. Bamforth, Publishers, Holmfirth.*

devastated the city. Swammerdam relates that, though swarm after swarm left (there were in one season thirty colonies founded before the swarm), 120,000 cells were overflowing with the honey of April and May. It is the sacrifice of every generation for the one to come that is the marvel.

But before each swarm leaves they gorge themselves with honey for their new home. They then fly round in a circle till each arranged swarm is made up, and afterwards they settle on a green bush, from whence they may be shaken off. Our plan is swarming by "smoking," and the bees accept the inevitable. Yet there is one danger—too much smoke prevents their getting honey, and then they sting.

Mount Hybla, in Sicily, and Mount Hymettus, in Attica, were very famous for honey. Now the United States and California especially is a paradise for beekeepers. In India ravines are so swarming with bees that it is impossible to traverse them, owing to the fury of their attack. Palestine, we all know, was described in the Old Testament as "a land flowing with milk and honey." John the Baptist lived on wild honey with locusts, and we read of bees in the carcase of a lion, which lion had probably been eaten by vultures.

The method of keeping bees seems to be the same now as formerly. The hives consist of large tubes of sun-dried mud, four feet long, closed with mud at each end; the tubes are piled in a pyramid, and a branch is stuck in the ground to assist the bee in getting up and down; these swarms are not destroyed or smoked out, but when the hives are full of honey the clay is removed from the end of the pipes, the honey extracted with an iron hook, the pieces of comb which contain young bees are put back and the hives are closed. But the innumerable fissures and clefts of the rocks afford secure shelter for the swarms, as we read, "With honey out of the stony rock have I satisfied thee." The Bedouins obtain their living by bringing into Jerusalem skins and jars of wild honey.

"The workers" are smaller and more numerous than the males or the queen. Their occupation is to collect honey, build the combs, guard the entrance to the hive by night and day, and during the honey season to ventilate the hive with their wings; but it is their devotion to the queen which is most remarkable. They

live in her life, her absence deprives them of no organ, flowers yielding the same material of wax and honey. But should the queen die her body is treated with the greatest respect, and they receive no other queen till twenty-four hours have expired. Or, again, should the queen meet with an accident, she is sought out and cared for. Should some special outrage happen, she is safe beneath their corpses. If she grows old and another queen is elected, she is a dowager, and a safe corner is found for her to end her days in peace.

The male is broader, and its wings and eyes are larger. But these, though the fathers of the hive, are the least important of all, and beyond the need of one male for a swarm, the rest are useless. They come abroad in fine weather, and are recognisable by their large size, their humming sound and lumbering flight; but their lives end in August. The workers sting them, tear off their wings, their antennæ and legs, and throw them to the ground, where they are devoured by reptiles or perish by cold, for one day a fiat goes forth, "Males are to die!" and they accept the situation. Should any escape and return in the morning, they are met at the door and slain; ended for them are the days of making honey. The flower of the lime, the honey from thyme, sage, marjoram, and clover, has been gathered for the last time.

I think the destruction of the males and the death, after the married life of one moment, is a marvellous point in the counsels of God, which is beyond my understanding.

THE QUEEN IN THE HIVE, AND THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT.

This is truly the most remarkable wedding that it is possible to conceive. As Maeterlinck describes it, "It is beyond realisation if it were not true." No marriage takes place in the hive; but from numbers of other hives crowds of males issue forth into the sky in search of the bride, and the queen has, say, ten thousand suitors (the male, it is said, has thirteen thousand eyes on each side of its head, and each of the antennæ has 37,800 olfactory cavities). Well, the queen soars into the sky, the crowd follow her, and keep dropping out like runners would in a Marathon race of twenty-six miles. First the feeble, then the idle, then at

last, one, stronger than the rest, seizes the queen, is married, and immediately dies. In the words of Maeterlinck, "It is quite a sight to see the males follow the queen into the sea of gladness, till they dwindle to the chosen one, which is the strongest." The death of the bridegroom, as described, is so awful I will omit it. It is the antipodes to the beauty of flowers, from which they get the honey, "the object of their lives."

Various are the titles of the humble bees—bumble bees, hummel bees, dumble bees and foggie bees, and they are very familiar because of their size. They are, too, a more beautiful colour than the honey bee, and there are as many as forty species common to Britain.

The same order exists as the honey bee, but the females are largest, males next, and workers the smallest. The industry of the humble bees is very great. They work from morning till evening, but their laws are ill defined. The nest is on the ground covered with moss, and when the eggs are hatched and the colony grows the nest is enlarged. But there is this beautiful difference: there is no butchering of the males.

The word "humble" comes from "hummelen," to keep humming, and has nothing to do with the word "humble," as some think.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT (Æsculus Hippocastanum).

If you go to Bushey Park, Hampton Court Palace, our London parks, the Parisian Boulevards, or Nimes and other French towns, you see it in abundance, and the sight in the month of May is very beautiful. Its clusters of irregular blossoms, snowy-white dashed with pink and yellow, and affording thus early in the season a rich banquet to the venturesome bee, proclaim that the flower-bearing season now reigns paramount. The winter covering of the bud is, we know, very thick. After a while it bursts through its case and the ground is strewn with scales. A German naturalist detached from the tree in winter a bud, and by the aid of a microscope he discovered sixty-eight flowers. The appearance of the flower in some cases is not unlike the lilac, but it has been called a large hyacinth, lupine-tree, giant's nose-gay; the last name in particular suggests a correct notion of its vastness and showy appearance. The horse-chestnut soon lets its leaves fall; even in July they begin to change colour. The

nuts of this tree are unfit for human food, being very bitter, yet they are excellent food for deer, so that where these animals are kept, horse-chestnuts might be planted in numbers with great advantage. They are also a very nourishing food for sheep. In Geneva butchers buy them readily for their grazing stock, and the Geneva mutton is noted for being as highly-flavoured as any in England.

Its name is interesting. The word Æsculus, from "esca," food, was applied originally to a species of oak, which, according to Pliny, was highly praised for its acorns, but how it came to be transferred to the horse-chestnut is very uncertain. The name "horse-chestnut" is undoubtedly received from the fact that young branches have impressed on the bark, wherever a leaf has fallen, a mark resembling the print of a horse's shoe.

LILAC.

What a host of memories crowd round lilac, its beautiful blossom and its magnificent smell! What more lovely present than to take a bunch of lilac to a sick person? It seems to have the very breath of Spring in its fresh and crowded blossom. Such a vast number of heads on one small branch, and sometimes you can cut an immensely full branch. To see it growing high up and falling over a summer-house, as one did at my old vicarage of Ancaster, is truly a sight for the gods. I know one villager persuaded me against my will to cut it down at the top to make it more bushy, but it was ruined for the rest of the time. Up to then, year after year, it was truly the finest sight in my garden. Its right botanical name is "syringa," but it will always be lilac to me—the name by which I have known it all my life. Of course it is a Persian flower. It came first to Vienna, and soon spread, and is now to be found half wild in the hedges of some parts of Europe.

LABURNUM.

This most handsome flower, popularly called "golden chain," is far better seen on the tree than in bunches of flowers, but it is a most lovely golden flower. A poet has called it "dropping wells of fire," though I don't see the likeness. It has been said to be derived from the Latin "labor," but that likewise seems nonsense. It is popular because it is so hardy. You can see it gracing smoky

LAWN TENNIS MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.
Page 136. *By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE 100 YARDS RACE AT QUEEN'S CLUB.
Page 94. *By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

streets, and lending a lovely yellow to gloomy darkness. It is like a comforter in sorrow.

We generally take for its mate lilac. Lilac and laburnum seem to go hand-in-hand; they are out together, and in almost every garden.

Laburnum is a Swiss shrub, being a native of the Alps, and so it flourishes best in the north of Scotland.

As to the seeds, they are poisonous, and are deadly to children and cattle; therefore, it is not well to grow them near playgrounds. But hares and rabbits love them; therefore, grow them in plantations. There is a sort called "Adam's Laburnum," which is peculiar in producing two sorts of flowers—the ordinary species of flowers and that of another kind (on the same tree) which is supposed to have come by grafting. But how soon the lilac and laburnum fade! They seem but promises of future glory.

The laburnum loses its colour, the lilac turns brown, and other flowers succeed. Only one set of flowers never fade, and those are the flowering stars in the sky; you can fancy they are flowers. Call them the Passion flowers, sky daisies, or saxifragas if you like—there they are from year to year; they never fade.

MOUNTAIN ASH, OR ROWAN TREE.

This is a tree of the natural order Rosaceæ, abundant in Britain, the Highlands of Scotland, and in many parts of continental Europe. It is one of the most ornamental trees of the British woodlands and of any English garden; first, with its lovely flower in May, and then its beautiful autumnal berries.

Wordsworth says—

> "The mountain ash
> No eye can overlook when 'mid a grove
> Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head,
> Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
> Spring's richest blossoms; and you may have marked
> By a brookside, or solitary tarn,
> How she her station doth adorn; the pool
> Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
> Are brightened round her."

Its names are numerous. "Rowan" is the Scotch name; it is also called, "quickbeam," "witchen," "wicken," and "wiggen," from its power of (supposed) counteracting witchcraft.

Lightfoot considered it was highly esteemed by the Druids, for it is found in the neighbourhood of Druidical stones, and the superstitious venerate it. The cattle also are supposed to be preserved by it from evil, and the dairymaid drives them from the pastures with a rod of it.

The authoress of "Sylvan Sketches" writes—

> "Their spells were vain, the boys returned
> To the queen in sorrowful mood,
> Crying that witches have no power
> Where there is rowan tree wood."

The flower somewhat resembles the pear, and in the Scottish Highlands, mixed with the pine and birch, it has a fine effect.

THE BIRD CHERRY.

This is a most lovely-smelling tree. I remember so well when I first saw the tree, and did not know its name, I was attracted to it by its beautiful fragrance. It is truly very lovely.

It is resorted to by caterpillars, and so it is the custom to put it in orchards, and then the caterpillars resort to it instead of other trees.

The fruit is unpalatable, except to birds, hence the name. It is called "fowl cherry," "cluster cherry," and in Scotland, "hag cherry." It once grew wild in Kent, and cherry tree branches were grafted on it.

THE CHERRY TREE.

What more lovely blossom is there than the cherry blossom? Certainly, apple blossom is lovely, but I always think for singular beauty and striking effect we must give the prize to the cherry. They are rather a failure, because the blackbirds and bullfinches go for them so; but if you can afford to forget the fruit, then the cherry is well worth growing for its beautiful flower. It was introduced by Lucullus, a Roman general, from Cerasus, in Pontus, to grace his triumph after his victory over Mithridates, and so much did he value it that he had it placed amongst his royal treasures. It was introduced into Britain A.D. 53. We are used to hawkers in London, but it is interesting to think of a hawker of cherries in Henry V.'s reign; and there is an account of a cherry orchard in Kent of thirty-two acres, the fruit of which sold for £1,000. In

the north of England it grows on mountains one thousand feet above sea level, so that sounds like its being a native forest tree.

Dr. Johns quotes the following pretty incident as happening in Yorkshire. The children sang round the cherry tree as follows—

> "Cuckoo, cherry tree,
> Come down and tell me
> How many years I have to live."

Each child shook the tree, and as many cherries as fell told the future life of the child.

Now, we look upon the cherry as a luxury, but on the continent it is different; they are prized in France, as supplying food for the poor. Soup made from them, with a little bread and butter, was the food of wood-cutters and charcoal burners of the forest.

But let me quote where they are to be found to a large extent. From the noted town of Strasburg to the interesting city of Munich (250 miles) one may travel and see nearly all cherries in an avenue, occasionally walnuts, plums, and pears, and a large portion of the roadside by the Black Forest has nothing but cherry trees.

From the bark of the cherry you can get a gum, and it is recorded that one hundred men were kept alive in a siege by letting it dissolve in the mouth. Cherry-wood is famous for cabinets, walking sticks, musical instruments, and Turkish pipe tubes; and, lastly, we have the famous liqueur made from the cherry, with the addition of brandy, viz., cherry brandy.

AZALEA (Ericaceæ).

This beautiful plant may be seen in all its glory in most gardens mixed with rhododendrons, and also in the Temple, Westminster, and other shows, and amongst the magnificent plants in the great Botanical Gardens at Kew. It is certainly a plant which no garden can afford to be without. I may start by mentioning a certain story with relation to the Pontic Azalea, related by Xenophon, and connected with the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. The Colcheans had refused to let them pass through their country, but, hearing of their prowess in battle, fled, leaving them masters of the villages; and finding a quantity of beehives, they ate the honey gladly, from the effects of which they fell

stupefied to the ground; now the plant from which they got the honey is said to be the "Pontic Azalea." Some, however, think the Colcheans poisoned the wells, and the Greeks, after eating the honey, drank of the wells.

The azalea is related to the rhododendron, but it is different, because it is not evergreen. In the Spring its leaves are the most beautiful green. It is a plant of the heath order, and the word means "dry," as it will not grow in damp places. It grows well in America, the Crimea, Poland, and the Caucasus. The various colours are yellow, orange, red, and crimson.

RHODODENDRON.

Now we come to a shrub with which everyone is acquainted, namely, the rhododendron, or "rose tree." A plant most easy of growth and particularly hardy; moreover, it is an "evergreen," and, therefore, very universal. The London parks are full in Spring with this flower; Cobham Park, near Gravesend (Lord Darnley's place), is lovely. Bagshot, Woking, the Botanic Gardens Regent's Park, Kew, the Temple Flower Show, and Westminster shows have splendid specimens. It is, we may say, an "immense" favourite. It comes from the temperate parts of North America and the mountains of India. It forms impenetrable thickets on the Alleghany Mountains. There are splendid plants on the Himalayas, and small specimens on the Alps. The finest ornament of Alpine scenery is called the "Alpen Rose," and the mountain slopes glow with this in July and August. We get them, too, from Siberia, China, and Asia Minor.

The various colours are quite a sight; they are scarlet, crimson, rosé, purple, yellow, brown, and blue. In the Neilgherry Hills and mountains of Ceylon there are timber trees seventy feet high, every branch covered, with a perfect blaze of rhododendrons.

A dwarf rhododendron shrub, with strongly scented leaves, clothes the mountains of Eastern Nepaul at twelve thousand feet high. There is an oil obtained from *Rhododendron Ferrugineum*, which is used by the Alpine dwellers as a remedy for gout and pains of the joints. The flowers of the "arboreum" are eaten in India, and Europeans make a jelly of them.

GUELDER ROSE, OR SNOWBALL TREE.

(Viburnum Opulus).

"Tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave."

These lines seem to describe the plant which country people call "Snowball Tree." But I call Snowball Tree a particularly apt name. It thoroughly describes the appearance; if you pick the flower you see that the outer heads are larger than the inner, though in every flower this is not so plain. Of course, it comes from Guelderland, east of Amsterdam, and in the woods and gardens about Anheim. Gerard describes it as known to the Dutch under the name "Gheldersche Roose." It makes a growth like the common hedge maple.

There is a great-headed Chinese tree which bears immense heads of snow-white blossom; it flowers well along the valley of the Thames, and is akin to the laurustinus. Then there is the "wayfaring tree," a very close relation, with pliant mealy branches, which in summer are clothed with heart-shaped leaves, covered with mealy down. The flowers, which are white, grow in clusters, and remind me more of the elder; they are succeeded by berries, which become red and black. The reason of its being called "wayfaring tree" is because it gets powdered with dust from the highway. In Germany the young shoots are utilised in basket-making, and the berries are used in Switzerland for making ink.

ORCHIDS.

These plants are found in all parts of the world, save in extremely dry climates and on the borders of the frozen regions. In the temperate parts of Asia, the Cape, and North America, they are common inhabitants of groves, marshes, and meadows, but in the hot, damp parts of the East and West Indies, Madagascar, Brazil, Central America, and Mexico, they abound in the greatest profusion, clinging to the trunks and branches of trees, and vegetating amongst ferns. Everyone feels that they are extremely pretty, extremely peculiar, and now raised to such a pitch of cultivation that they are marvellous.

At a large show, like the Temple Show, one feels, unless you are a great cultivator, "Can this be an orchid?" They are granted to be the most remarkable family of the "vegetable kingdom," and are called "air plants," as they derive great part of their nutriment from the air. And, though deliciously fragrant and endless in their variety and form, it seems strange to see such marvellous-looking plants.

The Orchis is a genus of Orchidaceæ, adorning meadows and pastures with their flowers in summer, chiefly spread over Europe and Northern Asia. The British species have mostly red and lilac flowers, sometimes white or green, often beautifully mottled. Since the middle of the nineteenth century the cultivation of orchids in Britain, the Continent, and America, has been very great indeed.

WALLFLOWERS.

Whenever I think of the smell of wallflowers, my mind is not carried so much to the lovely London shows, but to my memory of the beautiful smell which was driven inland when the scent came off the borders of flowers spread all along the sea front of Hove, Sussex, and a sea breeze carried it inward. It was perfectly lovely, and it made the month of May quite a treat. Of course, in country cottages wallflowers are beautiful, and on old ruins, also in the London parks; but the smell of those at Hove is my chief memory of the beauty of that seaside place. Certain facts cling to one's mind, and this clings to mine with regard to this flower.

The Parisian gardeners, too, delight the public by adorning the parks and promenades with most lovely wallflowers. Of course, the native colour is yellow, but I love the blood-red sort, and am not so fond of the double kind. Its old name is "stock-gillofer," and wall gilloflower. Its English name refers to the walls and the rocks on which it grows, and its Greek name "Cheiranthus," speaks of it as suitable as a bunch for the hand.

Bernard Barton writes thus—

> "And where my favourite abbey rears on high
> Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest
> Ye wallflowers show your tints of golden dye,
> On which the morning sunbeams love to rest."

A FINE DISPLAY OF TULIPS.

And this is very pretty—

> " Flower on the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> And hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
> Little flower, if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The astonishing part, however, is the family connection with cabbage, turnip, radish and horse-radish. To class a lovely-smelling flower like the wallflower with a coarse, common cabbage seems absurd, but it is true—

> " I will not praise the often flattered rose,
> Or, virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen,
> Or when, in dazzling splendour, like a queen,
> All her magnificence of state she shows;
> No, nor like the nun-like lily which but blows
> Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
> Nor yet the sunflower, that, with warrior mien,
> Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;
> But thou, neglected *wallflower*, to my breast
> And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower,
> To whom alone the privilege is given
> Proudly to root thyself above the rest,
> As genius does, and from thy rocky tower
> Send fragrance to purest breath of heaven."

TULIPS.

The very name " tulip " makes us think of a most stately and handsome flower. All spring flowers, whether narcissus or tulip, daffodil or crocus, hyacinth, anemone, or snowdrop, are lovely, but the tulip is very handsome. It is not a flower to pick; we feel we like it best either in pots or in the garden. The varied colours are magnificent, but I saw a grand tulip last year at the Temple Show. It was black and strikingly handsome. They were all of an enormous size, but this was very beautiful, even amidst the yellow, pink-spotted, and brown. The Don Pedro was very fine.

Rider Haggard mentions the Duc van Thol, Rose Luisante, Yellow Prince, and the Darwin Tulip. He remarks, too, how deeply rooted tulips are in their natural state by the Mediterranean. He says he has seen them in fields which were ploughed, and you had to dig one foot before you got to the root. I am not an admirer of the straight, even rows of tulips in Hyde Park, they

are too formal, and therefore unnatural; but I love to see them growing here and there and everywhere, and I think the markings of a tulip remind one so of the colours of the rainbow.

Hulme, the great naturalist, speaks of the tulip of Haarlem: "As the hyacinths decline at the dawn of merry May the early tulip comes forth in sheets of crimson, scarlet, purple, glittering silver, and refulgent gold; and when you see seven hundred acres in bloom at once it is a sight not soon forgotten. And as you travel through the country the spring growth of the pastures, and the myriad golden flowers that deck the water-courses, constitute a sight of the most refreshing description, calculated to drive dull care away."

In the seventeenth century tulips were the object of a remarkable Stock Exchange gamble, the price of tulips rising above precious metals, even reaching 4,600 florins for bulbs; but, as everyone may guess, no transfer would have happened. They simply were run up and not even seen.

Between forty and fifty species of tulip are known, mostly natives of the warmer parts of Asia. It was brought from Constantinople to Asia by one Conrad Cæsar in 1559, whence it rapidly spread through Europe.

Strange to say, Lancashire particularly prizes tulips. I did not know this, but it says a great deal for Lancashire.

They are soon spoiled by too much exposure to sunshine, so they require rather moist and shady places, but a light and somewhat sandy soil.

I believe the tulip grows wild in the woods of Germany, and I sincerely wish it did so in England. The name "tulip" is derived through the French and Italian from the Turkish "tulbend." Persian "Dulband," originally a Hindoo word, a turban, from "Tulipan," the Turkish for turban. They grow in Siberia, Persia, Levant, Japan, Turkestan, Italy, South of France, Greece, Algeria, and the Altai Mountains.

In the United States there is a tulip tree which has a stem 140 feet high. It flowers well in Britain, is a beautiful ornament of pleasure grounds, is of the order Magnoliaceæ, and will make an excellent lawn tree. Its leaves in autumn turn to a rich yellow and brown, and its handsome, sweet-scented flowers make it very attractive.

The magnolia is a very handsome shrub. When you travel abroad and have meals in the customary way on the balconies of hotels, there you see it in full bloom, and very showy it is. The Chinese magnolia, which has been cultivated in China for many years, has the most fragrant flowers of a beautiful white. The *Magnolia excelsa* blooms on the Himalayas at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and the mountains, when it is in blossom, seem sprinkled with snow.

Ellacombe, in his book, mentions one magnolia near Brading, and another at Edgbaston Botanic Gardens, and they were like forest trees, and he considers of all exotic trees none equal the magnolia. There is a very beautiful magnolia near the Church Road of Upper Norwood, certainly very handsome indeed.

WOOD FORGET-ME-NOT.

The botanical term is *Myosotis sylvatica*, and "myosotis" means mouse's ear. The word "forget-me-not" is that which endears the flower. Lovers send them to one another; it is put round the grave of the departed; and jewellers take the flower as a model for brooches.

> "The blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
> Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not."

The story of the forget-me-not is modern, but it has its use; it is a German story. A minstrel of Mayence had gone forth to seek his fortune, leaving behind him his betrothed. After a few years he returned home to seek his bride; on the eve of their wedding they saw a tuft of forget-me-nots on the bank of the Rhine. The poor minstrel strove to get them and, losing his footing, fell into the Rhine, and was swept away. But before the waters stilled his voice he called out "Forget me not!" The story finishes by recording that the lady died unmarried.

BUTTERCUPS.

What a sweet association the very name brings to us—thoughts of childhood, memories of long ago "daisies and buttercups!" How often we culled them, and how sweet a field of golden buttercups looked to the childish eye, before worldly thoughts

had diminished the innocent! It is said of the buttercup that it is a very early type of plant, which has scarcely undergone any alteration from the form it must have acquired millions of years ago. Other flowers of the same family are larkspur, celandine, globe flower, marsh marigold and columbine. Bees and other insects visit the buttercups and get the nectar, and also fertilize the plant by bringing pollen from another. The bee sees the bright colour, he flies and settles on the carpels in the centre, and fertilization begins if the buttercup is ready. Look at the stems and you will notice they are covered with hair, which is thought to prevent insects from crawling up from the ground and getting the pollen. They require insects which can fly from flower to flower, and, moreover, growing in pastures, they are likely to be eaten by cattle, so there is a poisonous principle in their leaves and stems which would blister the mouths of cattle.

THE BAT.

Formerly bats were put down as birds, but Linnæus gave them a place among mammalia, and at the head, with man and monkeys. They sleep during the day, hitched up by their hind legs, and their abodes are old castles, battlements, and caverns. At night they fly out in search of insects, and if you try to catch them, as I have, you will find they bite very sharply. Homer thus speaks of them—

> "As when the bats, within some hallowed cave,
> Flit, squeaking, all around, for if but one
> Fall from the rock, the rest will follow him,
> In such connection mutual they adhere."

In winter they hybernate, and are then found in caves and such-like places. I suppose most persons know that they are furred and not feathered, and the young are produced alive, the female sheltering them under her wing. The wings are formed by the finger-bones becoming lengthened, and a web of skin makes them liken an umbrella. It is intensely cruel to deprive them of their sight; but it is said that when this is done they still avoid obstacles in their flight. Some think it is through the nerves of their nose that they manage this; others that they notice the stoppage of the current of air caused by the obstacle. In the

East they hang by hundreds in caves, and one small species swarms under the Temple of Jerusalem so much that it is impossible to go out with a torch.

The time of the bat is from Spring to October.

"Little bat, whose airy flight
Fills the evening with delight;
Flit and fly and frisk along,
Subject of my buoyant song.

"Now along the glittering stream,
Now beneath the moon's pale beam,
Now amid the vista's shade,
There thy giddy circles lead."

JUNE.

To June different names were given. "Weyd monath," according to some, because then the cattle began to "weyd," that is, feed in the meadows, which at that time were usually marshes. According to others, it was called mid-summer month. This was the time of the year at which the English commenced their long voyages, and they are represented in the old Saxon wood-cut in the act of cutting down and dressing trees, in order to fit out their ships. Ovid makes Juno claim the honour of giving a name to this month; but it in reality was dedicated *à Junioribus*—that is, to the inferior branch of the original legislature of Rome, just as May was *à Majoribus*. And though the summer solstice falls on June 21st, yet July and August are hotter months, for sometimes in June the mornings are frosty; still, it is the lightest month. The sun is above the horizon from 3.43 morning to 8.17 in the evening, thus making the day 16½ hours long. At Edinburgh it is 17½ hours, and at that season in Scotland there is a glow equal to dawn the whole night. In Shetland the light at midnight is a good twilight.

May was considered a most unlucky month for marriage, as being under the influence of spirits adverse to happy marriages. June was, on the contrary, considered the most appropriate time; but it would not be happy if the party, on going to church, met a monk, a priest, a hare, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent, whilst all would go well if it were a wolf, a spider, or toad. If any girl wanted to know whom she should marry, she had only to throw broken eggs over another person's head, and she would see his image; or if she agitated the water in a bucket with her hand. It was the custom for the bridegroom to hand the bride a certain sum for the purchase of her person (a custom also of the Greeks, Romans, Jews, and many Eastern nations); and in Cumberland now the bridegroom provides himself with gold and crown pieces, and after paying the fees he gives the rest to the bride.

The ring, of course, by its shape, is a symbol of eternity, and forbids annihilation of contract; and at Anglo-Saxon betrothals

the bridegroom gave a pledge or wed, with which was a ring, and the bride was taken "for fairer, for fouler, for better or worse." The father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes, with which the son-in-law hit his wife on the head, to teach her subjection; but afterwards he could only administer moderate castigation, say three blows with a broomstick, and the stick had not to be longer than the husband's arm, or thicker than his middle finger.

In Queen Bess's time a marriage was joyous, and there was a procession, even in humble marriages. The bride was led to church between two boys, who wore bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves, and before her was carried a silver cup filled with wine, on which was a large branch of gilded rosemary hung about with silken ribbons of all colours; next came musicians and bridesmaids, and they marched to church amidst the shouts of the spectators.

In Norway and Sweden, marriages are very gay, and in each parish there is a set of ornaments for the temporary use of the bride, so that the poorest woman in the land had the pleasure of feeling that one day in her life she had been smart.

In Pagan days, when Rolf married King Erik's daughter, the King and Queen sat throned in state, whilst courtiers passed in front, offering gifts of oxen, cows, swine, sheep, and even cats. A shield, sword, and axe were among the bride's wedding outfit, that she might, if necessary, defend herself from her husband's blows.

Chambers opens out about roses (and assuredly this is the month for roses, lilies, and irises). He says, "June has come, bending beneath her weight of roses, to ornament the halls and bowers which summer has hung with green."

"We think," he says, "of Herrick's Sappho, and how the roses were always white until they tried to rival her fair complexion, and blushing for shame because they were vanquished, have ever since remained red; of Shakespeare's Juliet, musing as she leant over the balcony in the moonlight, and thinking that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet. We see Milton's Eve in Eden standing half veiled in a cloud of fragrance, so thick the blushing roses round about her blow. And Chaucer's Emilie, whom we see pacing the garden in the early morning, whilst, as

she gathers roses carefully, she thrusts among the thorns her little hand."

As to the "natural" aspect of the month, it has been well called "a sweet maid of seventeen," just blossoming, as it were, into beauty. It is the "leafy month of June." The chestnut, laburnum, lilac and syringa vie with the wild flowers. This remark I heartily endorse, and that is, that June is what the poets *imagine* May to be. The beauty which we picture to be in May is often in June. Birds, bees, butterflies, and flowers abound.

> "Then, if ever, come perfect days;
> Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
> And o'er it softly her warm ear lays."

Yellow flag, furze, broom, forget-me-not, are still blooming.

> "It is the high tide of the year,
> And whatever of life hath ebbing, away
> Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer."

> "And whether we look or whether we listen,
> We hear life murmur and see it glisten."

How beautiful the honeysuckle is, falling over the garden wall, with its lovely smell; and the dragon-flies flying in and out, whilst the beautiful sunshine makes life a fairyland. A lovely June is beautiful beyond anything, for all is at its height.

> "We walk in the warm shade and feel right well
> How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
> We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
> That skies are clear and the grass is growing."

Then that lovely Rose of Sharon! What a treat it is to find it! If the Druids liked it and the superstitious felt it lifted the curtain of the coming year, I never wonder. I call it sweetly pretty. I have ordered roots several times, but somehow the soil does not suit them; but I call them distinctly exquisite, their petals being so very striking. And the wild strawberry, the children's delight, so beautifully depicted in Fred Morgan's picture of the boy and girl. I believe it is called strawberry from its habit of straying, and nothing in the world to do with straw, as some think. But I liked, when I was a boy, to find the foxglove; that is one of the loveliest of our wild flowers. How the humble bee dives into each cup on its way up the stalk. They say it is called "folks'-glove," from the idea of its being hand

SKYLARK.

Pretty songster, my mother's up there,
Far, far away on high;
Shall you tell her I'm lonely down here,
And telephone to her my sigh?

Page 128. *Photo by kind permission of Messrs. Bamforth, Publishers, Holmfirth.*

coverings for the fairies; it is a flower at which children wonder. The botanical name is *digitalis*. I have read somewhere that it has got its name from the fox, and is a spotted glove. They are very fine in the rockery at Kew Gardens, and near Llangollen there is said to be a most superb display. Of course, though it is a garden flower, yet it is an English wildling, and its near sister is a calceolaria. But to go near a spot where you can see moon-daisies, with wild roses on the hedges and convolvulus intertwining, is a very pretty sight.

Wild clematis—or to speak of its other name, "travellers' joy"—various orchids, and meadowsweet, what a realistic scene! Artists love to paint a girl gathering meadowsweet, and the idea seems very natural.

But it is "hay month," and all the grass fields are being laid low. Soon the children will be burying themselves in the hay, and having a healthy, pleasant afternoon in the air. The rabbits and field-mice have got out of danger; and then the laden hay cart wends its way across the field.

In his most lovely work on the flowers, Step says—

> "Oh, could I walk round the earth,
> With a heart to share my mirth,
> With a look to love me ever;
> Thoughtful much, but sullen never.
> I would be content to see
> June, and no variety.
> Loitering here and living there,
> With a book and frugal fare;
> Work at morn and mirth at noon,
> And sleep beneath the sacred moon."—*Hunt.*

For the birds do sing so beautifully—the nightjar, butcher-bird, chaffinch, yellow bunting, and skylark. One can scarcely credit that in Holland they will put chaffinches in cages and sear their eyes out with hot irons to make them sing. If it had been the butcher-bird, who impales beetles, bees, mice, and lizards, one would not have stared so, but that "man" could become such a butcher is wonderful. But there is another equal disgrace, and that is, that the fastidious appetite of man should desire to eat the skylark, and that the songster of the sky should be killed in hundreds to satisfy the appetite of the rich is, I consider, a standing disgrace. To give you an idea of the friendliness of the bird I must tell you a very short story—it reminds me of the robin.

A skylark was being chased by that brutal though fashionable bird of old times, viz., the hawk; but he perched on the saddle of a horseman. Here was trust! And he will carry his young away on his back when a field is being mown. I call it a most beautiful bird.

> "Emblem of happiness, blessed be thy dwelling-place!
> Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

But none has ever yet touched Shelley in his most magnificent and heavenly ode to the bird. This is unearthly in its simplicity and beauty—

> "In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er where clouds are brightening,
> Thou dost float and run;
> Like an embodied joy whose race
> Is only just begun.
> With thy clear, keen joyance,
> Languor cannot be;
> Shadow of annoyance
> Never came near thee."

And yet the snarer of birds and the sportsman can take its life.

Shelley's description of its gay and gushing music is perhaps finer than the preceding—

> "Sound of vernal showers
> On the twinkling grass;
> Rain awakened flowers
> All that ever was
> Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.
>
> "Teach me half the gladness
> That thy brain must know,
> Such harmonious madness
> From my lips would flow,
> The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

I think persons who do not love the country and its flowers, the bees and butterflies, a lovely scenery of hill above and valley beneath, a starlit sky, a meadow-bank, a running stream, who do not love the songs of birds and the sounds of children at play, the may-field, the harvest field, and beautiful music, cannot enjoy one quarter there is to enjoy in life. I forget what theatrical play this was in, but it struck me so very much. A countryman was strolling down the road; all was beautiful around him, and he said "he had the King's highway, and wanted no more." It is enjoying what is here "that is good," and not riches, nor

influence, nor dances, nor dinner parties; and withal to love one's fellow-creature. Webb writes a lovely ode to June—

> "Good-bye, bright June and all its smiling hours,
> With sounds of birds and streams, of leaves and wings;
> And run of rills and bubble of cool springs,
> And hourly bursts of pretty buds to flowers,
> And buzz of happy bees in violet bowers,
> And gushing lay of lovely lark who sings
> High in the silent sky and steels his wings,
> And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
> Answered in fondest yearnings by his dam,
> And cuckoos call from solitary woods."

And now let us picture a pedestrian or a cyclist roaming through the country in June. He passes many public-houses. What does he see? All sorts of signs, and many he cannot understand. Let us look at one or two. The "Bull and Gate." This originally meant the Boulogne Gate. We were proud of capturing Boulogne, in France, and many public-houses were named "Boulogne Gate" and then it became "Bull and Gate." Then "Bag o'Nails." This meant followers of Bacchus, or Bacchanals. It was the custom to put a bush over a door to show wine could be obtained there, and so we have "Good wine needs no bush," or advertisement; whilst the "Goat and Compasses" means "God encompasseth us," and the Rev. Ditchfield, in his book on "English Villages," to whom I am indebted for this information, also says that the curious mixing of names arose in this way. An apprentice when he set up for himself adopted some "sign" and then joined it to his old master's sign, and so we get the "Goose and Gridiron," the "Fox and Seven Stars." I call this extremely interesting.

WHIT SUNDAY.

This festival commemorates, we all know, the story of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, and was engrafted by the Jewish Christians on the festival of Pentecost. In mediæval English the word "Whit Sunday" was spelt "White Sunday" and "Wit Sunday," the first name coming from the white garments of the baptised, and the second from the wit or wisdom given to the Church by the Holy Ghost. In 1549 the Book of Common Prayer was first used in English instead of the Latin Offices, in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost. In some

churches a dove was suspended over the Communion Table, and in others cloven tongues. At the Passover the first sheaf of corn was offered to God, with a prayer for the harvest; at Pentecost two loaves of the first bread were offered as a thanksgiving for the harvest; in mediæval Western Europe Whitsuntide was a period of great festivity.

It was one of the great festivals of the Kings and great chieftains of mediæval romance. It is said of King Arthur, so commemorated by Tennyson in his "Morte d'Arthur," that at this feast he would not go to meat till he had heard some great marvel. It was the great festival of tilt and tournament.

> "In Somer at Whitsontyde,
> Whan knightes most on horsebacke ride,
> A cours let they make on a daye,
> Steedes and palfraye for to assaye
> Whiche horse that best may ren."

And also for "Whitsun ales" and "Morris Dancers." Our ancestors had parochial meetings, under the auspices of the churchwardens, in some barn near the church, agreeing to be friends all the year. The squire and lady came with a "pipe and tabor," making it a kind of picnic, and from the sale of the ale there was a fund for "church expenses."

The "Morris Dancers" have been described on May Day, and so well known were they that in Henry V.'s reign the Dauphin of France was twitting England thus—"Let us do it with no show of fear, nor with no more than if we heard that England was busied with a Whitsun 'Morris Dance.'"

There were Whitsun mysteries at Chester, and monks were the actors. They were usually performed in churches, but also in the open air, cemeteries, squares, and market-places, and they used to be very costly. One at Palermo comprised the entire story of the Bible from the Creation to the Incarnation. But this will show how it was constituted or composed — the Creator and His angels occupied the first stage, the saints next, and the actors the lowest. Then there was Hell, with the cries of the lost, and devils used to crack jokes.

"The Ark and Noah," "The Shepherds of Bethlehem," the play of "Ezekiel, Antichrist," were very favourite subjects.

Then there was Whit Sunday fête at Naples. This was the

centre of attraction in a church near Avelino, Naples. Vehicles of all sorts were decorated with boughs of trees; a bullock and an ass drew the carriages; numerous merry-makers bore sticks, and danced with flowers and pictures of the Madonna. These festivities were traced to certain usages of their Greek ancestry, very likely related to Bacchanalian festivities.

QUARTER-STAFF AND OTHER GAMES AT WHITSUNTIDE.

The quarter-staff was a tough piece of wood some eight feet long; one hand grasped the middle and the other the end, and with these the combatants fenced, but the main idea was to strike one another on the head.

THE WHISTLER.—A prize was given to one who could whistle a tune whilst someone was distracting him in front.

THE JUNGLER.—He rang a bell, and had to elude his blind-folded companions. This seems to be "blind-man's buff."

THE PIG.—A pig had a soaped tail. If anyone could hold the tail without touching another part whilst the pig was running he kept the pig.

BELL-RINGING.

As this is the month for marriage I think a word or two on bell-ringing is appropriate. Much has of late been said against bell-ringing, and in a sense it is just. In towns it does seem that there might be less ringing of bells during the day. But now about the country. When I was vicar of Ancaster I considered the peal of five bells was extremely pretty; and the ringers of those bells certainly performed their work with great credit. But when you think of the belfry and reflect how in many churches it has been given over almost as a nesting-place for bats, it seems a disgraceful state of things. Bells have commemorated events in history; they have rung at the departure of the aged, and at the marriage of the young, and they are entitled to veneration. In Ireland, probably, there were bells in 493. The earliest missionary preachers had, I expect, portable bells. King Egbert commanded every clergyman to sound the bells and read prayers on Sunday. In 1060 there were eighteen bells with chimes in Exeter Cathedral, and we all

know about the Conqueror's curfew bell when all lights had to be extinguished at eight o'clock.

The earliest bells have simple dedications to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Inscriptions on Others.

Here is an inscription on a Somerset bell—

"My treble voice makes hearts rejoice."

A Rutland bell—

"Not noise, but love, sings in the ear of God."

Ashover, Derbyshire—

"This old bell rang the downfall of Buonaparte and broke, 1814."

Binstead, Hants—

"Dr. Nicolas gave £5 to make this peal tunable and strong."

Blakeley, Northampton—

"I ring to sermon with a lovely tune,
That all may come and none may stay at home."

Another church in Somersetshire—

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave I summon all."

And I may here record a wonderful perversion of words. You have heard the strange remark—"Nine tailors make a man." Now, it has nothing to do with tailors; but nine "tellers" make a man, or nine tolls are rung for the death of a man.

ST. JOHN'S DAY (Midsummer-Day, 24th June).

On the eve of St. John's Day both old and young used to sally forth from the villages to the neighbouring heights, and there, amid much laughter, they lit a huge bonfire; they danced round the logs and leapt through the flames. Now this rite appears to be a relic of Paganism. The idea of leaping through the flames was a superstitious idea to ward off sickness. The Roman shepherds used to leap through the midsummer blaze, in honour of Pales. The Scandinavians lit their bonfires in honour of Odin and Thor, and the passing through the flames reminds us of Baal and Moloch, who used to pass their children through the fire. Probably the fires, says the Rev. Ditchfield, were lighted

Page 129. HAYTIME.

Page 224. PICKING BLACKBERRIES.

in honour of the sun, which our forefathers worshipped before they became Christians. The practice of lighting the fires was general among all European nations, and not long ago, comparatively, from Norway to the Mediterranean shore the lights of fires might have been seen. In remote parts of England farmers lit wisps of straw, and carried them about their fields to protect themselves from the tare, the darnel, and the devil and witches.

All these customs are relics of the old fire and sun worship.

I will quote poetry about the fires—

> "The goodly buildings that till then did hide
> Their rich array, opened their windows wide,
> Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
> Whose bright pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
> Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
> How every senator in his degree,
> Adorned with shining gold and purple weeds,
> And stately mounted on rich trapped steeds,
> Their guard attending, through the streets did ride."

The people were accustomed, too, to go into the fields and woods and, breaking branches of trees, hang them over their doors in honour of St. John. And even now the Irish believe that the souls of all people on this night quit their bodies and wander to the place, by land or sea, where death shall separate them from the tenement of clay. At Magdalen College, Oxford, a sermon was preached from the stone pulpit in the corner of the quadrangle, to represent the preaching of St. John. In 1896 the old custom of preaching the outdoor sermon was revived, and is kept up annually, provided the weather is fine enough.

TENNIS AND LAWN TENNIS.

I suppose very many persons who play lawn tennis forget that it is the offspring of the old game of tennis, which was a most fashionable Court game in olden days. From the thirteenth century to Louis XIV.'s time it was at its height. Of course France was its home, and you see that from the name, as it comes from the word "tennise," and it was called "Le roi des jeux et la jeu des rois," the king of games and the game of kings. In England Henry VII., Henry VIII. and Charles II. were devoted to the game. It appears to have commenced as "hand-ball," the ball being driven backwards and forwards by the hand. Then

gloves were used, and then players bound cords round their hands to send the ball further.

The most famous tennis court appears to have been at the lovely part of Paris, viz., Versailles, in which the French National Assembly was held in 1879; and it was sometimes called "court tennis." At the present time there appear to be only thirty-one courts in England. But the game, as I say, that everyone knows, is lawn tennis, and so most people aspire to a lawn tennis ground, and this has superseded the old game and become very fashionable, so that we are always hearing, "Do you play tennis?"

It is said to have been introduced into England by Major Wingfield in 1874. It has become "faster," like everything in the age, and the net has been lowered from five feet and four feet in the middle to three feet six and three feet in the middle. Of course, everyone knows that it is generally played on grass on a marked-out court. Men's rackets are about 14½ ounces, and women's 13½ ounces, and the balls made of hollow india-rubber covered with white cloth.

Lawn tennis championship matches now occupy a good many days. It is essentially a society game, and therefore is played, and is so well played, by ladies and gentlemen. Of course, opinions differ; but to my mind, there is no comparison between that and the joy of driving a ball to the boundary, or hitting a head ball to square leg, or cutting a late ball swiftly through the fields at cricket. Still many, apart altogether from a society game, prefer it to cricket.

CAMELLIA.

Named after Camellus, a Moravian Jesuit who collected plants in the Philippine Islands. Camellias may be propagated by cuttings. In China and Japan they are cultivated in the open air, also in the Channel Islands; but very few seem to know that the Camellia is a "tea plant"; in fact the true tea plant is a Camellia. I suppose, therefore, if one were hard up for tea, and had a Camellia or two in the greenhouse, you could use the leaves; but I think its fragrance is sufficient for most people.

If planted out in a spacious conservatory and encouraged to grow freely, it becomes a most splendid shrub.

But it is not easy to cultivate it; any slight mistake, like overheat, and all the buds drop off. I have one just coming into bud now in my conservatory, and it is February.

It must not be watered with stagnant water, nor must the roots get dry.

IRISES.

Very suitably have irises been compared to orchids, which they rival in colour, fragrance and beauty, if not in peculiarity and grotesqueness of form, and why they are so comparatively neglected I do not know, for they are not expensive.

In this family there are English, German, Spanish, Japanese, and Crimean.

The German Iris is my favourite, with its gay bright yellowish flowers; but there are shades of blue, purple, lilac, lavender, brown, orange, buff and grey. The Spanish are sky blue, and of these there is a surprising variety. The Spanish Iris, *Ziphium vulgare*, resembles the English Iris. The Japanese is the iris of the florists, because it produces such magnificent flowers and in every variety of colour, and the Crimean Irises are used for edging flower beds; they are of dwarf growth and flower freely. There are shades of purple, dark blue, pale blue, yellow and white. The yellow iris, or corn flag, is abundant throughout Britain. The Persian Iris, Snake's-head Iris, are much esteemed and the roots are annually exported from Holland.

Iris was a messenger of the Gods, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra. She is represented on vases as a youthful winged virgin dressed in a long tunic, with a herald's staff and pitcher in her hand, and she was transformed into a rainbow, and we know the broad coloured ring in the eye is called "iris," and the hues of the rainbow are seen in the eye—

> "Bespeaking our fears, dissolving in tears,
> And looking through colours of love."

Hence our eye, which is the source of our knowledge of colour, is a symbol of Iris.

Clara Thwaites writes thus—

> "The Iris bloomed amid her peers,
> A glory through the passing years,
> A chalice for the summer tears.

"And there in stately grace she grew,
An oriflamme of gorgeous hue,
Beneath the skies of tender blue.

"And none could dream that on her breast
She bore the symbol closely prest,
Which wins a weary world to rest.

"She hinted at the gathering gloom,
The drops of blood, the fearful doom.
The agony, the death, the tomb.

"And thus the Iris in her death,
Confesses with her latest breath
The cross, the passion, and her faith."

JESSAMINE.

The Arabic for this plant is "Ysmyn," and the Persian name, "Jäsemin." It is variously called jasmin, jessamine, and jess. It comes from Asia Minor and the East Indies, and is a particular favourite in England on account of its singularly beautiful and delicate odour. Gerard speaks of it as a wall shrub and for arbours as far back as 1597. It is considered to be a relative of the olive.

But there is one very pretty idea (which I must not omit) connected with the jessamine. It is thought that in prophetic utterances, "the stem," "the root," "the rod," and "the branch of Jesse" were associated with some plant that had the value of a symbol, and in the east window of a church at Dorchester there is a representation of the "Tree of Jesse," and it is met with in the reredos and east windows of other churches. There are yellow and white kinds, but our great favourite is the white. If taken care of, the delicious fragrance of its flower recompenses any trouble you may take. Few insects are attracted to it, which is singular. Nor does the garden white have the bee or butterfly.

Moore, however, the Irish poet, says thus—

"When o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they,
Chasing with eager hands and eyes
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems."

And Cowper—

"The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep, dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

SYRINGA.

It is no use running away from an old name when we are used to it, and to tell everyone that what they call syringa is not syringa; that lilac is syringa and like the olives; and syringa is mock orange and like the myrtle; and that Linnæus called the mock orange "philadelphus."

Whatever we call it, it is a lovely-smelling plant, and its perfume is good for the health. They seem to embody with the lilac, lilies, and others, the highest glories of Spring, and our flowering trees are the finest, or amongst the finest, flowers of Spring.

For the white flowers of the syringa are like huge pearls set on a groundwork of green leaves, and relatives of the mock orange are the deutzia, ribes, and hydrangeas. These shrubs appear to be limited to the northern hemisphere.

PASSION FLOWER.

This plant has received its name from fanciful persons imagining they can see in it the emblems of our Lord's Passion. In tropical countries it is cultivated for its fruit, and its proper home is South America and the adjacent isles. But what sort of fruit has a passion flower? The sweet calabash of the West Indies is one. The laurel-leaved granadilla is called by the English (when it bears fruit) "water lemon." It is a large yellow pulp eaten in Jamaica with wine and sugar. The passion flower *incarnata* produces a sort of orange-coloured fruit.

The blue passion flower which we know best was produced in the seventeenth century.

Now as to the emblems of our Lord's Passion. The leaf is supposed to represent the spear; the five stamens represent the crown of thorns; the threads projecting all round represent the scourge; the stigmas (nail-headed in appearance) are the nails; the ten outer leaves of the flower are the Apostles (Peter and Judas being left out); whilst the coloured circles are rays of glory.

Garden books call it easy to rear. I think it is not. When once it has taken good hold of growth it may be, but it is not when small.

In tropical countries they scramble over trees, dropping with rich gaily coloured flowers in great profusion.

In the land of Brazil, which has so enriched us with palms, begonias and orchids, we can see twining plants riot in the moist woods and festooning the lower acclivities of the mountains. There are flesh-coloured, white, scarlet, crimson, yellow and purple passion flowers.

THE PÆONY.

This is what is called a good old garden flower. You do not see it quite so much now, though there are many new kinds. I don't know why, unless it be that it lasts such a short time and soon tumbles. Some derive its name from "Pæon," a physician who used it to cure Pluto of a wound inflicted by Hercules. Others say it comes from "Paion," a Greek name for Apollo, the god of medicine. But its medicinal properties (supposed to lie in the roots) are now disregarded. It is of the Ranunculus order, and is very hardy. It is a very general plant, coming from China, Turkey, Siberia, Spain, Portugal, England, the Crimea, the Himalayas, Levant, Sicily; its flowers are white, rose, scarlet, crimson, and yellow; and we may especially, I think, call it a June plant. It likes sheltered nooks and sunny shrubberies. The Chinese pæony is a tree pæony, and can grow to twelve feet high, producing the most gorgeous flowers. The black seeds are in some countries strung into beads and hung round the necks of children to help them to cut their teeth.

HONEYSUCKLE.

What a fondness everyone has for the honeysuckle! We feel that a bowl of honeysuckle on the breakfast table or tea table is such a fresh, sweet-smelling, lovely addition. We associate it with our English cottage gardens as growing up trellis work, falling over a summer-house or over a garden wall. Or we associate it with lovely luxuriant hedges, such as you see in Devonshire, where there is not that greed of space, and hedges are allowed to luxuriate and are not made mere divisions by thorns of one field from another, such as you see in Lincolnshire. It is a Japan flower, from where we get so many lovely flowers.

The "woodbine" of Shakespeare was convolvulus probably, and not the honeysuckle, for we read—

> "I will wind thee in my arms,
> So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
> Gently entwist."

And as Ben Jonson says—

> "Behold! how the blue bindweed
> Doth itself enfold with honeysuckle,
> And both these entwine
> Themselves with briony and jessamine."

And I suppose when Henry IV. calls Falstaff a "honeysuckle villain," he meant that he had an entwining way by his fair words. But elsewhere the honeysuckle is mentioned in "Much Ado about Nothing," where we think of a summer-house or a lady's bower with honeysuckle falling over.

> "Steal into the pleachèd bower,
> Where the honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter, like favorites
> Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
> Against that power that bred it."

It is, no doubt, the twisted eglantine of Milton. Its nearest relatives are the viburnum and elder. It is called "caprifolium," or "goat leaf," from its tendency to climb.

CACTUSES.

The cactuses are all natives without exception of South America, and their extraordinary forms give a remarkable character to the vegetation of the warmer regions. Mexico may be described as their special home, and there they run riot in hot, sandy places, or barricade, we may say, a mountain pass with their prickles. Their flowers are very showy; they have a bulky stem which stores great quantities of water, and so in rocky and desert places they are a reserve against drought to man and animals. Travellers relate how herds of half-wild horses break down branches with their hoofs to quench their thirst; but beside that the fleshy cacti are eaten in Mexico by cattle, being bruised first with their hoofs to crush the spines.

The Phyllo cactus is a leafy cactus, a melo cactus like a melon, and an echino cactus like a hedgehog. The leaf-flowering cacti

are the most useful, being of rapid growth and flowering freely and gaily, and requiring no particular care for the winter.

The *Cereus grandiflora* has a flower which opens at dark and is finished at morning. In winter cacti require a really generous soil, the fullest light and very little water. They require, too, safety from frost and freedom from their enemy the snail. Some hardy species will grow in the chinks of old walls, and in summer must have liberal supplies of water, and if they show signs of fine flower, weak liquid manure may be given. They are often kept short of sustenance, and that is why you see such poor blooms sometimes.

What is cochineal? This is an insect which feeds on the prickly pear cactus in Mexico. Numbers of eggs are put on leaves of the cactus, and when fully grown the grubs are scraped off, boiled, and put in the sun. They are then made into paints. When mixed they make the colour called "carmine." These insects are called "coccus" because they feed on the cacti. A pound of cochineal contains seventy thousand of them, but certainly the cochineal industry has suffered through the introduction of aniline dyes.

CLEMATIS.

The first idea of clematis is to every child, naturally, the one they know wild, viz., the clematis tumbling over the tops of hedges in lovely flower and scent. Writing of this, Hulme says most beautifully, the "Traveller's Joy" is a most appropriate name, because it is a joy to travellers. When we see it in our glorious English hedgerows it is without parallel in all the world for distinctiveness and beauty. It is a glorious weed, more especially in Kent and Buckinghamshire, for it is a lover of chalk and limestone. After having made a wealth of flowers it changes the scene and makes any amount of soft, feathery, silky down for the field-mice to line their nests. But it has been called "virgin's bower," and "ladies' bower," in honour of Queen Elizabeth and also of the Virgin Mary. In the late autumn, when it becomes silky, it is called "old man's beard," and the stems will keep thus all the winter. It is found in all parts of Europe, from Holland to the South, and its popularity is shown by its having two hundred different names in European languages. The

Page 143. AN ARCHWAY OF ROSES.

word clematis is from the word "clema," a vine, or climber. We have the same in Dutch, "chimbol," the ivy, so really it is a generic term for all climbing plants. The honeysuckle is the best climber, so it is called "woodbinde," but the vine and clematis are made to climb. It is of the ranunculus order of plants, which is, I think, very apparent. There is a beautiful evergreen species from New Zealand with pure white flowers which is one of the handsomest greenhouse flowers, and the *Clematis flammula* from Northern Africa, with likewise white flowers and a strong honey-like smell, is virgin's bower.

There is also a lovely popular purple clematis, a reddish violet, deep claret, and reddish lilac, and all are splendid adornments for conservatories, entrance halls, verandahs, walls of houses and cottages. Then there is the lovely mountain clematis of the Himalayas. It is a free-flowering climbing shrub, suitable for a wild luxuriance. Its flowers are like those of *Anemone sylvestris*, and it has been catalogued as *Anemoni Flora*, and *Odorata*, in allusion to its lovely odour. It grows flowers in abundance. There is also the winter clematis, a most beautiful climber, running twenty feet high, and producing during the winter flowers of a greenish-white with purple spots. The evergreen virgin's bower rarely ever gets over fifteen feet. There was one in the open air at Chelsea Gardens for more than fifty years. Again, we have the scarlet virgin's bower; the flowers are bell-shaped, wax-like and a brilliant scarlet colour. And it is not too much to say there is scarcely any flower—certainly no climbing flower—which is more general or more beloved than the clematis.

ROSES.

There is no apology needed for writing about roses, but I feel I must apologise for writing so imperfectly about them. Still, though roses seem to flower all the year, June was considered to be the rose month by the Greeks and Romans. The rose was connected with scenes of revelry and licentiousness, dedicated to Venus, Bacchus, and Cupid; and so we have the word "sub-rosa." It has no English name, rose being, of course, Latin. If it had a name it was called "brier." After the tenth century it was called "rose," leaving the word "brier" for the bush.

The English point to the thorn in the rose as showing the treacherous character of things earthly; and so we have the remark, "No pleasure without pain." *Rosa inter spinos* and *per tribulum cœlum.* I must thank the Rev. Ellacombe for these ideas in his "Gloucestershire Garden." The rose, any way, is the favourite of poets, and the emblem of England, and to it belong our fruit trees, and even the bramble of September. Shakespeare says—

> "Of colour like the red rose of triumphant brier;
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

The Romans dedicated the rose to Venus, and we are told Aurora had rosy fingers; then Helen, fair and frail, had cheeks like a rose. And we read of rosy arms, rosy necks, and rosy feet. Cleopatra had the floor covered with roses one and a half feet thick; and Nero spent, at a feast, £30,000 on roses.

Its associations are with sorrow and joy—

> "How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
> Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower;
> The bridal day, the festival, the tomb,
> Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower."

Even the Esquimaux adorn their hair and their raiment of deerskin with rose blossoms. The Creoles twine white roses among their sable locks; whilst Dean Hole says, "the tigers of Bengal and the crocodiles of the Ganges lie in roses." I suppose there is no flower which is out every month like the rose can be, unless we except the daisy. We call the rose "queen of flowers," although this has been disputed by the lily.

I do not know who wrote these lines, but they are very good—

> "The nymph must lose her female friend
> If more admired than she;
> But where will fierce contention end
> If flowers can disagree?
>
> "Within the garden's peaceful scene,
> Appeared two lovely foes,
> Aspiring to the rank of queen—
> The lily and the rose.
>
> "The rose soon reddened into rage,
> And, swelling with disdain,
> Appealed to many a poet's page
> To prove her right to reign.

"The lily's height bespoke command,
A fair, imperial flower;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

"This civil bickering and debate,
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

"'Yours is,' she said, 'the noble hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.'

"Thus soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there."

But who knows of a more lovely sight than a rose show? Cabbage roses, Marechal Niel, perpetual roses, York and Lancaster, Chinese roses, rock roses, Duke of Edinburgh, climbing roses (crimson rambler), moss roses, Banksia, William Allan Richardson, Gloire de Dijon, Charles Lawson; but when I name even these, I am only naming a very few. Says the poet—

"They have travelled to our rose show,
From north, south, east, and west;
By rail, by road, with precious load
Of the flower they love the best.

"From dusk to dawn, from night to morn,
They've dozed, 'mid clank and din,
And woke with cramp in both their legs,
And bristles on their chin."

One nice point is, all can compete; but the prizes go to "hard-worker," says the late Dean Hole. And he goes into ecstacies over roses in "Old Nottingham." Certainly for flowers in the country Nottingham is wonderful; but Dean Hole speaks of the "roses there"—"and flowers for every season." "First," he said, "they had Christmas roses, aconites, and laurustinus, then mezereon, erica, and berberis."

Now the mezereon is a beautiful, distinctly beautiful, early spring shrub. The berberis I never much care for; but I suppose Darwin's berberis is much admired. And after mentioning the spring flowers he says, "The Nottingham florists are very successful in their cultivation of the rose, and the *artisans* have developed a great taste for roses." He states how they rise early

and go to bed late for their roses, and spend money on dragging coal there.

"Thirty thousand," he says, "take an active interest in their gardens. And besides their residential gardens, there are ten thousand allotments close to the town." He says in his book on roses that he asked some mechanic how he managed to buy his roses, and the answer was, "By keeping from the beer-shop." And then Dean Hole quotes these lovely typical lines—

"Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him from his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.

"Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the humblest thoughts and feelings.
What can satin vest do more?"

But to condense my few remarks. I will say of the musk rose what Milton says—

"The sweetest flower wild Nature yields,
A fresh blown musk rose."

But it is not wild, North India and the Himalayas being probably its home. It is sweetly pretty. The moss rose was this great grower's favourite. "Amongst your joys," he says, "grow the moss rose; it will yield lovely flowers, long retaining their *premier jeunesse*." The neglected cabbage rose is the red rose of England.

The Banksia is styled by Dean Hole "a button-hole Venus." The York and Lancaster roses are so-called because of the impartial stripes of red and white. They are a variety of the Damascene. (At the time of the Wars of the Roses there were probably only wild roses and briers.) They are larger than a carnation, but certainly they remind you of one. But I fancy we are all fond of the sweetbrier. We like to pick its scented leaves (as we do the oak-leaved geranium) and press them in our handkerchief. And it is, everyone should note—a splendid point to remember—for one's health to grow sweet-scented flowers in our gardens.

Let me name some—sweetbrier, oak-leaf geranium, musks, sweet pea, wallflower, stock, honeysuckle, heliotrope, jasmine, lilies, roses, pinks.

Lastly, we must not forget the dog rose or dag rose—the most familiar rose to every country child—often his only rose. How beautiful that makes our country hedges; and the founder of all roses and of most fruit trees is said to be the little cinquefoil with its small yellow rose.

But what beats, after all, the pretty rustic cottage garden? The trellised porch all hanging with roses, with butterflies, bees and birds in abundance. I have travelled in not a few countries in Europe, and I always love to get back to dear old England, and see its beautiful grassy meadows, its picturesque hedges, and its lovely cottage gardens. Switzerland is picturesque with its snow-clad mountains and prettily dotted peasants' houses in the valleys; and Austria is grand. In Italy and Southern France you see the oranges and geraniums growing everywhere; but for homely simplicity and picturesque beauty give me my native land. And after all this is true—

> "Is there a man with soul so dead,
> That never to himself hath said,
> 'This is my own, my native land'?"

LILIES.

The immortal speech of our Saviour, "Consider the lilies of the field," has certainly made our natural love of lilies much greater than it would have been but for those words, although it is granted that the word "lily" was an all-embracing word, and probably had nothing to do with the lily as we know it. Palestine is the land of lilies; in no other country is there such a profusion. When Spring renews the face of the earth, lilies are the first flowers to appear. Even in January, the fields, woods, and hills (says Macmillan) burst into a blaze of crocuses, fritillaries, hyacinths, tulips and daffodils, surpassing the splendour of Solomon's robes, and produce—as he poetically says—"a terrestrial rainbow amid the winter gloom of the earth, and load the air with fragrance, springing up even on the barest and stoniest spots, and by their glowing coronets and graceful foliage strikingly contrasting with the nakedness and sober hue of the rest of the landscape, Bethel revelations of a higher world of bloom and beauty, as if the Elysian fields of amaryllids and asphodels had come down to earth." He says that the plain of Sharon, the

lower slopes of Lebanon, are illumined with gorgeous gleams of white, scarlet, and golden lilies; and wherever the lilies are, there you see graceful gazelles, because of the grass and succulent herbs that grow near.

The Jews of old had a land, pre-eminently a flowering land, twice as many flowers growing there as in England. In the early months of the year you cannot see the ground for them; bright flowers bring the bees, and the bees increase the flowers.

Dr. Tristram says how uncertainly we can fix on any flower and say, "This is the lily Christ meant." The word translated "lily" comes in, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley; my love has gone down into His garden to gather lilies." The lily was one of the devices round the brazen sea in the temple of Solomon. In the New Testament our Lord says, "Consider the lilies of the field." Now, the "white lily" is not a native of Palestine at all; and the Arabs consider the lily referred to is a brilliantly-coloured flower, like tulips, anemones, ranunculus; and if the lilies surpassed Solomon's robes their idea seems right as to colour; also it is compared to "lips," which are red, so it may be the iris, or the gladiolus, of many shades of purple and dark red, which grow in the cornfields and olive yards. But, he says, the true floral glories of Palestine are the pheasant's-eye, the ranunculus, and anemone—the anemone coronoria of various colours, lilac, white, and red—but generally a brilliant scarlet is the most gorgeously painted, and he considers this is most likely the flower to which our Lord referred, for it covers the Mount of Olives, carpets the plains, and is most luxuriant by the Sea of Galilee. But after saying this much, let us speak of the lilies as we understand them. First of all, it is difficult to realise that the lily is related to the onion, and amongst the family are asphodel, tulip, snake's-head, Star of Bethlehem, lily of the valley, Solomon's seal, asparagus, and butcher's broom.

In past times there were not nearly so many known lilies. Dioscorides mentions two (second century) and Pliny three. In 1597 Gerard speaks of twelve species.

Shakespeare speaks often of the "white lily," "white as a lily," the "lily pale," "lily lips," "lily hands," "lily fingers." This beautiful flower, "the lily of the valley," how often it is sold in the streets of London and in the florists' shops, and I suppose none

A FRAGRANT CORNER.

Page 147.

of the lily family is so beloved. There is such a lovely smell about them, and such intense delicacy, such refinement, that if you wanted to take a lovely flower to a sick person, it would surely be the lily of the valley. Both the leaves and the flower are beautiful. You can pick many growing wild in Lincolnshire; but Anglo-Indians tell you that their servants will go out in the morning and bring in baskets full; and perhaps the best way to plant it here is in half wild places, where the primroses and violets flourish too. Its pollen is protected by the drooping of the flower, and it is fertilized by the bee. It has been called—

> "Our England's lily of the May,
> Our lily of the vale."

Thomson says—

> "Where scattered wild, the lily of the vale
> Her balmy essence breathes."

Keats—

> "Valley lilies whiter still than Leda's love,"

And Shelley says, very beautifully—

> "The Naiad-like lily of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
> That the light of the tremulous bells is seen
> Through the pavilions of tender green.
>
> "And the wand-like lily which lifted up
> As a moenad its moonlight-coloured cup,
> Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
> Gazed through clear dew on a tender sky."

The White Lily, after the lily of the valley, is the one with which we are most familiar. In Canticles we read, "My Beloved has gone down to His garden to the beds of spices, to feed in the garden and gather lilies. I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; He feedeth among the lilies." The white lily has a spicy odour, and has been dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and in Ireland you see gardens full, as symbolical of their faith. The common white lily is one of the noblest as well as commonest flowers of the English garden (and is a native of the Levant), and wherever it is planted judiciously it flowers freely. Ben Jonson calls it "the plant and flower of light."

Leigh Hunt says, "There is a golden dawn issuing out of the white lily in the rich yellow of the stamens; moreover, the silvery glistening of the petals makes them shine with a light of their

own lustrous dazzling whiteness, which gains warmth from the stamens with their rich orange glow." "And you generally," says Forbes Watson, "see them bespotted with lady birds."

Of the Lily family, the asphodels are a classical flower of Greece. They cover the bleakest hillsides with enduring blossom, whence their association with Grecian mythology, and thence with the Elysian fields. The flowers taper up to the top like the foxglove. The ixias of Africa are now very great favourites for table decoration in hotels, having flowers of all shades of colour and singularly beautiful. The flower will flourish in the Channel Islands, and requires very sunny spots. The lily of the field, the scarlet martagon, is at any rate one of those to which our Blessed Lord referred. In July it presents turban-shaped flowers of the most brilliant sealing-wax colour. The Crown Imperial is one of the old-fashioned flowers, its drooping head and its wealth of green leaves give it a very graceful appearance. The gardeners of Elizabeth's time thought a great deal of it, and Shakespeare quotes it.

JULY.

Spenser thus portrays July—

> "Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
> That all his garments he had cast away;
> Upon a lion raging yet with ire
> He boldly rode, and made him to obey.
> It was the beast that whilom did foray
> The Nemæan forest, till the amphitrionide
> Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
> Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
> Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide."

This was formerly called Quintilis, as the fifth month of the year. It was the natal month of Julius Cæsar, and it was Mark Antony who changed the name to the family name of Cæsar. He felt that it, being the hottest month, the more effectually denoted Julius as an appropriate leader of half the year. Our Saxon ancestors called it "heu monath" or "foliage month," also "hey monath," or "hay month," "maed monath," from the meads being in bloom; "Lida aftera" being the second month after the sun's descent. The days between July 3rd and August 11th are called "dog days," and dogs are muzzled. Last year it was 124° in the sun, followed by violent thunderstorms. This August it was 127°, and in America 110° in the shade.

The victories of Julius Cæsar in Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Africa, are well known, as also his frequent wars with Pompey.

About 55 B.C. he invaded our isle to get some knowledge of the country, defeating us in the next year, and crossing the "Tamesis," Thames. But Cæsar's triumph dated from the time when his portrait was struck on coins, when the month received his name and he the title of Imperator for life, then the whole Senate took an oath to watch over him when he was raised to the life of a god, and statues of him were placed in the Temple. He resolved plans for internal improvement, proposing to frame a digest of all the Roman laws; to establish public libraries; to drain the Pontine marshes; to enlarge the harbour of Ostia; to dig a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, and make an expedition against the tribes of the Danube. It is questionable

whether he desired to be king. However, Antony offered him the crown in public at the Feast of Lupercalia, but since the people did not seem in favour of it he refused it. Then the Roman aristocracy became jealous, and a conspiracy was started by Cassius and joined by his intimate friend Brutus, Julius Cæsar dying by the dagger of one Casca on the 15th March.

Cæsar defended himself at first, but when he saw his friend Brutus, his heart was broken, and, pulling his toga over him, he fell by Pompey's statue. He was an exceedingly gifted man, having the most extraordinary attainments. He was a good general, statesman, law-giver, orator, poet, historian, mathematician, and architect.

This month, then, of Julius, we rightly call the "sweet summer time."

> "The spirit of beauty unfurls her light,
> And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
> We know her track through the balmy air
> By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there."

Wherever you go, on field, hill, river or woodland glen, there all is lovely; blossoming flowers and trees are in plenty, and those bent on holiday find it hard to choose. "Where shall we go?" is the idea. First, the map is examined, and then the A.B.C. But wherever they go it is sure to be nice. Some fancy the country, where they can recline beneath low-bending or high-reaching trees; or near a stream, where they can see the small fish leap, or the dragon-flies flit over the surface, then a squirrel scamper down one tree and up another, or to stay in the country without doing anything—merely "resting." This is a holiday when you have been working hard. I feel I want a few days like that now, and here are the verses that occur to my mind—

> "A little brook went singing
> All through the summer hours;
> Ever a low, soft murmur
> It whispered to the flowers.
>
> "A child came to its marg'n,
> It sang its song to her;
> 'Fair child,' it said, 'I'm joyous,
> As all the flowers are.
>
> "'For life is glad and sunny,
> And who so gay as I?
> The flowers do kiss me as I pass
> Beneath this burning sky.

" 'Sometimes the flowerets wither;
I make them fresh again;
I bathe the thirsty willows
When falls no gentle rain.

" 'And anywhere and everywhere,
So that I do His will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still.' "

But yonder are water lilies. No boat has cut through their calm repose; no excursionist has spoiled their pristine beauty. There they are, cool, pure and lovely. A shower comes; the water falls in hurried drops upon the leaves, rolls along and topples over, as if to say "Nothing can hurt you!" How very silent they are, and how picturesque and lovely!

Then the keeper in the woods. How proud he is of his pheasant chicks! How he scatters the meal and minced meat in the oasis within the wood, and how they run to peck it up! He tends them with the utmost care, and yet when September comes these birds, which have had as tender care as many and many a child, are only a butt for the sportsman's gun, and they will know sweet freedom no more. And think of it as you will, all Nature seems on the same plan. One devours the other; or, if not, is shot down.

But look at the ferns (about which more in August). There were superstitions about them. By watching the fern on St. John's Eve one might hope to meet fairy benefactors and receive a purse of gold. Moreover, it is thought that fern seed properly gathered renders the bearer invisible. And, moreover, it is certainly a seed that will bring him who has it his utmost wishes.

On the common you see the "broom," the furze, bracken and heath, and the picturesque and pretty bramble-flower. And as to the beautiful heather, there is no need to view that only as a Scotch flower; it grows on the hills and moors of Surrey, and I often, as a boy, gathered it on Clifton Downs.

But the harebells. This is the flower that every child loves. It is such a lovely little flower, and it has such a particularly slender stalk. Sir Walter Scott calls it bluebell, but it is only the children's name for it. He says—

" When summer smiled on sweet Bunhill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the bluebells on Newark heath."

It is the most common of the British species of bell flower, and sometimes the flowers are white.

I like the scarlet pimpernel. It has been well called a very beautiful wayside blossom, and this dazzling small flower will bloom on the rim of the cart-rut. For simplicity it has no peer, only being beaten in colour by the poppy of the cornfield. Some, perhaps, may not know that it folds its flower up when rain is coming, and so is called the "poor man's barometer"; it closes at noon and opens at 7 a.m. So, at any rate, it is a clock as far as the latter hour is concerned.

The favourite tea of poor cottagers is the golden-coloured agrimony, but Chambers thinks so finely of it that he says, "Scarcely a leaf can be found, or shrub, or plant, to equal in beauty of form the agrimony, and if you bruise the leaf it smells like roses."

We feel we can stay in the country for days, and we do, and at last the Sabbath comes—

> "The day arrives, an angel Psalm
> With music fills the air;
> All tells of peace and breathes of balm,
> And draws our hearts to prayer;
> While Nature's glory lends us wings
> For pure and high imaginings."

There always seems to me something about the Sunday that makes the bees hum in the breeze, and the butterflies flit from flower to flower, more than on any other day; the stream flows quietly on and the birds seem to sing their Sunday hymn. Doubtless it is all fancy, but Nature does seem to lend a restful silence to the Sabbath Day.

Rider Haggard has such a pretty description of a quiet July evening that I will quote him. He says: "It is now so warm that one can sit out after dinner and gaze on the beauties of the garden in the dying day. One can feel the hush of night—no breeze moves, no leaf stirs, no bird sings, the bats flutter and wheel, the beetle wends its way home; over the lawn appears the ghostly shape of the hawking owl. This is all—the rest is sleep and silence, whilst above, the planets spring out singly; below, the tall many-coloured rods of the foxglove gather one hue of grey, and the golden iris flowers gleam like fallen stars, whilst the gloom is heavy with verbena, roses and flowering laurel."

But let us take one peep at the *seaside*. What a pity it is that boys and girls do not have their holidays in this month; it was, indeed, a mistake to make them later. Formerly, it was July that one saw the station crowded, and the spades, buckets and boats all packed up ready to go to the seaside, arriving probably at night, just, may be, in time to have one peep at the beach before going to bed, and there they heard the gentle ripple of the waves over the stones, or gazed at the fishing smacks or the little boats on the horizon. Next day they hurried out to make tunnels and castles on the sand, to find the various tree-like seaweeds, and, taking them home, pressed them out on paper and then fastened them down, and then the pleasure of finding the various shells, which they called, perhaps, "fan shells" or "nigger's teeth," and the stones which they had polished for a trifle; and one day to go out in a fine sailing boat for a short way, or a larger vessel with music on board till the coast was lost to sight. Or perhaps they found the sea pink, sea lavender, or wild celery, the mock samphire or sea-holly. But as pretty a sight as any was to see the fishing net pulled in and observe the hundreds of silver fish leaping in the air.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY (July 15th).

This is worthy of mention, as the idea is firmly rooted in many persons' minds that if it rains then it will rain for six weeks after; but the idea is not peculiar to England. In France, St. Mèdard's Day (June 8th), and the day of Saints Gervais and Protais (June 19th), have a similar character. Here is a French verse upon it—

> "S'il pleut le jour de Saint Mèdard,
> Il pleut quarante jours plus tard;
> S'il pleut le jour de Saint Gervais et de Saint Protais,
> Il pleut quarante jours après."

However, observation has proved what we might feel certain about, that there is no truth in the idea whatsoever.

Firstly, who was St. Swithin? He was born at Winchester in the year 800, and was a monk of the Abbey of Winchester, and after that, Archbishop of Winchester. On his death-bed he requested to be buried where the water from the "eaves" would drop on him. One hundred years after, it was thought a poor

place for him to have been buried in, and the clergy were going to move his bones when a tremendous storm burst forth, and continued for forty days. Others say it came from a primæval Pagan belief concerning the weather on some day about that time; and since then the idea has clung to St. Swithin's Day.

FLOWERS OF JULY.

As the flowers of July are so very numerous, and my book is beginning to assume large proportions, I propose to try and speak of several flowers which are great favourites, but not quite so prominent as some others more *en masse*.

THE CINERARIA.

A purely greenhouse flower, said to be allied to the ordinary groundsel, the canary's food. But it is a very tender plant and very troublesome, yet strikingly beautiful, and the splendid exhibitions of this plant which you see at the Temple Flower Show are truly wonderful. It is what we may call a very delicate plant; cold wind, frost, damp, are all very fatal to it; and then it gets infested with green fly and red spider. The flowers are grown from offsets and not seeds. Carter's nursery at the Temple Show had certainly the most lovely cinerarias.

THE BALSAM.

This is a favourite flower, but one to which I am not very partial, though I have often grown it. It is a native of damp, bushy places in the East Indies, and is considered to be a sub-order of geranium; cottagers are very fond of balsams. A touch of the seed pod when ripe will cause it to scatter its seed, and so it is called *Impatiens*. Some seeds are blown about and some carried away. The giant balsam will grow to twelve feet high. It is, of course, you may know, a rainy season plant, and makes a grand appearance.

THE CORNFLOWER.

This is said to have been the favourite flower of the Emperor of Germany, of the Franco-Prussian war, and was used from early times on wreaths and garlands. Its other names are the "happy peasant" and "blue-bottle." Where I see it most commonly is at Lord's, at the Oxford and Cambridge match, as a button-hole for Oxford partisans.

Writers mention it. Turner's "Herbal," 1568, calls it "blew bottel." The Greeks call it "kyanos"; the Latins, "cyanus."

Turner says, "about mid-summer the chylder used to make garlands of the floure." Gerarde says, "it annoyeth the reapers of corn by blunting the sickle." Bees and butterflies love the flower, and especially does the "painted lady."

PLUMBAGO CAPENSIS.

This is certainly a strikingly handsome blue plant, and can be well used as a conservatory creeper. It comes from the Cape, East Indies, South America, and China. It takes its name from plumbago; probably a decoction was considered to have a solution of lead. One of its species was used as a remedy for disease of the eye, and the blue is not unlike "pure lead." Its flowers are certainly like the phlox, and it is a cousin of the sea lavender and sea pink. The Mexican plant has white flowers. The root of the European species is a cure for toothache, and a preparation with olive oil is a cure for ulcers.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

What a deal there is in a name! This title at once makes the flower. In 1578 it was called the "white felde onyon," and "the birds' milk flower." But it is a star that shines amid the green herbage of Spring, and promises that the summer is coming. Before the flower expands it has somewhat the appearance of the snowdrop. Gerarde's "Herbal" mentions it with the Star of Hungary, the lesser Spanish Star, and the great Arabicke Star.

DELPHINIUM FORMOSUM.

This is the Dolphin flower, or larkspur, of the order *ranunculaceæ*, a native of temperate and cold regions. Now the larkspur is a plant which is certainly seriously underrated. Few persons have it in their gardens, and yet, well grown, it is very handsome.

But it has been cultivated almost out of recognition. There are double varieties of great beauty. It looks splendid in a bed mixed with or surrounded by white lilies.

STOCKS (MATHIOLA).

Stocks are a form of wallflower or gillyflower. The French is giroflée; Indian, caryophyllon.

Shakespeare says thus—

> "Sir, the year growing ancient—
> Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
> Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
> Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers."

In the old copies it is spelt gilly-vors, which is a contraction of gillyflowers, and the name which is given by country people to wallflowers. But stocks are also called "stock gillyflowers" to distinguish them from others which are not stocks.

Ten-week stock is a great favourite, and will grow in smoky towns and make a sparkling show. It is a kind of violet.

The double stocks have a lovely odour, and are of great variety.

Shirley Hibberd says—"Not a few of the English visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 were astonished at the display of double stocks in the gardens on the first of May, when the stocks were as gay as we are accustomed to in July. Immense masses of white, bluish, and crimson were very beautiful and meritorious as any of the flowers of these great and gay gardens. They are all natives of countries bordering on the Mediterranean."

DIANTHUS.

This word comes from "Dios" and "Anthos," and means the flower of Jove. Dianthus is the family name for pink, picotee, carnation, Indian pink, clove pink, and Sweet William.

Pinks differ from carnations by having the colour on the outer edges of the petals.

From the *dianthus plumarius* has come the finger white sweet-smelling pinks, the glory of the cottage garden, and so we have the term, the "pink of perfection." The French term for pink is "œillet," an eye, and pink they say is a word which comes from bink, and bink from wink. The Saxon word is "wincian," or winking. And Cowper said—

> "He found thee savage and he left thee tame,
> And taught thee to clothe thy pink and painted hide,
> And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride."

The pink is of the natural order of *caryophyllaceæ*, of which there are two hundred and thirty species. They are natives of Europe and temperate parts of Asia. Its exquisite beauty has attracted the admiration of all ages.

The clove pink, a native of South Europe, grows wild on rocks and old walls, and is naturalised in some places in the South of England.

The Cheddar pink loves limestone rocks, but we may trace the connection between the pink and the degenerate chickweed, or the red and white sea campion and corn cockle. The border pink, "Mrs. Simkins," is very fine, and the one we know best is the white border pink.

The Indian pink. This is of the order of *Chinensis*, and was brought to England in 1713 by a French missionary. We all know it, and it is a very frail flower. But Cowper refers to it as his delight—

> "Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
> When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
> The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
> I pricked them into paper with a pin."

Sweet William—*Dianthus barbatus*. The French have a very pretty term for this flower, viz., the "nosegay of pinks." Called in the old books, "Sweet John," and the "broad-leaved Sweet William."

In old times the wallflower was called the Sweet William, and carnations and pinks were called gilliflowers, so names were a little mixed. The Sweet William is called *Dianthus barbatus*, or the "bearded pink"; it has also been called "Jove's flower."

Cowley speaks of it thus—

> "Sweet William small has form and aspect bright,
> Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight;
> Had he majestic bulk he'd now be styled
> Jove's flower; and if my skill is not beguiled,
> He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child;
> Take him with many flowers in one conferred,
> He's worthy Jove, e'en now he has a beard!"

The best sort are the "auricula eyed."

CARNATIONS (THE CLOVE).

These are wildlings of Southern Europe discovered in the days of Augustus Cæsar. The *Cantabrica*, which we take to be the carnation, was employed by the Spaniards to give a spicy flavour to their beverages. The fragrance of the flower is considered to be like the clove of commerce. It used to be worn by lovers as a

chaplet to denote that their hearts and hands were engaged. Stowe says that they came from the Low Countries in 1567.

The carnation is perfectly easy of growth and does not require coddling, and so it is that you see cottagers grow it so easily. You can use the sand of the seashore for them and find it beneficial, and they can be grown in the absolute vicinity of smoky towns, soot and smoke seeming not to affect them. The varieties of carnations are very great—Lady Hermione and Koh-i-noor, Malmaison, American carnation (the streets of New York and other American towns are much brightened by this flower through the winter), new carnation, Phyllis; white self carnation, Trojan; scarlet flake carnation, John Wormald; but Malmaison and Koh-i-noor are by far the finest; Achilles is also very beautiful.

THE PICOTEE.

The picotee is less hardy than the carnation, and requires more care, especially through the winter, and will not grow in town gardens like carnations. Picotees differ from carnations in having the colour concentrated on the outer edge of the petals, and in carnations the colour is disposed in bands and blotches longitudinally.

Personally I far prefer the picotee (*Dianthus Caryophyllus* as it is called); the colour is lovely all through, on every petal. It has been well described as having frilled edges and conspicuous spots, "very beautiful and exceedingly delightsome," and to these quaint and pretty words I heartily assent.

CALCEOLARIA.

The calceolaria is a most beautiful flower, and when cultivated to a large size, as in shows, it is strikingly handsome. Bedded with geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, and fuchsias, even the small yellow calceolaria shows to the highest advantage, but the "cup" of a large calceolaria looks far handsomer from being larger.

It gets its name because the word "calceolus" means a shoe, and it is supposed to bear a resemblance to a shoe. Salpiglossis and foxglove are of the same order. I know of no flower of any kind which slips so easily. You can take hundreds of slips in September and put them in a glass frame, and they all seem to take root, and in February you will find them in flower. It is a South African plant. They are mainly yellow and purple.

It is valued in Chili for the colouring properties of the roots, employed in dyeing woollen goods.

PETUNIA.

A very pretty and becoming flower for any garden, the single and double petunias being both very handsome. It is akin to the tobacco plant, and the Brazilian word "petun" means tobacco. It is never a nice plant to pluck and bring into the house. You can get white, purple, and striped kinds, but the striped are far the most showy. It is said to be more hardy than geraniums or calceolarias, but to this I dissent. In Paris they are grown beside white marguerites. It is associated somehow in its name with the Phœnicians, who traded in tin with England, and is called Phœnicea petunia. It is also related to the potato.

SWEET PEA.

No introduction is ever needed for the sweet pea—everyone loves them so very much. Wherever you go you see them in July in the hawkers' baskets in plenty with the splendid carnations, the bachelor's button, the lilies, and the roses. "Butterfly flowers" they are very aptly called, and assuredly they have that appearance, and what more lovely-smelling buttonhole can you have than a bunch of sweet pea? They are so universally reared that I suppose everyone knows they take a good deal of water, and if planted in the autumn can endure any winter, and will come up in the Spring. A wire trellis is, I suppose, a good idea; put them up against that, and they will run and flower like the nasturtium.

BEGONIA.

Here we have another plant introduced to our gardens in the eighteenth century, but not commonly till 1840. They are tropical plants, but may be found in the East Indies, Spain, Mexico, and the Himalayas. They are remarkable for their unequal-sided and various coloured leaves. On the Himalayas they can be seen growing eleven thousand five hundred feet high up, and on the trunks of trees. The roots are used medicinally. They can endure any amount of sunshine, but not wind and rain. So, if in the open, those who grow them must seek a favourable situation. There are many varieties; but one in particular you will notice has a good name, and that is "Elephant's

Ear"; there is a great resemblance to the ear of that animal in the leaves. You can propagate them by leaf cuttings, or by slips, and the leaves are very richly and variously coloured. The tuberous white begonia from Mont Blanc is a lovely kind. It is easy to fertilise the female plants with pollen taken from those of a different colour, and it is easy to make the seeds strike in February. Sow in pans with turfy leaf-mould and manure; not much soil, if any, on the top. In a warm greenhouse the seed will soon germinate.

FUCHSIA.

A very graceful and pretty flower is the fuchsia; the old-fashioned single fuchsia is not so fine. It is named after Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist, and originally extended along the Pacific sea-board of South America. It loves a rainy part, a moist climate, so that in England you will find it grow best in the Isle of Wight, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall. Travellers speak of thickets of fuchsias of most glorious appearance in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, Venezuela, and Guatemala. Mr. Cannel, of Swanley, says they should be sown like radishes. At any rate, experience has shown me that they are very easy to slip, and so you want a warm, rich, moist bed, with plenty of light and air. Fuchsia hedges are a common sight in Scotland, and in the Orkneys houses are covered with them from the ground to the roof. Botanically, they are the same family as the evening primrose.

MARIGOLD.

There are two species of marigold, *Tagetes erecta* and *Calendula officinalis*. The calendula is the single kind with which all are familiar. Hulme mentions a number of them growing wild in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldgate. Formerly this kind was regarded in a medicinal way, and was also used as an ingredient for soups.

It is said that it is in flower every month of the year, and so it is called "calendula." George Wither writes:

> "When, with a serious musing, I behold
> The gratefull and obsequious marigold,
> How duely, ev'ry morning, she displayes
> Her open brest when Titan spreads his rayes."

But *Tagetes erecta* is by far the most handsome flower. It has been called African and French, but this kind is distinctly Mexican. I may here say that the name "marigold" is taken from the Anglo-Saxon, *Meuse-Meavgalla*, the "golden Marsh flwoer." It was the symbol in the seventeenth century for Queen Mary. Dr. Prior says it is often mentioned by the older poets as simply "gold," it became "the" flower of the Virgin Mary, for there are marigold windows in Lady Chapels. Shirley Hibberd says that the "Child's Bank," long associated with Temple Bar, had for its sign the "Marigold." The genus *Tagetes* is named in honour of an Etruscan hero of doubtful pedigree, for one, Tages, taught the Etruscans the art of divination. People grumble at the smell of the marigold, but for my part I like it.

THE VERBENA.

Not a favourite flower, but without wishing to be contrary, I call it a sweetly star-like and ever-handsome flower. It is no use to pick it, for it soon dies, but mix it up in a bed of geraniums, lobelias, heliotropes and others, and it will run, keep its colour and be a great adornment to any garden. The word is taken from the Celtic "vervain."

I quote a verse—

> "Here holy vervayne and here dill,
> 'Gaynst witchcraft much avayling;
> Here horehound 'gaynst the mad dog's ill,
> By biting, never failing."

It is of South American origin, and presents every colour, but rarely yellow—chiefly red, white, and purple.

In Pagan times it was supposed to be of great medicinal use. Once it had what was called "verbena disease," with the result of bringing it hastily from the greenhouse into crowded borders with insufficient root, though it takes root easily and only wants care. The succession should be kept up by young slips and not the old roots, but it can be grown as an annual from seed.

THE MALLOWS.

The word mallow comes from "malacho," which refers to the softening properties of the plant.

Indian Mallow, or Abutilon.

From the Greek for mulberry tree, which the leaf resembles. It is also rather like the vine. It bears bell-like flowers of an orange colour. It has also been called the "striped mallow vine" of the Oregon mountains. It was introduced from Brazil in 1837. The cotton plant is a mallow not far removed from this, and during the Lancashire cotton famine these plants were looked to as a way out of the difficulty.

Crimson Mallow.

In the Bible we read of the poor cutting up mallows and juniper roots for their food, and everyone knows the singular form of the mallow fruit. Children call them "cheeses."

The common mallow, with its large purplish flowers, gives us through the French the colour called "mauve."

GERANIUMS AND PELARGONIUMS.

We must start with the idea that what are popularly called geraniums are pelargoniums, and their exceeding beauty and variety entitle them to the highest consideration of the garden botanist. They are natives of South Africa, and are very tender. The word pelargonium is taken from *pelargos*, a stork, in reference to the form of the fruit before the seeds separate; and in no plants has there been more improvement than in the plants called (1) "zonal pelargonium," (2) "pelargonium speciosum"; these latter are the delicate kinds with lobed and wrinkled leaves which suffer very much from insect pests, but are strikingly handsome in their variety of colour and flower. Then there is the ivy-leaved sort, which is remarkably adapted for hanging baskets, and the sweet-scented leaved geranium, which is beautiful for the pocket, and has a small pink flower.

If you go to Spain or France zonal pelargoniums grow wild and fall over terraces, and are very beautiful. There is an Eastern legend that we are indebted to Mahomet for our geraniums, and that originally the nearest approach was a mallow. Mahomet had washed his shirt and set it out to dry on a mallow, and they blushed so intensely at the honour that they became crimson.

Then what, some will say, are geraniums? They are what we call "wild geraniums," or crane's bill, from the beak-like appearance

of the seed, and there are twelve species—natives of our fields and woods—called *Eurodiums*. There is a beautiful blue geranium of our pastures and valleys; then there is one of the roadside and field-path called "dove's foot," rosy, and it is a common treasure in all parts of the kingdom. Then "Herb Robert," with large pale purple flowers, streaked with fine lines of red, the jagged-leaved crane's bill being red, and thus differing from the dove's foot. "Near St. Bees," says Shirley Hibberd, "can be seen vast sheets of crimson flowers, in some places running up the sand hills"; and this is the *geranium sanguinem*, which has found a happy place in our gardens.

The best geranium for London is probably the white flowering, which forms a stout bush and flowers abundantly. Geraniums are natives also of the Pyrenees, Italy, Madeira, Siberia, Himalayas, and North America, and the various colours are red, purple, violet, rose, lilac, brown, black, blue, and crimson.

THE ASH (Fraxinus).

The ash is undoubtedly a child of British soil, not remarkable for grandeur or longevity, but for elegance it has no superiors. It was a tree well known to the Greeks, who called it *Mélea*. Homer arms his heroes with an ashen spear, and Cupid's arrows were originally made of the same wood. In Teutonic mythology, under the shade of an enormous tree—of which the branches overspread the earth, the top reached to heaven, and the roots to the infernal regions—the gods held their court. There were curious ideas about the ash.

Pliny says that the serpent would sooner creep into the fire than take shelter in its branches. And Dioscorides, the physician, states that the juice of the ash is an antidote against the bite of a serpent. In 1846 a man in Sussex was passed through an ash tree as a remedy for hernia; and persons frequently made their distempered children pass through a chasm in it. But I must not forget a piece of Scandinavian mythology. "Ask and Embla" (ash and elm) were the first man and woman, and their court was held under an ash, called Yggdrasit; the ash was in many countries believed to be a defence against witches, fairies, and poisonous animals.

In the Highlands, ash was given to infants as their first food. Lightfoot says this, "One end of a branch was put in the fire and the other end in the child's mouth, and a juice came out." From the *Fraxinus Ornus* a manna is obtained. This is collected in Calabria, in Sicily. The sap runs from them; in the heat of the summer it oozes out in the form of a liquid, and gradually hardens. Incisions are made in July through the bark, pieces of straw inserted, manna covers them over, and is called "manna in cannoli"—this is in July. The English name is derived from the Saxon "Aesc." As a timber tree it is very valuable, and is used for walking-sticks, hoops, hop-poles, ploughs, axle-trees, wheel-rings, and harrows. It makes good oars and blocks for pulleys. When it is decaying the wood-peckers tap on the bark. From the prickly ash there is a principle called Xanthoxylin, which cures toothache and chronic rheumatism.

BEECH (Fagus Sylvatica).

The name beech is of northern origin. Saxon "bece," Swedish and Russian "bak," German "buche." The wood of the tree having been used for bookbinding, we have the word "buche," just as "liber" meant the inner bark of the lime or elm, and so the word "library." It is one of the stateliest of our forest trees, and rivals the oak. The wood is very hard and liable to rot; it is not good in consequence for the house carpenter, but when kept under water it is good for mills. It is used for chairs, tables, bedsteads, wooden bowls, and butchers' trays, and is used in France for making "sabots." It makes an excellent charcoal. "Beechmast" has a fine taste, like a walnut. Pigs, poultry, and cattle fatten on it, and it yields a great quantity of oil. The best way of preparing the nuts is by roasting; they are sometimes ground into meal, and are a substitute for bread. The Beech is a native of the temperate parts of Europe, from Norway to the Mediterranean, and from England to Constantinople. It is also found in Palestine, Asia Minor, and parts of Asia, and it is the national tree of Denmark. In winter, the spring bud is wrapped in a mantle of silk and waterproof scales, and protected against wind, cold, and rain, and then it gradually drops off as the bud expands.

Fungi is called "Morel," and grows on the ground in beech-woods in Germany and France, and so many woods were burnt

to get them. They are highly prized for the table, and many persons gain their livelihood by drying them; and then truffles, which are dug up by the roots of the beech, these are highly prized for cookery.

Where goodly oak trees formerly grew, now we have the beech, and if you cut down the beech the birch thrives, and often the beech is grafted on the chestnut.

The trees which I love are the copper and silver beech of July. The copper rustling in the breeze on a summer day is very pretty, so sombre; it looks blackish brown; go and pick it and it is a dark mossy green, and underneath another shade. Growing on the tree the leaf looks reddish; the veins and the shape are lovely; moreover the silver beech as it rustles in the sunshine is singularly picturesque.

CRICKET.

Lord Harris, writing in his book on "Kent Cricket," quotes James Love's poem of 1744. It begins—

> "Hail! cricket, glorious, manly British game!
> First of all sports, be first alike in fame."

Another writer pictures the game in this flowery language—

> "Swift o'er the mead with lightning speed
> The bounding ball flies on;
> And hark! the cries of victory rise
> For the gallant team that's won."

Anyway, it is a thoroughly British game. You do not find the French, Italians, or Germans play it, whilst in England you find every boy who can put up three sticks, with his cap on the top, to direct the flight of the ball in the twilight, play it. He will bowl with any sort of ball, wooden or otherwise, in any alley, or on any cabbage land; and he enjoys his game, too, and he may develop some day into a sterling good cricketer. It is our lovely "summer sport," and one we can watch stretched on the grass. It is a particularly graceful, manly game, and, to my mind, far more interesting to watch than football, though of course tastes differ.

But cricket has now spread to our colonies—India, Australia, New Zealand, and Egypt. And in fact it is not too much to say, that where there are English there is cricket. I believe C. T. Studd, of Cambridge, has introduced it into Japan.

Some of the Olympian and Isthmian games of the Greeks included striking a ball with a club, and the Persians of old played a similar game. The Olympian Games held on a festival which was the highest of the year received the patronage of Kings and Emperors, and the magistrates of Greece and Italy. The derivation of the word "cricket" seems to be a matter of conjecture, because there is a question as to which game approaches most nearly to cricket. But most authorities say it comes from "creag" or "cricce," a crooked stick; some say "cryc," a staff (Saxon word), it being called by the Saxons "stef-plege," or staff-play. There are persons who say that the Saxons did not play any such game, but W. W. Read, in his splendid book, says, "Club-ball was undoubtedly practised among the Saxons."

One Joseph of Exeter, 1180, says—(earliest mention of English cricket)—

"The youth at 'cricks' did play
Throughout the merry day."

Lord Harris is a dissentient as to club-ball, and names tip-cat, and there is also the game of stool-ball, defending a ball from hitting the stool with the hand. Golf is another form, probably introduced from Holland in 1450, but "Pall Mall" more resembles croquet.

"We can imagine," says W. W. Read, "that the young Briton, whilst defending his cattle, would throw stones at a tree, and then someone would undertake to defend the tree with a bough, and then a wooden ball would be introduced." I give rudimentary ideas about cricket:—

A game played in Kent with a ball hurled between two wickets, and with a man at each wicket holding a bat. The wickets were first one foot high and two feet across, with one bail between the wickets. There was a large hole in front of the wicket to contain the ball, and when the batsman made a run he had to place his bat in the hole before the bowler placed the ball there. The bat then was a crooked piece of wood like a Turkish sword.

In the University library of Oxford there is an MS., dated 1344, representing a monk in the act of bowling, and another as going to strike, with several fieldsmen; the game is called club-ball, and is played by hitting and running as at cricket.

1477.—A statute of Edward IV. speaks of soldiers found "pilfering and gaming the game of handyn and handoute," and the players were fined £10. This seems to be a kind of cricket.

W. G. Grace refers to it as played by scholars of the Free School of Guildford (founded 1509), and in Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, published 1611, the word "crosse" is translated "cricket staffe."

1685.—We see there was a book which said, "Would mine eyes had been beat out of my head with a cricket ball the day before I saw thee."

1705.—We have a notice, "No one is allowed to play cricket on Walworth Common without leave from the Lord of the Manor"; and again, "This is to give notice that a match will be played between eleven gentlemen of West Kent and of Chatham for eleven guineas a man, at Maulden," probably Malling.

1737.—*The London Post*—"Yesterday was played on Bromley Common a match between Kentishmen and those of London and Surrey."

1744.—*London Magazine*—"Kent beat All England on the Artillery Ground."

1750.—An old cricketer observes, "When I was a boy every cottage in the cricket-playing district of Kent had a bat, well greased, hung up by the kitchen door."

1775.—A middle stump was added, but at the beginning of 1800 there was still underhand bowling.

Round-arm bowling was introduced by the daughters of Lillywhite, who bowled to him in the winter, and they bowled that way to avoid hitting their skirts.

MORE RECENT NAMES.

About the sixties we have Daft, Carpenter, Wisden, Julius Cæsar, H. H. Stephenson, Griffiths, the Hearnes and Lillywhites, G. Bennett, G. M. Kelson, E. Willsher, G. Tarrant, T. Lockyer, W. Mortlock, G. Parr, Humphrey and Jupp, Messrs. R. D. Walker, J. D. Walker, and V. E. Walker, C. J. Ottaway, W. Yardley, H. A. H. Richardson, and the Penns. The hardest hitter whom I ever saw was unquestionably Mr. C. J. Thornton. He seemed to me to hit an enormous way, right out of the Canterbury ground.

I went first to Canterbury from Rochester School, and I remember my feeling then of his masterful hitting. The nearest approach to it to my mind in recent times was V. E. Crawford, when at Grantham. G. M. Kelson was a magnificent field, and if this book should ever meet his eye he will remember what I saw as a boy. Mr. Kelson caught some man out fielding (I think somewhere like cover-point), and he put the ball in his pocket, whilst none saw the catch and felt it had gone to the boundary. After this Kelson, in one match, received a very severe blow which greatly damaged his cricket. He was a very brilliant bat, and his absence generally meant a loss for Kent. In one match, as far as I remember, he got sixty and eighty-nine in the two innings.

FAMOUS OLD PLAYERS.

By Frederic Gale.

Alfred Mynn (1837) by John Bowyer.

He stood 6 feet 2 inches, of gigantic but perfect figure. He took six stately steps to the wicket, brought his arm round well below the shoulder and sent the ball down like a flash of lightning dead on the wicket; and if he and Hillyer were on one side, and Lillywhite and Redgate on the other, there would be a terrible accident before long, either before or behind the wicket.

Lillywhite.

No better head bowler ever lived than Lillywhite. His tempting pitched up balls, and the altering the distance of succeeding balls, his apparently loose ball or long hop, with his fieldsmen carefully placed for a catch, were very remarkable.

David Harris (about 1800).

Lord Harris and others think that he would have distinguished himself in any age. The great Nyren describes him as the "perfection of elegance." He had a very difficult pitch and the ball came up quickly. He first stood erect as a soldier at drill, then raised the ball to his forehead and, drawing back his right foot, started forward with his left and bowled with great pace. Nyren says that "forward play" was caused by Harris bowling.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S GROUND.

Page 172.

By kind permission of Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

William Beldham (about 1766).

He was for many years thought to be the best batsman in England. The picture which I have of him is in an old book by Dr. Montgomery, and there he is in an old smock frock. He was, says Fennex, so quick that he could turn round and hit G. Brown's bowling to long slip, though Brown was the fastest bowler ever known. He had thirty-nine children, went by road seven miles to see a cricket match at eighty-six, and could dig up his garden at ninety-three.

Nyren says he stood 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and could hit all round the ground in the most venomous style; his cutting was brilliancy itself.

George Brown.

Once a man at Lord's tried to stop Brown's balls with his coat behind the wicket, and the ball passed through the coat and killed a dog.

William Lambert.

He first played for Surrey in 1801. He used to hold his bat over his shoulder, and his hitting was tremendous. It is said that the bowler was always at his mercy. He once scored two centuries in one match, and he made 107 not out and 157 against bowlers like Budd and Howard.

William Ward.

He was the chief promoter of Surrey cricket at the Oval. He stood 6 feet 1 inch, and made enormous scores. In 1820 he made 278 for the M.C.C. v. Norfolk, and in 1825 he purchased for Thomas Lord the lease of Lord's cricket ground.

John Small.

He had a great reputation and was a ball-maker to the Hambledon Club. Over his premises was this inscription, "Here lives John Small, sells bats and balls, and will play any man in England."

I see the famous cricketer, W. W. Read, says in his book entitled, "Annals of Cricket," that John Small was the "W. G."

of his age—that he kept up his wicket for three days, and was not out at the end.

FELIX.

He appears to have started cricket late in life, but became a splendid cricketer, though apparently unsafe. He was a vigorous hitter, but save when playing at Lord's, he batted with his bat high up over his shoulder.

LORD BESSBOROUGH, ON CRICKET,

says, "The present generation would have nothing to learn from these past worthies which the cricket of W. G. Grace and A. G. Steel could not teach them.

"I call theirs the accurate timing of the ball and playing it correctly."

THE HAMBLEDON CLUB.

The Hambledon Club really was the club which we may say formed the "cradle for cricket." It was the great Hampshire club. I will quote from Nyren in Gale's famous book (Nyren was one of the greatest players): "There was high feasting on 'Broadhalfpenny' during our great matches, and it was a stirring sight to see the multitude round the 'noble green' at the match —Little Hambledon *v.* all England."

Where was Broadhalfpenny Down? It was mid-way between Winchester and Portsmouth. The club was formed 1750, and dissolved 1791, and it was started by noblemen and gentlemen.

"No twenty-two," he says, "could have beaten their eleven." Here are the names:—

William Beldham.	J. Small.
David Harris.	T. Taylor.
Noah Mann.	H. Walker.
W. Purchase.	J. Wells.
H. Robinson.	T. Walker.
S. Scott.	

And what punch these brawny fellows took! "Not your punch à la Groseille, but good unsophisticated stuff—punch that

would make a cat speak—for sixpence a bottle; not our modern horror which rots the stomach (and which the present Licensing Bill does right to inveigh against), but barley corn that would put the soul of three butchers into one weaver, and two of our cricketers would start dismay into a round of beef."

THE CANTERBURY WEEK.

We must not omit our great and ancient Canterbury cricket week. It was the original cricket week of England, and since its formation many others have sprung up, but Canterbury has been called, with regard to cricket, the "Goodwood of Cricket." It is a splendid week, when all the celebrities of the dear old "hop county" meet to see their county do battle against the two other counties selected to play against them every year. Formerly they played three matches, but now two in the week.

To this match came the youth and beauty of Kent, the garrison officers and the garrison bands. Thursday is always styled the "ladies' day," being the principal day of the week when the ladies assemble, then all Kent is on the ground, and the neighbouring counties send their thousands. The "Old Stagers" play at the theatre, the whole town is gay and laid out to please and suit everyone. One of the bands plays in the famous "Dane John." In fact, there is music everywhere. The private tents round one-third of the ground, and the array of handsome motors, are very picturesque.

Lieutenant-Colonel Newham Davies, writing, says, "No town is more suitable for perfect decoration; every place glitters with electricity. Canterbury, beautiful at all times, is far more beautiful when during this week she puts on all her jewels."

In 1842 a good county fancy dress ball was started, and I believe this has been kept up ever since. These are some of the stewards named in Lord Harris's book—The Earl of Darnley, Earl of Guildford, Lord Harris, Lord Henry Neville, the Honourable Julia Byng.

One point struck me when at Canterbury, and that was, that I fancied there was room at Canterbury for a smart, modern hotel, replete with every modern comfort, somewhere near the cricket ground. I may be wrong, but I think so.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.

The Duke of Dorset, Lord Tankerville, and Sir Horace Mann, the Earl of Winchelsea and Sir William Draper, met at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, in 1774, and inaugurated a Central Metropolitan Cricket Club, drawing up a set of rules. They first played on the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, then the White Conduit Fields, then Dorset Square under Lord Dorset. In 1814 they were turned out by builders, and went to South Bank, Regent's Park, eventually landing at St. John's Wood. I may add that even the turf was taken from Dorset Square. So renowned has Lord's become, that I imagine most people consider it was always the place it is now—a very, very rich club—and its pavilion is a noble-looking building. The M.C.C. is a club which gives rules and alterations in rules to the whole cricket world.

It represents the London cricket ground of wealth and fashion, but it is certain that the appearance of the ground is not nearly so picturesque as in former days, before those unsightly free seats were put up.

THE OVAL.

The Oval Ground, or the Surrey County Cricket Club Ground, was first opened in 1845. In the spring the first sod was laid, and a lease obtained for twenty-one years. Before this, I believe, it was a market garden. From 1849 to 1852 they won every match. In 1851 it was in danger of being built upon, but the great Prince Consort came to its relief, and ruled that it should be always available for cricket. For years Mr. C. W. Alcock was secretary; a man of unfailing courtesy, as much beloved at the Oval as Dr. Charles Perkins was at Lord's. He has been succeeded by Mr. W. Findlay, who is acknowledged by everyone to be a splendid secretary and very pleasant man, and the Surrey club is being ably carried on. He was a good Oxford blue in 1902.

The Oval is considered to be a very perfect pitch, with a good urf for drying. The pavilion is extremely comfortable and convenient in every way. The beds of flowers as you enter the ground, and the splendid way they are kept, is a particularly noticeable feature. It is easy of access from every part by the Tube railway.

INTERESTING MATCHES.

PLAYED ON THE ARTILLERY GROUND, LONDON.

June 18th, 1744.

First Innings.	ENGLAND.		Second Innings.	
Harris, b Hodswell	... ...	0	b Mills	4
Derigate, b Hodswell	... ...	3	b Hodswell	11
Newland I., b Mills	... ...	0	b Hodswell	3
Cuddy, b Hodswell	... ...	0	b Danes	2
Green, b Mills	... ...	0	b Mills	5
Waymark, b Mills	... ...	7	b Hodswell	9
Bryan, st Kips	... ...	12	c Kips	7
Newland II., not out	... ...	18	c Lord Sackville	15
Harris, b Hodswell	... ...	0	b Hodswell	1
Smith, c Bartrum	... ...	0	b Mills	8
Newland III., b Mills	... ...	0	not out	5
Byes	...	0	Byes	0
Total	...	40	Total	70

First Innings.	KENT.		Second Innings.	
Lord Sackville, c Waymark	... ...	5	b Harris	3
Long Robin, b Newland	... ...	7	b Newland...	9
Mills I., b Harris	... ...	0	c Newland...	6
Hodswell, b Harris	... ...	0	not out	5
Cutbush, c Green	... ...	3	not out	7
Bartrum, b Newland	... ...	2	b Newland...	0
Danes, b Newland	... ...	6	c Smith	0
Sawyer, c Waymark	... ...	0	b Newland...	5
Kips, b Harris	... ...	12	b Harris	10
Mills II., not out	... ...	7	b Newland	2
Rumney, b Harris	... ...	11	c Harris	8
Byes	...	0	Byes	3
Total	...	53	Total	58

NOTE.—I am glad to say that the brilliant batting and bowling of Kent has again made them Champion County this summer of 1909.

SEVENOAKS, June 18th, 1779.

First Innings.	ENGLAND.		Second Innings.	
Duke of Dorset, b Brett	... ...	0	c Lord Tankerville ...	5
"Lumpy" Stevens, b Brett	... ...	1	not out	2
Wood, b Brett	... ...	1	b Nyren	1
White, c Veck	... ...	8	not out	10
Miller, c Small	... ...	27	b Brett	23
Minshull, not out ...	... ...	60	b Taylor	12
Bowra, b Brett	... ...	2	b Taylor	4
Bullen, c Lord Tankerville	... ...	13	b Nyren	2
Booker, c Brett... ...	... ...	8	b Brett	2
Valden, c Small... ...	... ...	6	c Nyren	8
Pattenden, c Brett ...	... ...	38	c Sueter	0
Byes	... ...	2	Byes	0
Total	...	166	Total	69

THE HAMBLEDON CLUB.

First Innings.

Lord Tankerville, b Wood	3
Aylward, b Bullen	167
Lear, b Bullen	7
Veck, b Stevens	16
Small, senr., c White, b Stevens	37
Sueter, b Wood...	46
Taylor, c Bullen, b Wood	32
Aburrow, c Minshull, b Wood	22
Brett, not out	9
Byes	5
Total	344

August 21 and 22, 1788.

A single wicket match was played between Six of England and Six of Hampshire.

SIX OF ENGLAND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Earl of Winchelsea, b Mann	3	b Taylor	7
W. Bullen, b Mann	0	b Harris	4
T. Walker, b Harris	4	b Harris	5
W. Beldham, b Harris...	0	b Harris	3
Butcher, b Harris	0	c Harris	0
W. Fennex, b Harris	1	b Harris	0
Total	8	Total	19

SIX OF HAMPSHIRE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G. Talbot, b Fennex	0	b Bullen	0
J. Small, b Fennex	7		
R. Purchase, c Walker	12		
D. Harris, b Bullen	1		
N. Mann, b Bullen	1	not out	4
T. Taylor, b Fennex	3		
Total	24	Total	4

NOTE.—Fennex, who played for England, was the first to introduce forward play, and at the age of seventy-five he walked ninety miles in three days, carrying an umbrella, a bundle of clothes, and three cricket bats, and spent during that time only 3s.

LORD'S, June 9th, 1794.

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Earl of Winchelsea, b Boxall	12	b Fennex	1
Hon. Twistleton, b Hammond ...	0		
G. Louch, Esq., b Harris	41	not out	9
T. Mellish, Esq., not out	9	c Scott	8
W. Beldham, b C. Fennex	72	b Fennex	102
John Wells, c Hammond	8		
T. Walker, b Harris	6	run out	5
H. Walker, c Hammond	23	not out	115
R. Robinson, b Boxall...	38	run out	12
S. Walker, c Smith	6		
Hampton, b Harris	4		
Byes	4	Byes	7
Total	223	Total	259

ENGLAND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
A. Smith, Esq., b Hampton	0	b T. Walker	11
Hon. H. Tufton, c Beldham	4	b T. Walker	6
C. Amherst, Esq., c Beldham... ...	5	b Beldham...	10
J. Small, jun., b T. Walker	0	b Hampton	0
W. Fennex, b T. Walker	44	b T. Walker	9
J. Ring, b T. Walker	0	not out	75
T. Scott, c Robinson	15	b Scott, c Walker ...	43
A. Freemantle, b Beldham	1	b Freemantle, c Beldham	26
J. Hammond, c T. Walker	9	b T. Walker	6
T. Boxall, run out	1	b T. Walker	0
D. Harris, not out	2		
Byes	2	Byes	3
Total	83	Total	189

SOME FAMOUS NAMES IN THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCHES FROM 1827.

Charles Wordsworth.
Herbert Jenner.
Charles Taylor, the brilliant bat, called at the time the most graceful of all.
The Hon. Frederic Ponsonby, who hit a ball for nine runs at Parker's Piece.
Joseph McCormick.
R. A. H. Mitchell.
R. D. Walker.
C. E. Green.
H. A. H. Richardson.
C. A. Absolom.
C. J. Thornton.
W. Yardley.
C. J. Cobden, the bowling hero of Cambridge.
W. H. Hadow.
C. J. Ottaway.
W. H. Game, the famous cricket ball thrower, 127 yards.
E. F. S. Tylecote, 402 at Clifton College.
Lord Harris, who resuscitated Kent.
A. J. Webbe.
Hon. Ivo Bligh.
The famous families of Studds, Fords, Steeles, Palairets, and Druces.
C. B. Fry.
Prince Ranjitsinhji.
Sam Woods.
H. J. Mordaunt, a very pretty bat.
B. J. Bosanquet.
The Hon. M. B. Hawke.
McGregor.
Rashleigh.
Key.
E. W. Dillon.
Jessop.
O'Brien.
Buxton.
Thomas.
Marchant.
W. Findlay.
S. H. Day.
C. J. Burnup.
H. W. Bainbridge.
Longman.
Tabor.
R. A. Young.
M. W. Payne.
W. H. & W. S. Patterson.
Lord George Scott.
P. F. Warner.
R. E. Foster.
C. H. B. Marsham.
J. E. Raphael.

These names are, I fear, not in the order of their academic careers.

PLAYED AT LORD'S, BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, June 4th, 1827.

OXFORD.

First Innings.

Charles Wordsworth, b Jenner	8
H. E. Knatchbull, c Romilly	43
— Ellis, b Jenner	12
J. Papillon, run out	42
E. Pole, b Jenner	11
R. Price, b Horsman	71
— Bayley, b Kingdon	14
— Bird, b Jenner	17
— Denne, b Jenner	4
— Pilkington, not out	12
E. Lewis, b Horsman	14
Byes	10
Total	258

CAMBRIDGE.

H. Webb, b Wordsworth	7
— Kingdon, b Wordsworth	5
H. Jenner, c Bird	47
E. H. Pickering, b Wordsworth	3
J. Dolphin, b Bayley	6
— Romilly, b Wordsworth	8
— Freer, b Wordsworth	3
— Templeton, run out	5
W. G. Cookesley, b Wordsworth	0
E. Handley, b Wordsworth	0
E. Horsman, not out	2
Byes	6
Total	92

(Unfinished.)

PLAYED AT LORD'S, BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, July 1st and 2nd, 1878.

CAMBRIDGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
A. P. Lucas, c Evans, b Knight ...	4	c Wickham, b Knight ...	74
Hon. A. Lyttelton, c Kemp, b Evans	5	c Kemp, b Evans... ...	64
Hon. E. Lyttelton, b Evans	53	c Hirst, b Evans	10
H. Whitfield, b Evans	22	b Evans	5
D. Q. Steel, b Evans	0	b Knight	2
L. K. Jarvis, b Evans	0	b Evans	7
A. G. Steel, not out	44	b Evans	9
F. W. Kingston, c Evans, b Knight ...	4	c Kemp, b Knight ...	9
Hon. Ivo Bligh, c Wickham, b Knight	14	not out	24
P. H. Morton, b Heath	10	b Evans	16
A. F. J. Ford, b Heath	0	c Savory, b Evans... ...	5
Byes, 6; 1 b, 6	12	Byes, 1; 1 b, 2; w, 1 (Kemp)	4
Total	168	Total	229

OXFORD.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
A. J. Webbe, c E. Lyttelton, b A. G. Steel	11	c and b A. G. Steel ...	0
H. R. Webbe, c Morton, b A. G. Steel	26	b A. G. Steel	6
A. H. Heath, b A. G. Steel	14	c Whitfield, b A. G. Steel	8
A. D. Greene, not out	35	c A. Lyttelton, b A. G. Steel	0
E. T. Hirst, c Lucas, b A. G. Steel ...	0	b Morton	13
A. H. Evans, st A. Lyttelton, b A. G. Steel	0	1 b w, b Morton	4
C. W. M. Kemp, b A. G. Steel ...	2	not out	0
R. L. Knight, b Lucas	3	b Morton	0
A. P. Wickham, b A. G. Steel ...	1	c Bligh, b A. G. Steel ...	0
J. H. Savory, b A. G. Steel	19	c Kingston, b Morton ...	0
G. S. Marriott, c E. Lyttelton, b Lucas	11	b Morton	0
Byes, 3; 1 b, 2	5	1 b, 1	1
Total	127	Total	32

PLAYED BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE AND SUSSEX AT BRIGHTON, 1890.

A truly splendid list of brilliant Cambridge bats.

CAMBRIDGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F. G. J. Ford, b Bean...	0	c Humphreys, b Bean ...	191
R. N. Douglas, c Butt, b Parris ...	84	b Gibb	62
C. P. Foley, b Smith	6	c Gibb, b Smith	117
G. M'Gregor, b Smith	35	b Cotterill	131
A. J. Hill, 1 b w, b Bean	19	b Humphreys	2
F. S. Jackson, c Butt, b Bean ...	7	c Humphreys, b Cotterill	60
S. M. J. Woods, 1 b w, b Smith ...	4	not out	33
R. C. Gosling, c Butt, b Smith ...	2	c Cotterill, b Bean ...	15
D. L. A. Jephson, c Tebay, b Smith...	5	1 b w, b Gibb	7
H. Hale, c and b Bean	11	h w, b Humphreys ...	34
E. C. Streatfield, not out	0	not out	42
Byes, 5; 1 b, 1	6	Byes, 1; 1 b, 7; n b, 1	9
Total	179	*Total	703

SUSSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Quaife, st M'Gregor, b Ford	58	c Hill, b Woods	8
Tebay, b Streatfield	6	c Gosling, b Jackson ...	43
Bean, b Ford	46	c Gosling, b Woods ...	15
W. Newham, 1 b w, b Hill	46	b Streatfield	56
G. H. Cotterill, c Hill, b Streatfield...	26	b Jackson	4
C. A. Smith, c Streatfield, b Woods...	33	c Foley, b Hill	14
Humphreys, c Streatfield, b Woods ...	21	c Woods, b Jackson ...	20
Brown, c Hill, b Woods	17	1 b w, b Hale	0
Parris, b Woods...	4	not out	7
Butt, b Woods	0	c Douglas, b Hale... ...	4
Gibb, not out	1	b Jephson	0
Byes, 9; 1 b, 3	12	Byes, 11; 1 b, 4; w, 1	16
Total	270	Total	187

*Innings declared closed.

HITS AND HITTERS.

I referred just now to the hitting of C. J. Thornton, and since then I have come across an article in the *Badminton Magazine* by W. J. Ford, and also one by R. J. Lucas.

So I wish to quote in part from these two writers. Ford says, "Thornton was the biggest hitter I have ever seen. He once, in the Eton *v.* Harrow match, hit over the pavilion at Lord's; and his longest hit was 168 yards. At Scarborough he hit the ball

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS WHO WON THE RUBBER IN ENGLAND, 1909.

By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

eight times out of the ground. At Cambridge he hit two sixes and two fours off one over of Buchanan's. At Brighton he hit seven fours and a six off the eight balls which he had."

W. H. Fowler, of Somerset, Ford says, "hit a ball clean over the old pavilion at Lord's, landing it high up plump against the wall of a house behind, and I believe, unobstructed, it would have gone to Maida Vale."

W. G. Grace hit over the grand stand at Lord's, and out of the Clifton ground against a house, and hit one ball 140 yards.

H. J. Scott made 22 off four balls, all to square leg.

Griffiths (Surrey) hit Farmer Bennett, a lob bowler of Kent in about 1868, six times out of the Hastings ground for six in one over.

Now Ford has not referred to the brilliancy of his own family, and I can testify to that. They were terribly hard hitters, and I once had the "undeserved honour" of playing in a peripatetic match *v.* Windsor Home Park, when there were for the Park not only a Ford, but Paravicini, Wells and A. Lyttelton. Ford's hitting was then terrific. In the match I put in, Cambridge *v.* Sussex, you will see what a Ford can do, even if he cannot boast. This eleven was magnificent—a glance at the names will prove this fact.

Reginald Lucas speaks of Alfred Lyttelton and Walter Forbes as two giants in their prime, and that bowling to them was like attacking two Maxim guns with a pea shooter, both were so brilliant. But the very name Alfred Lyttelton recalls to memory not only a gentleman of most perfect courtesy and refinement, but it brings to mind the famous 1878 eleven, which not only defeated Oxford and the Australians, but won every trial match.

Bonner and Lyons were two splendid Australian hitters. Bonner, though, was 6 ft. 6 in., and I cannot find that he hit so far as Thornton; and a hit recorded of Lyons was only 130 yards, or 38 less than C. J. Thornton.

Cricket has always been well supported by the nobility. The Dukes of Dorset, Hamilton, and Bedford, the Earls of Winchelsea and Darnley, Lords Strathavon, Yarmouth, and Beauclerk, Lord Hawke, Lord Dalmeny, the Hons. E. Bligh, F. Tufton, the Hon. Colonel Lennox, the Hon. Fitzroy, and the Hon. Ivo Bligh have played.

THE AUSTRALIANS.

Our matches with the Australians are always watched with keenest interest. We have just been badly beaten by them in Australia, but our eleven was deficient (apart from the fact that they got disabled); they were in no sense equal to the Australians. Crawford worked very hard, but his batting fell off. K. L. Hutchings, who can bat brilliantly, began well, and then went all to pieces. Hardstaff, Gunn and Rhodes did well, but Young was a failure, till at last they seemed to have no rallying power. Australia sent over at the first splendid men; see the names—

Murdock.	Blackham.
Massie.	Giffen.
Bannerman.	Horan.
McDonnell.	Spofforth.
Bonner.	

Trumper, Clement Hill, Hartigan and Sanders are now very good. The Australians are nearly always a good side, and play an uphill game with perfect determination.

But I append a sketch of cricket by a Babu. It is not bad, and bears the ridiculous side on its wings. Just peruse this after my account—

"Cricket is played in showery weather, and is a struggle with the elements," says a Babu, writing to the *Outlook*. He is quite right. We may even follow him in his argument that it is by cricket under difficulties that an Englishman seeks to build up his character. "Wonderful," he adds in quaint criticism, "is it to see these Englishmen come out from their house in the field when the rain ceases, and begin their solemn game again on the wet grass. Then the rain resumes, and with grim anger they retire to their house while it endures, again to issue forth when it stops. For three days they will throw balls at one another to be struck by a piece of wood, and as far as may be, and to be run after with frantic agony. And they are watched by many spectators from the public who play not, but sit seriously during the showers of heaven and damps of earth. The men who throw the ball to be struck will labour persistently at their task to enable the men with the wooden bat to strike it fairly. When

the ball is struck far enough, the striker exchanges places with the other striker, as often as he can, before one of the eleven watchful men, who seek exercise in the wet field, can return it. Then they rest for a moment, and the damp crowd encourage them with hand-clapping.

"I cannot explain intimately all the game, but, as I gazed on these thirteen men engaged in this dire contest with summer, I said, 'Yes! this is the true greatness of England.' For sometimes it will happen in this land that the rain falls not for three days, yet the Englishman ceases not to throw the ball at the upright woods, while the striker strikes and the watchers run, and all pray for rain to come to bring them a rest. My Bloomsbury friend tells me that men have been known to stay for a whole day pushing the ball here and there, and careful inquisitive people have kept record of the number of times they exchange places. How strange that the Parsees should pursue this sport. They have no great empire to uphold, nor any need to fight thus with Nature in their rainless land.

"Now I comprehend the dejection of the Englishman when his Australian relatives beat him. Yet strange as is cricket, there is yet a more wonderful pursuit which the Englishman undertakes amid damp grass, sand pits, pig-styes and ditches, in thick boots and legless trousers—its name is golf. To-morrow I go to enquire into it, for perhaps there also is another secret of England's greatness. In due time I will advise you."

The results of the 1909 Australian and England matches were that Australia won the rubber. There is no question that they were a good side, and had in Bardsley a splendid bat, in Cotter a beautiful bowler, and in Ransford a magnificent bat and the most lovely field it would be possible to gaze at—his pace and return were alike splendid. But the English eleven was in nearly every case badly selected, several good bats being left out; moreover, in the Oval match they had not one good fast bowler.

SWIMMING.

I know of no pleasure so great as that of swimming; the very idea is exhilarating. One needs, of course, a lovely hot summer, such as we have not had for years; but when it does come, then

the thought of a plunge in the cold sea, river or baths seems an inspiration. Of course, I am not trying to say anything particular about swimming, merely to remark what has been often said before—that everyone in our island should learn to swim; and I feel to attempt the publication of this book with no allusion to swimming would be an error of which I do not want to be guilty.

I suffer from a fixed elbow joint (my left arm), resulting primarily from a nursery fall, made considerably worse and incurable by an accident which I met with when ten years old. But in spite of this I have learned to swim, and I have managed to swim a quarter of a mile. I merely state this fact to show that anyone with two sound arms can learn to swim.

My earliest recollections of swimming were at Rochester; there we used to go early in the morning, before breakfast, with several schoolfellows and my father, and disport ourselves in the river; and my father, though severely afflicted with bronchial asthma, was a lovely swimmer, he thought nothing of crossing the river and back at Rochester Bridge, which is an excellent swim.

But I remember being nearly drowned once when taking a swim out to sea at Tenby. On returning, the sea was very choppy, and owing to my left arm I found it hard to battle with the waves.

Most persons think it is very easy to drown, but granted a cool head and a little knowledge, it is not so easy to drown. For instance, it is much easier to remain at the top of the water than swim to the bottom. Let anyone new to the art try and swim to the bottom of any swimming bath and pick up coins, and he will soon see that it is not easy; the buoyancy of the water is so great when you go to pick up the coin that you feel yourself being pushed to the top, and you have to keep swimming down till you get nearly flat before you can do it.

A horse or bullock, when it gets out of its depth, soon learns to swim—I suppose because having all four legs under the water renders the animal buoyant. Of course, there are many ways of swimming—swimming on the breast, "hand-over-hand" swimming, the "side stroke," swimming on the back.

To dive properly you must have "lots of practice," we all know, or you are liable to hurt yourself by going in "flat." You need to have your hands well in front of you, and to go into the water in a slanting position.

I was just looking at an article by the Hon. Sydney Holland in the Badminton Magazine of 1896, and he remarks how extraordinary a fact it is that we, as a nation, are such poor swimmers. He remarks that in that year we possessed two of the fastest swimmers in the world, J. H. Tyers and J. Nuttall, but he doubted if there were twenty men at Cambridge then who could swim half a mile; and yet a five mile race should not make our hearts beat faster at the end than the start.

We may not find the North Pole, like Cook and Peary have (?); Australia with Ransford, Cotter, Bardsley, and Trumper, may be able to thrash us at cricket; and America may invent one thing after another; but we can boast of Captain Webb. Others since Webb have tried, and only lately, to swim the Channel, but they have not won the laurel leaf. Webb lost his life in the desperate attempt at overcoming the Niagara Falls, but he certainly swam the Channel, and with the breast-stroke. On August 24th, 1875, he left the Admiralty Pier, and swam or floated across in 21 hours 45 minutes, and it was a feat of which we are very proud; we ought to have a statue raised to Webb.

The Hon. Holland remarks, "Swimming is a question of balance, and the mistake in learning is that boys put their heads too far back and so keep their mouths too far above the surface. None will learn to swim well," he says, "till he has learnt that it is not necessary to carry his neck like a strangled giraffe."

But how many persons are drowned whilst attempting to rescue others! I will give two suggestions as to saving life—one the Hon. Holland's, and two, Chambers'.

Holland says the best way to save a man is to put your arms under his, and your hands on his chest. If he should seize you by the head, put one arm behind his back and one hand under his chin. If he seizes you lower down, put your knee up as high as you can. If the drowning man has sunk, dive down, but never believe that a drowning man rises three times. It is not the case.

Chambers in his "Sports and Pastimes" says: "If a man is drowning get close to him; seize him by the hair, turn him on his back and give a sudden pull; then throw yourself on your back and swim for the shore."

Of good swims I would mention Miss Agnes Beckwith's

twenty miles with the tide in 6 hours 25 minutes in the Thames; and even with the tide, swimming twenty miles is a good record.

It is recorded of T. Burns that he dived from Runcorn Bridge (85 feet) in October, 1889; then swam to Liverpool, from whence he walked to London and dived off London Bridge; whilst J. Finney, in 1890, picked up with his mouth seventy-five coins from the bottom of a tank, his hands being tied behind him.

But if anyone desires to see boys swimming like fishes in the water, let them go up the Thames in a yacht, and watch poor London lads swimming in the river. They will remain in the water an incredible time, and keep on diving for penny pieces thrown into the water from passing boats, or steamers, or yachts. I remember what a great surprise this was to me the first time I saw it.

Miss Smith is our greatest long distance swimmer, while Wolfe and Holbein, although they failed to swim the English Channel, came within sight of the French coast.

MISS L. M. SMITH,
THE CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE SWIMMER OF ENGLAND.
By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

SWIMMING FROM RICHMOND TO THE TEMPLE.
Page 184. *By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.*

AUGUST.

" The eighth is August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground.
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found."—*Spenser.*

The month was called by the English " Arn monath," or " barn monath," meaning harvest month. There is a wood-cut where the sheaves are being lifted by a fork into a cart or waggon, a man is sounding a horn, either superintending the labourers or one of a hunting party entering the field.

The month is named after Augustus, who was born albeit in September; but a number of lucky things had happened to him in August, and the month also stood next to July, named after his illustrious uncle. His full name was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavius Augustus. It was a name bestowed upon Octavianus, B.C. 27, by the Senate and Roman people. Augustus was a name used in connection with religion, and designated a person sacred and worthy of respect, and was given him for his success in consolidating the empire. He was born B.C. 63, the son of Caius Octavius, by Atia, a daughter of Julia, the sister of C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus. He had lost his father at the age of four, and was abroad when he heard of Cæsar's death, but found his uncle had adopted him as his heir.

At this juncture Antony became his most jealous adversary. So having first made overtures to the Republican party, and the title of Prætor being conferred upon him, Antony was defeated and fled across the Alps. Octavius then demanded the Consulship, which the Senate gave him, and was henceforth called Octavianus; he became reconciled with Antony, and these divisions of countries were agreed upon: Octavianus had Sicily, Sardinia, and Africa; Lepidus—Spain and Gaul; Antony—the rest of the two Gauls. Soon after this Octavianus and Antony crossed to Greece, and defeated Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, B.C. 42, and so Julius Cæsar was avenged. Fresh divisions of provinces were made, and Antony married the sister of Octavianus.

Octavianus now concluded a peace with Pompey, as his fleet had the command of the sea. But he afterwards found Pompey in the way and defeated him. Then he stripped Lepidus, and at last signally defeated Antony at Actium, B.C. 31. He was now master of the Roman world, and was called Princeps. He closed the Temple of Janus and proclaimed universal peace. One cannot help being amazed at his marvellous success. He was a mere boy of twenty, yet he carried all before him, whether it was the Republican party, Antony, Lepidus or Pompey. He found Rome, it is said, built of brick; he left it built of marble. He was a great ruler and politician, and encouraged agriculture and literature. Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Livy, were of his period. But the reign shines out with heavenly splendour, since it was the reign in which the Saviour of the world was born.

Now this is the harvest month—the corn is waiting for the sickle. Many have grumbled, and will grumble, but August, the harvest month comes, and it is generally a fair harvest, and if not in one place then it is in another. In the fields the harvest mouse is running up one stalk of corn and down another—he has to bid adieu to peace and quietness, and so have the scattered partridges.

There is the Pagan festival of Lammas, a festival to realise the gain of the first-fruits of the earth, especially the grain harvest. A loaf was offered at church and called "Hlafmass," shortened into Lammas; just as "Hlafday" was shortened into Lady, a dispenser of bread; it was a kind of preliminary harvest festival, and St. Roch Day was generally the day of harvest home. The last few sheaves were decorated with flowers and ribbons, and brought home on a waggon called the "hock cart," whilst the labourers' wives and children, says the Rev. Ditchfield, "carrying green boughs, sheaves and flags, formed a glad procession."

Herrick writes of it thus—

> "Crowned with the ears of corn, now come
> And to the pipe sing harvest home;
> Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
> Dressed up with all the country art;
> The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
> Clad all in linen, white as lilies;
> The harvest swains and wenches bound
> For joy to see the hock cart crowned."

The harvest queen was mounted on the top of the cart, and the rustics received a hearty welcome at their master's house. He gave them presents, and they had a good dance. All were equal, and no drunkenness was allowed. It was—

> "Harvest home! harvest home!
> We have ploughed, we have sowed;
> We have reaped, we have mowed,
> We have brought home every load.
> Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!"

And certainly now we have our harvest festivals thanking God for the corn, for the fulfilment of all prophecy—"seed-time and harvest shall not fail." We have deeply rooted in our minds our harvest hymns, which we have known from childhood—

> "Come, ye thankful people, come
> Raise the song of harvest home!
> All is safely gathered in,
> Ere the winter storms begin."

And we acknowledge the power of God—

> "He sends the snow in winter,
> The warmth to swell the grain,
> The breezes and the sunshine,
> And soft, refreshing rain."

Harvest, the climax of the farmer's work, has arrived, just as Ascension Day was the climax of Christ's life.

A great Greek Divinity was Demeter. She was the goddess of the corn-bearing earth and of agriculture. It was supposed that her name meant "Mother Earth," but it is probably more correct to consider her as the "Corn Mother." There is a legend in the classics which means by its story of Persephone and Demeter the springing up of the corn from the earth.

No one can gaze upon golden cornfields without being influenced by them.

They present a similar appearance to what they must have in the time of the Patriarchs, when Jacob's sons went to Egypt to get corn. We think of the pretty story of Ruth gleaning in the fields in one of the quiet valleys of Bethlehem; and of our Lord plucking the ears of corn when with His disciples; or previously to that we think of Noah and his family gazing on a desolate world, and wondering, perchance, if there would be any more corn, and then the rainbow and the promise.

Macmillan says, most touchingly, "Of the many beautiful sights of this lovely season the most perfect and interesting are the cornfields ripening in light and shade, like the waves of a sunset sea, away o'er valley and upland to the purple shores of the distant hills. An ideal air breathes around every object, and the universal frame of Nature is stamped with the brightest image of its Maker, and earth might well be taken for a suburb of heaven." Someone has called it the "sunset of the year." And assuredly no greater halo of glory marks the close of day than radiates around each sunny hour of this precious season. The sky is often of the sweetest blue, and soft, playful gleams break through the fleecy clouds and fleet o'er wood and meadow, giving a tender tone to the universal sunshine.

But, says Macmillan, in his "Bible Teachings from Nature," corn is universally diffused from Lapland to India; from China to the prairies of America; from the level of the sea-shore to the tablelands of the Andes and Himalayas. Other grain will not grow anywhere; but corn, sent for the especial use of man, will. Corn appears to have arrived with flowers at the human epoch. It has never been found in a wild state. Most flowers have their wild representatives, but there is no wild corn. It has been found mixed with Egyptian mummies, and in the Lake dwellings before the Christian era, but it has never been self sown. The Greeks and Romans believed it to be the gift of Ceres, or Demeter, of whom we just spoke, and that she taught her son to cultivate it. It is of the lily tribe and the ancestral plant of both; one has descended as a beautiful plant, and the other for food. And when we kneel down and say, "Give us this day our daily bread," we are reminded every time of God, who gives us the harvest. It is the only petition which shows us our dependence upon God; that we are all brothers and sisters, and that we cannot count any day our own, and so we say every day the same words. (And I must add that whenever I say these words I think of the unemployed who sing, "Give us the work to do, to get our daily bread.") There is something very wrong in the present state of England.

We who have our wants supplied should be grateful; for even the Pagans were.

As Canon Farrar, in his sermon on "Our Daily Bread," says—

> "The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
> Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
> Called on the lonely wanderer who bestowed that lovely light.
> The traveller slaked his thirst from
> Rill or gushing fount and thanked the Naiad."

He also quotes Dante—

> "Our daily manna give to us to-day,
> Without which whoso through this desert drear
> Journeys, goes back though pressing on his way."

We think, too, of the story of the feeding of the Israelites in the wilderness, which appears to have been a saccharine substance produced by a shrub called *Tamarisk Mannifera*, the exudation which concretes into this manna being caused by the punctures made by insects of the Genus coccus in the bark. It is a kind of reddish syrup, and is eaten by the Arabs and by the monks of Mount Sinai like honey with their bread.

But referring again to the subject of corn. How do cockchafers affect it? And what is the remedy? A cockchafer is a comparatively large beetle, generally a reddish-brown colour, and they fly with a whirling noise. After the eggs are laid the young beetles do not come to maturity for some time, but they do great damage to crops, "and the remedy is the rook." In 1574 cockchafers were said to have choked with their corpses the wheels of a mill on the Severn, and you will see this possibility when I say that in the eighteenth century a Norwich farmer gathered eighty bushels of cockchafers from his own fields—and yet farmers and others shoot down the rooks helplessly and let the cockchafers destroy the corn and eat the roots of the grass. In "woods" the cockchafer will eat the leaves of the oak and elm, but the "Eve chur" comes to the rescue and eats the cockchafer. Still, there is nothing like an illustration.

In a district in Germany an order was given to exterminate the rook, and the result was that the harvest was a failure.

POPPIES.

I mention the poppy in this connection because it was sacred to Ceres. There are various kinds, namely: the Oriental poppy, opium or white, oil poppy, carnation, and corn poppy. The seed and oil are both made use of. The oil is as sweet as olive oil,

is used for similar purposes, and is imported largely into Britain from India; it is extensively cultivated in France, Belgium and Germany; at one time the oil was forbidden in France, but now it is much used as an article of food, and it is believed that one half of the oil used is from poppies. Painters and also soap-boilers make use of it.

The seed was well known to the ancients as an article of food, fit to be eaten by itself with bread. Some poppy seeds are sprinkled on German cakes; but poppy-heads are used medicinally for fomentations, and the syrup for children's colds.

The long prickly-headed poppy is the smallest of the red section, and you generally see it growing in dry, waste places and on the tops of banks and walls. Its weak appearance is said to give one the idea that it is merely a specimen of the common poppy of the cornfields, but the common poppy differs from all others in the size of its petals.

Step says that all poppies are descended from one common yellow ancestor—"the Oriental poppy of our gardens." No poppy can compete with this for the size and perfection of its crimson flower; they are soon over, but look nice in large public gardens.

Opium is the dried juice of the unripe capsules of a species of poppy, and its cultivation is largely carried on in India. For instance, the area given to poppy rearing in Bengal is 560,000 acres, and China produces it largely. The effect of opium is very great—the imagination becomes more active and mental work can be more easily accomplished, self-consciousness and self-criticism are lulled and the judgment is less controlled, but the more that is taken increases the craving. Of course it is good to lull pain, and it produces sleep.

FESTIVAL OF THE WAKES.

This is one of the oldest of our festivals. It is the festival of the Saint to whom the parish church is dedicated, and it is called "wakes" because the villagers used to watch or "wake" in the church till the morning dawned; and parishioners used to keep open house on that day entertaining their relations and friends, and these feasts were the origin of our fairs. Persons

came from neighbouring villages, and at Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, the circuit of the fair was three miles round; and it is on record that King James was indignant with the Cambridge graduates for attending the fair. But I give an account of a "wake" or village feast at Bath. The "green" was covered with a crowd of all sexes decked out in holiday attire, all endeavouring to excel in exercises such as cudgel playing, football, wrestling, and then prizes were given. There were also running and leaping, cheap jacks, and endless booths, side-shows, giants and live lions climbing the pole, jumping insects and donkey races. The back-sword play was the chief amusement, and the object is recorded as "to break your opponent's head." (This scarcely seems kind, does it?) Blood had to flow above the eyebrow. Eighteen pence was given to the one who dealt the blow, and a shilling to the one who was struck.

THE HEATHER.

The heather is a beautiful plant. We naturally connect it only with Scotland, but it grows well in Surrey, and I remember how pleased I used to be as a boy picking it on Clifton Downs. But let us speak of Scotland and the heather.

Elizabeth Grierson in her book goes into raptures over the heather, and quotes the song—

> "Hurrah, hurrah, for my heather hills,
> Where the bonnie thistle waves to the sweet bluebells!"

"For there," she says, "the wide, spreading moors are covered with heather and bracken, whilst the bluebells of Scotland nod their fairy-like heads in the wind." She says that the hill country looks as if it had a purple pall all over it.

Another writer speaks of the hill-sides being touched with beauty and crimsoning up with the flowers of the heather, whilst the wild moorland catches the reflected blush.

The island of Islay is covered with it, and ale is made by brewing one part of malt and the other of young heather. Moreover, the tops afford food and shelter for the grouse, the nightjar crouches in it, bees hum in it and get honey from it. Moreover, it is the badge of the McDonnells and McAlisters. At first the lairds shot their moorfowl for their own use; then they were

found to be valuable, and now they are a very favourite bird indeed. It must be pretty to see these speckled little birds run at thirty-six hours old, deserting the nest, and at the slightest danger they crouch flat on the ground.

Heaths (Erica).—The Irish heath tells us some history. It shows us that Cornwall was once connected with Spain, and Land's End with Scilly. Old chroniclers speak of a land called Lyonese, which connected Land's End with Scilly, and geology proves the other; Plato describes a land called Atlantis, three thousand miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide.

THE OLIVE TREE.

I consider that the olive tree is in a way the most interesting tree that there is. A halo of romance invests it from the fact that the dove, after the flood, returned to the ark with an olive leaf plucked off, a sign that the waters had abated; and a halo of reverence surrounds it from the connection of the Mount of Olives with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is a native of Syria and other Asiatic countries. Tradition says some in Italy are since Pliny's time, and there are said to be trees in Turkey 1,200 years old. Tradition also says that the first olive branch which reached the country of Greece was carried by a dove from Phœnicia to the Temple of Jupiter, in Epirus.

Palestine, of course, is a land of oil, olive and honey; in fact, the olive tree is the characteristic tree of the country. The oldest, said to be in the time of our Lord, are in Gethsemane; then the plain of Esdraelon to Benjamin is covered. Manasseh and Ephraim are clad with olives; also the vale of Schechen, Bethlehem, and round about Jerusalem; and aged trees are surrounded by shoots, from whence we get the scriptural remark, "Thy children like olive branches round about thy table."

Now, the young olive tree takes years to come to perfection, but when in perfection it is the most prolific bearing of trees. The flower may be blown by the wind, and millions perish, but yet there is enough to weigh down every tree with fruit. As much as ten to fifteen gallons of oil may be obtained from one tree; in fact, the fruit of the tree is the first necessity of life.

The olive oil, for instance, forms the cream and butter of Spain and Italy, taking the place of milk. It is also made into soup. The fruit when pickled is the greatest relish to the farmers' bread. The best pickled olives come from Genoa and Marseilles to England, also from Naples and Leghorn. Abroad, olives are taken before meals to whet the appetite; and in England at dessert with wine for a digestive. The best quotation of the extent of cultivation is to state that two-and-a-quarter million acres of olives are grown in Italy, and it grows luxuriantly in Chili and California; but the finest olive oil is from Tuscany.

Writers who have travelled speak of an "olive grove" as looking like a silver sea along the base of the hills, with its beautiful flowers of white and yellow, its pale blue foliage and ever-green freshness, and that it speaks of "peace and plenty, food and gladness."

As a medicine it is greatly in vogue for wounds and bruises, and to be rubbed into the body. It is also used as a dressing for the hair, and for anointing the body.

The wood is much prized by cabinet-makers, and from the roots snuff-boxes and ornaments are made. In fact one acre of olives is said to be worth a thousand dollars.

It is found to be very difficult to make much of olive trees over here, the growth being entirely different to over there. Abroad the wild trees have no fences, no walls, and no hedges; and the way the olives are stripped is by shaking the trees. Still some berries adhere, and then the gleaners are allowed to come, and they get enough for themselves for a lamp for the winter, and to cook pottage and bitter herbs.

Keble says of it—

"Oh, where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slopes breathe the airs of balm.

"All through the summer night
Those blossoms, red and bright,
Spread their soft breasts unheeding to the breeze."

THE LIME TREE.

The lime or linden tree was well known to the Greeks under the name of "philyra," and the Romans held it in great repute for

its thousand uses. Its timber was used to make agricultural implements, and was considered very good for shields; the leaves and bark have a healing power, and decoctions of various parts beautify the skin. During the struggles of the Swiss and Flemish it was their custom to plant a lime-tree to celebrate a victory, and there is one now the branches of which are propped up; it commemorates the victory of the Swiss in 1476. The leaf is pointed and heart-shaped, the flowers are numerous and the scent lovely. Honey from the lime is considered superior to all other kinds. The pleasing sound of the bees and the fragrance of the flower cause the tree to be planted near houses, and the Unter-den-Linden—the great street of Berlin—is full of limes. The Dutch plant the tree along their widest streets, and by their canals, and the whole country is perfumed by them in the months of July and August. It is a native of Europe, Asia, and America. The peculiar use of the lime is for the formation of mats from the bark; and the fishermen of Sweden make nets for catching fish from the fibres of the inner bark, and I may add that the sap drawn from the tree in Spring contains a great quantity of sugar.

WISTARIA.

This most lovely creeping flower is highly suitable for greenhouses, as the branches of flowers fall down in such splendour. It is sometimes called the "purple laburnum," and is a member of the family of peas and beans; it was introduced from China in 1816 by Captain Welbank. But the white wistaria to one who has seen it must appeal as distinctly more lovely—this was introduced in 1846.

Step, in writing of the Chinese wistaria, says—"It is allowed there to run up the tallest trees and festoon their summits with its annual plenitude of garlands of blue flowers, and when the flowers are past, the leafage of the wistaria is so distinct and beautiful that the trees supporting it are doubly adorned, for their own leaves have some beauty, and they know it, as we see by the way they thrust them out in masses to contrast with the leafage of the scrambling butterfly they generously support.

THE TUBEROSE.

A more lovely smell than this plant has I do not know, and whether you cull it for vases or make a buttonhole of it, as flower-sellers do in London, it is just the same; it is delicious. The strongly-scented pure white and wax-looking flowers are the best. Shelley says—

> "The jessamine faint and the sweet tuberose,
> The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
> And all rare blossoms for every clime
> Grew in that garden in perfect prime."

Some people call them overpowering in smell. I do not, though they are considerably more powerful after sunset; they yield an oil much used by perfumers. Here and in America florists keep up a constant succession of flowers, planting the roots at different times. They say the fading flowers emit electric light and sparks in certain conditions of the atmosphere.

I must here again make almost a short appendix of the many flowers I have selected, as there are so very many in late July and August.

THE MUSK (OR MIMULUS MOSCHATUS).

is so called from its gaping mouth, which is said to be like that of an ape; it is therefore a monkey-flower, and akin to the figworts, foxglove and calceolaria. It is a native of Oregon, America, and the *Moschatus luteus* of Peru and Chili. Of course the name "musk" is from the Arabic "musch," the name of an animal from which a perfumed substance is gained.

This is a cottager's plant, and there is no doubt that they are very successful gardeners. Musks require a rich soil and plenty of water, and cottagers do see to that.

THE ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

A kind of poppy, named after Dr. Eschscholtz, an eminent botanist. It is a small yellow flower, very pretty when it opens, will rapidly spread, and moreover, is easily grown from seed. It possesses a powerful narcotic opium.

THE SUNFLOWER.

The great point of this flower is not its beauty; it is very weedy-looking, and spreads very much; but the bees crowd round it

for the honey, of which it is full. Russians eat it, and Americans and the Indians make bread of it; then cattle and fowls eat the oily seeds. If an acre is sown you get, say, fifty bushels of seed, each bushel yielding a gallon of oil. I do not think the idea of its turning to the sun is good, as it turns all ways, and therefore the name is inappropriate. It is a native of Mexico and Peru, and reaches a height of twenty feet.

THE OLEANDER.

By the term "oleander" we must understand flowering olive; it is a river plant, and consequently likes mud and water and warmth; it has large rose-like blossoms, and is very poisonous. It is recorded that soldiers in Spain cut the wood for meat skewers, and seven who ate the meat died.

There is the "Oleander of Palestine," and Tristram says it is unequalled for the beauty of its flowers, which send a glowing sheet of pink over the fringe of every lake. It is nurtured by the oozy marshes of the Jordan.

THE AGERATUM.

This name gives to my mind no idea of the flower. It is a lovely blue flower, although some are silver-grey, lavender and white, and it is a composite flower; sideways it has a thistle-like appearance. They say it is called "ageratum" because it never looks old. It always reminds me of a bunch of the Devil's bit scabious.

THE TANACETUM.

Called by cottagers the tansy. This is a beautiful-looking flower. It contains a peculiar acid, called tanacetic acid, and is a good flower for a country nosegay, and certainly I like it far more when you see it by the seaside or in the country; it makes such a lovely glitter in the sunshine.

Gerarde speaks of tansy puddings, tansy cakes, tansy omelettes, and tansy sweetmeats for "gout." It was called "Athanasia," because it was supposed to be a plant employed by the gods to render favoured mortals immortal; and so King Jupiter said to Mercury, "Take away this Ganymede, give him a draught of

Athanasia to render him immortal, and bring him back to serve here as cupbearer." Some poetry on it runs thus—

> "And where the marjoram once, and sage, and rue,
> And balm, and mint, with curl'd leaf parsley grew,
> And double marigolds and silver thyme,
> And where I often, when a child, for hours
> Tried through the pales to get the tempting flowers
> As lady's laces, everlasting peas,
> And golden rods and tansy running high,
> That o'er the pale tops smiled on passers-by."

THE HOLLYHOCK.

This, to my mind, unwieldy plant had at one time a very great popularity, and was to be seen at every exhibition and in every garden. But it got a disease, and then became unpopular. It is now to be seen in every Indian garden, and is allied to the marsh-mallow; it has a leaf somewhat like the *Anemone japonica*, and cattle eat its leaves.

Another flower of this family is the beautiful hibiscus. In the South Sea Islands they are much used for personal adornment. The *Hibiscus esculatus* is eaten as food in the East and West Indies. Another kind is used in tarts, and another makes a cool beverage. *Hibiscus roseus* has large purple flowers; others, yellow, crimson, and purple.

THE SAXIFRAGES.

These are a very large family, but I must condense them for want of space. The word means "rock-breaker." The prettiest which I know is a white star-like kind. The old-fashioned London Pride is a relative of the saxifrages. Rider Haggard speaks of the saxifrage, *pyramidalis cotyledon*, as throwing up a noble spike of bloom eighteen inches high; whilst the Rev. Ellacombe mentions a very fine Alpine kind as successfully grown at Kew.

ANEMONE JAPONICA.

I am very sure that none who grow this will regret it. The roots are certainly rather expensive, but the flower in August and September is particularly pretty.

Its leaves are very like the grape vine leaf, and its flowers are like the Christmas rose. It has often been called the "autumn white lily." It is sometimes confused with the *Anemone vitifolia*,

a native of Nepaul, in the shady valleys of which it is plentiful. You increase the plants by dividing the roots.

THE GEUM.

This is another cottage garden flower of American, Grecian, Alpine, and Russian origin, and would almost pass as a small rose. In fact, it is a rosacean plant. There is the water avens, with nodding flowers of purple and orange, and the wood avens generally of the Alps; this attracts the bee and butterfly. Coleridge writes of it—

> "Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,
> Ye ice falls clothe you with living flowers
> The ground, spread loveliest blue as garlands at your feet,
> Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise."

LAVENDER.

This is one of the most popular flowers sold in London streets, and it has been made the text of one of our most popular songs, viz., "Who'll Buy my Sweet Lavender." How greatly do we prize it for putting in muslin bags and mixing with pocket-handkerchiefs; and then there is lavender scent or lavender water. The popular time for cutting the spikes is the beginning of August; the oil is then of greater value than when fully expanded. But the oil will act like camphor; one drop put in a box with a living insect will kill it. It can also be used as a stomachic tonic.

MAJOR AND MINOR CONVOLVULUS.

These are very great favourites of mine, especially the major or morning glory. You can get the most lovely colours of this flower; and, moreover, fresh flowers come out every morning, as they only live one day. The convolvulus minor is blue with yellow centre. (A member of this order is the sweet potato.)

HUGH MACMILLAN ON FERNS.

I always feel that of the religious writers or Nature writers of every age I know no one to come up to the late Hugh Macmillan, and on ferns he is certainly unique, rivalling the learned writer, Edward Step.

"WHO'LL BUY MY LAVENDER?"

"Ladies fair, I bring to you
Lavender with spikes of blue:
Sweeter plant was never found
Growing on our English ground.
Who'll buy my lavender,
Sweet blooming lavender?
Who'll buy my lavender,
Sweet blooming lavender?"

Page 200.

Photo by kind permission of Messrs. Bamforth, Publishers, Holmfirth.
Words by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

He starts by saying, "They love the lonely wilderness, the depths of the dim forest, the shady recesses of mountain rocks. They keep perpetual summer around us by their unfading green, even where the frosts and snows of winter are most severe, and bring into the midst of our fevered conventional life the free glad breath of Nature and the infinite suggestiveness of the hills and woods.

"Ferns," he says, "were probably the 'First planting' in the virgin soil as it rose out of the primeval waters. They represented the sole vegetation upon the globe, covering the earth with a uniform green mantle, and luxuriating in the reeky soil and dense atmosphere of the carboniferous era. Moreover, there were few other plants to carry on the existence with them, and they were in many cases very large, but their size and number have now greatly diminished owing to many causes. In course of time plants of equal size contested with them the means of subsistence, and our present small ferns are the sole representatives of a lost ancestry, though," he says, "in tropical climates they still retain somewhat of their old luxuriance and size, especially in the South Seas and New Zealand; but where there were in many places forests of tree-ferns of gigantic size and amazing luxuriance, we now see the spleenwort and polypody." And then Macmillan goes on to speak of

COAL.

"Coal," he says, "the great element of mechanical force and human industry, was formed in the carboniferous era from the ferns of that period. Age after age they fed on the carbonic acid gas, decayed and fell beneath the waters of the swamp, until they, under rock pressure and volcanic heat, turned into mineral hardness and became fossil fuel, which in distant ages, as now, is our prime necessity of life, on which the welfare of the world so seriously depends.

"Flowers," he remarks, "could not be produced in the carboniferous age, for they require the same atmosphere as man, and hence they came into the world with him. Ferns were the original plants, and so dependent were the New Zealanders on ferns, that when corn was sown they pulled it up to look at the roots."

The Indians of Vancouver Island also eat the roots of the common bracken, and look upon them when boiled as a great luxury, and he says that "in the starchy deposits of many ferns we have a prophecy of the potato and Jerusalem artichoke." And then he speaks of the development of human food—first, the lichen starch of Iceland moss, then the esculent rhitsome of the fern, and lastly our golden ear of wheat which clothes the happy autumn fields, and the ruddy apple which bends the boughs of our orchards. Also in the crosier-like form of the young fern frond before it is unfolded there is brought out the pattern of the beautiful Ionic and Corinthian capitals of Greek and Roman architecture.

Step speaks of a tree-fern, like a huge palm in height. He calls it *Asophila australis*. It was found in Tasmania, and attained an elevation of thirty feet, and many specimens, he said, had girth equal to a man's body. The crest of the fronds had a diameter of twenty-six feet, but its relative, *Asophila excelsa*, grew to eighty feet.

In the Crystal Palace there are very fine ferns in pots, though not so high, and of course Kew has a lovely collection of ferns.

Darwin, in his *Journal of Researches*, says, "Tree-ferns thrive luxuriantly in Van Dieman's Land. I measured one trunk nearly six feet round, whilst in the Auckland Isles trunks are so thick that they may be called tree-ferns."

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FERNS.

THE BRACKEN.

The brake, or bracken, is, of course, the most common of ferns, and its roots creep many inches below the soil. They are very thick, and are covered with a soft down, and deer are fond of lying amongst them; and where ferns were most abundant we get these village names—Farnham, Farnhurst, and Farnborough. And here is an old verse—

> "When the fern is as high as a spoon,
> You may sleep an hour at noon;
> When the fern is as high as a ladle,
> You may sleep as long as you're able;
> When the fern begins to look red,
> Then milk is good with brown bread."

And it is interesting to know that James, Duke of Monmouth, lay concealed beneath the boughs of bracken.

In the "Lady of the Lake" we read that Roderick Dhu's men sprang from the bracken at the whistle of their chieftain.

MAIDEN-HAIR FERN.

Adiantum capil lu veneris, meaning the hair of Venus, is the most well-known fern in cultivation, yet unable to stand our winters, or gas, or draughts. Its position when found is moist rocks in sea-shore neighbourhoods, in caves and nooks difficult of access. Lately it has been found in Dorset, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, west of Ireland, and the Channel Islands. It has a creeping rood-stock covered with scales, and branching frequently. It affords a refreshing drink, called "Capillaire," and a wash for promoting the growth of the hair.

If it dies or withers, cut it down, and let it shoot up from the root; but it wants warmth and moisture. One "Colsford Dick" says of it, very prettily and correctly, "It is easily known by its fan-shaped leaflets, but the true characteristics are in the veining." We all know the stalk is no thicker than a piece of cotton, while the smaller stalks are hair-like, hence its name. The bright, cheerful tint and elegant form of the plant make it a very great favourite for bride's bouquets. It wants gentle watering with warmish water through a rose; a small can is best.

THE LADY FERN.

This is one of the loveliest of all our larger ferns, and may be found in many a sheltered glen or wood. Scott alludes to it in his "Waverley"—

> "Where the copse wood is the greenest,
> Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
> Where the morning dew lies longest,
> There the lady fern grows strongest."

It is less common in England than in Ireland, where the fronds rise beautifully through the summer. It is like the brake with us, and is used there for packing fruit; but still we meet with it in the swampy copse, the wet meadow, near waterfalls, or a mountain torrent.

THE MALE FERN.

This may be met with in our country walks, with the leaves curled in circles and covered with scales to protect them from

wind and rain. In Norway it is used as fodder for horses and cattle; and in Switzerland as a remedy for diseases. It is a very popular fern, with its soft look, and yet towering over the lesser plants of the hedgerow, and may be regarded, says Step, as *the fern.* If you gather a mature frond, you will find on the back a multitude of raised dots. This is the fern seed, with its reputed power of rendering its possessor invisible. If gathered on St. John's Eve there is a superstition about it.

HOLLY FERN.

Step points out with perfect truth that the so-called holly fern would have been much better styled "barberry fern." It is a rock plant, usually found at an elevation of 3,000 feet, and he gives a photo of one on Mount Snowdon, 2,500 feet. It is rare in Ireland but is found in Scotland and round the Westmoreland lakes. It seems to grow best in a damp and shady home. The dark, glossy, green leaf is sufficiently prickly, in some persons' opinion, to remind us of the holly.

THE ROYAL FERN.

The most conspicuous of all our wild species, and is to be found more or less all over our kingdom, more especially in bog-lands or the wet marshes of woods. A traveller found one on the banks of the Clyde eleven feet high. It is an extremely decorative plant to have, but has been destroyed by collectors.

It has been called St. Christopher Herb. Gerarde calls it water fern, and the Saxon name is ditch fern. Flowery fern is another name for it.

THE POLYPODY.

A word which means many feet, and refers to the many fibres of the root. In the Crete "Herbal" it is called wall fern whist. Turner calls it the brake of the wall, and Gerarde moss fern.

Ellacombe says he knows of no foliage plant in winter like the Welsh polypody, rare in a wild state, but abundant in Teneriffe, and wild in North America.

Three-Branched Polypody.—This is a near relative of the mountain polypody. It likes sheltered places, moist woods, and stony, mountainous places. It is sometimes called an oak fern.

In March three little balls appear, these uncurl; then in June graceful branches appear and seed cases come on the back, but it is very short-lived.

Polypody Vulgare.—This grows abundantly everywhere and clings to the oak. It is gathered by the country folk as a cure for whooping cough. In Kent it is called the golden polypody.

The Alpine polypody is pretty, like the lady fern, and moreover a British fern.

THE MOON WORT.

Hogg calls it a moon fern, a name in use in Scotland. Turner's "Herbal" says "lunary." Culpepper says country people call it "unshoe the horse," and according to another it is called in Cumberland, "shoeless horse"; and so we have—

> "Horses that, feeding on the grassy hills,
> Tread upon moon wort with their hollow heels;
> Though lately shod, at night go barefoot home,
> Their master musing where their shoes be gone.
> Hammer and pincers thou unshodst them with;
> Alas! what lock or iron engine is't
> That can this subtle secret strength resist?
> Sith the best farrier cannot set a shoe
> So sure but thou so shortly canst undo."

THE HORSETAIL FERNS (EQUISETUM).

These are a very remarkable collection of ferns. The different sorts are the field horsetail, blunt-topped horsetail, the great horsetail, the wood horsetail, the marsh horsetail, the mud horsetail, the Dutch rush. The word is composed from "equus," a horse, and "seta," a bristle. And as to being like ferns in appearance, to my mind they are utterly unlike. Some bear resemblance to the firs; some to bamboo canes; another to a *Planta genista*, devoid of leaves, and the fertile stems of the field horsetail are like a wood-rush.

The most imposing is the *Equisetum maximum;* the barren stems sometimes rise to six feet and more. It is at home in bogs, water-courses, and wooded banks.

The prettiest plant is the wood horsetail. The branches have a graceful droop, then more stem, and another graceful set of drooping branches ending in a seed bulb. It is very pretty. The drooping branches remind one of the larch. It ranges from Shetland to Kent.

The Dutch rush comes from Holland, where their growth is encouraged along the canals.

CLUB MOSSES.

"These," says Step, "have been much used in rustic adornment for merrymakings," and Wordsworth calls them "foxtail moss," "staghorn moss," and so on. But there are other names, and very numerous, like "fox's claws," "lamb's tail," "wolf's claws." There is the Alpine club moss, the marsh club moss. But there is one which anyone would recognise by its name, and that is the

FIR CLUB MOSS.

This is like a miniature fir tree. Immediately the stem leaves the ground it begins to "fork," and the divisions fork again and again.

The plant is seven or eight inches high, and over half an inch in diameter, densely clothed with dark green, narrow, lance-shaped leaves.

SEPTEMBER.

Spenser speaks of the month thus—

> "Next him September marched, eke on foot,
> Yet was he hoary, laden with the spoil
> Of harvest riches, which he made his boot,
> And him enriched with bounty of the soil.
> In his one hand, as fit for harvest toil,
> He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
> A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
> Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
> And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned."

September was called "Gerst monath," barley month, so named from the liquor called "beerlegh" made in that month, and hence barley. Cassell has a woodcut of a boar hunt. It is generally a lovely month, and I think people who do not know London would be staggered at September in the parks. Now I should like just to take note of one park—Regent's Park, as I saw it in September. I may be biassed because Regent's Park is my favourite park. It has such a lovely broad walk, with seats for everyone, and especially on a Sunday it has such a very happy appearance, and you feel that persons who are shut up every day of the week are enjoying a quiet Sunday afternoon. There are mothers out for the day, and there are the fathers wheeling the babies or carrying one in their arms, which I must say I call a very pretty picture, taking their share in married life, whilst the wife walks happily beside. Then the squirrels, which have come from America, and have been let from the Zoo out into the park, run up and down the trees and sport in the grass, and even come to the seats for food, for pieces of bread and biscuit—all seems so very pretty and natural. On the left, further up, are the Zoological Gardens, which everyone knows, and the Botanical Gardens, rich in beauty. Then the open cricket grounds, where numerous clubs get a pitch accorded them, and it is wonderful that no one is killed with the balls flying in all directions; then the ducks in the ornamental water. Granted a lovely blue sky, there is no more enjoyable spot. Although all our London parks are lovely and a great boon,

Regent's Park on a smaller scale reminds me of the grand park at Vienna. I forget the right name for it, but it is an enormous far-stretching park, and when I got into an open carriage one day and drove through it, I did not get to the end (which speech sounds what is called Irish), it seemed endless. But now as to the flowers of September in Regent's Park, in the beds by the Broad Walk, they are worth notice. Here are some which I remember—fuchsias and geraniums, or rather pelargoniums (zonal), popularly called geraniums, zinnias, sunflowers, torch lilies, white lilies, tiger lilies, palms, mignonette, hollyhock, marguerites, phlox, lobelia, hydrangea, godetias, stocks, Michaelmas daisies, dahlias, chrysanthemums, pentstemons. Now I call this a grand thing for the London public. Where else would you see such a sight as you do in our London parks? The Bath Park is very fine in foreign trees from nearly every country, but I should call our London parks an easy first against any competitor. When I passed through the park late butterflies were on the wing, and birds twittering and singing in the trees.

But now let us glance at a Westminster Rose Show in September. We used to talk of June as the month of roses; now we seem to have them when we like at the end of the year. There was one rose which I always think so lovely—namely, the Francis Carl Dushchki. It is just like wax. Then Harry Kirk, Madame Luillot, Madame Hector Lesellop, Charles Graham, Captain Hayward, Betty, Madame Host, Madame Comptesse Coryla. It all showed the increasing interest of Londoners in flowers! Moreover, these shows improve private gardens, and it is not too much to say that there is no place, no city or country, where you see more beautiful flowers than in London.

September, too, we may call the gleaning month. Sometimes, of course, harvest has been late, but if a farmer can possibly get his corn in by the end of August, then he does. He strives hard on sunny days, that the result of the year's labour may not be lost. So I say we can call this the gleaning month, and any good, kind-hearted farmer will let his poorer neighbours glean.

The law on the subject stands thus—following the Mosaic—common popular feeling holds that the farmer has no right to shut out gleaners. Blackstone and Halé had granted this, but the Court of Common Pleas has decided that it is *not* right to

Page 188. HARVEST TIME.

Page 201. AMONG THE FERNS.

force the farmer's hand. In Scotland it has been decided *against* the gleaner, but the Scotch are not overburdened with the love of giving. Some in England restrict it to the relatives of the harvester. In most places it is a point not interfered with.

I suppose gleaning speaks to most of us of the lands of the Bible. I knew a farmer who used to make sport of the story of Ruth; but then, unfortunately, nothing escaped the bitterness of his tongue. I call it a very pretty natural story, where Ruth is gleaning in the fields amongst the sheaves, and sitting by the reapers, quite a picture true to life.

We think too, doubtless, of Abraham and Isaac, and, most of all, of Joseph and his brothers, and of the granaries of Egypt. The Jewish fields, you know, were not like our English fields, on the margins of pleasant rivers, or level meadows and sinking valleys, or climbing up the hillsides, and the corn waving in the breeze, but they were hemmed in by rocks, and instead of the sound of the thresher, oxen went treading their weary round, trampling out the corn which shot up in green circles where they had been.

In gleaning time in a village the village street is deserted, for they are all out getting as much as they can for the pig or the fowls, which satisfy so much of their daily needs. There are the children and the women with the pockets for the ears, and scissors to cut off the straw, the very little ones taking that which they gather straight to their mothers.

September is a very lovely month for sunsets, and it is a beautiful month for a holiday. You may be fairly sure of fine weather wherever you go in towns, and it is also nice by the sea and in the country.

Hood says thus—

> "That mellow season of the year,
> When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
> Till they be gold—and with a broader sphere
> The moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
> When more abundantly the spider weaves,
> And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime."

The hawthorn berries now show on the hedges, and hips where before there were roses. Then there is the mountain ash and the Japanese thorn; and when the yellow tint of the hazel is seen, then there is an abundance of nuts. Young man and

maiden adjourn to some wood and enjoy the pleasure of nutting I used to enjoy this pastime, I know, very much when a boy, in Maidstone woods, which seemed to me then full of nuts. And there is a day called "nutting day," which is still kept up in many parts of rural England. Chambers here has such a pretty piece that I must quote him rather *in extenso*. He says, "See all sallying forth in their most homely attire; listen to their merry laughter ringing through the woods, as one is lifted up to pluck a bunch of nuts from the topmost bough. Some were lost by accident, and some on purpose, but all spent a happy day. Old Royster's leather shirts had been an heirloom for two generations, and were still able to bid defiance to brake or brier. Pretty country girls were not then called young ladies, but May and Violet, and pleasant they were." And all this is true; life was more natural and more enjoyable. There was a simplicity about it, and it would be well if in this respect we could go back. We want what is natural. Let us have it, and no mincing ways or affected voice.

Lastly, I do not like to omit from this book such an historical point as the "Septembrists." We have to picture the horrors of the French Revolution. Every violent movement in Paris was a counterpart of some disaster on the frontier; the immediate occasion was the reaction of panic. At the capture of Longwy and Verdun by the Prussians, there were massacres in the prisons of Paris, which went on for six days and six nights. Napoleon seems to have found some excuse for it, but it is a subject out of harmony with what we have been speaking of, so we will let it rest there.

MICHAELMAS DAY,

Properly called the day of St. Michael and All Angels, is a great festival of the Church of Rome, and observed as an important feast day in England.

Michael, of course, is the chief of angels. In Scripture he is mentioned five times, and always in a warlike manner. Daniel describes him as fighting for the Jewish Church against Persia, St. Jude as fighting with the devil about the body of Moses, St. John as fighting at the head of angelic troops against the dragon and his host.

The Catholics call him a "most glorious and warlike prince, chief officer of Paradise, captain of God's hosts, receiver of souls, vanquisher of spirits." In early ages it seems certain that men felt their affairs were under the direction of angels, and that everyone had one guarding him, and from this I suppose it is that we have the patron saints of England, Ireland and Scotland, and so we picture heavenly messengers who encamp round about those who fear God and deliver them.

We remember Christ's incarnation was announced by an angel; His birth was hailed by the heavenly host; after He was tempted angels came and ministered unto Him; at the resurrection there were two who said He had risen; and Christ Himself said He could pray to the Father and He would send Him more than twelve legions of angels; angels in heaven are declared to rejoice when a poor sinner returns from his sin and repents. Lazarus is beautifully described as borne away by angels, and I can say, as one who has witnessed a great many death-bed scenes, that those who leave us often see angels before they die (of course what I say I know is mere assertion), but I have not the slightest reason to doubt it; the vision near death is entirely different, and that I take it is why we find the very old so ready to depart. Heaven seems to them so beautiful, and how can it help being if they see what they speak of? I thoroughly endorse the words of the immortal Longfellow when he said—

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes the Messenger Divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand on mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies."

I imagine that this may be part of the happy duties of those who, having served God faithfully here, have gone to their rest. There is, anyway, an affinity of spirit which we, with our finite reason, have never grasped, when persons are warned by the one who is dying "appearing" to the astounded gaze—of, say, some father or mother in the silent hours of gentle sleep—and

then they wake up and learn it is only a sad truth that they saw—"the child is dead."

On the feast of St. Michael persons brought to their landlords presents of fat geese to make them lenient about repairs and renewal of leases—

> "And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,
> They bring some fowl at midsummer; a dish of fish in Lent;
> A capon at Christmas; at Michaelmas, a goose,
> And somewhat else at New Year's tide for fear their lease fly loose."

And likewise did the landlords entertain their tenants with royal geese in their ancestral halls, but all these happy customs have died out, and more is the pity.

They say Queen Elizabeth was eating her Michaelmas goose when the story of the Armada came.

Geese are imported in numbers from Holland and Germany. The hams are a delicacy, and likewise the gizzards, heads, and legs.

The *pâte de foie gras* of Germany is made from goose liver in a state of morbid enlargement, by keeping the goose at a very high temperature, but those doubtful dishes I for one never touch. Here is a dialogue of 1709—

> "Yet my wife would persuade me, as I am a sinner,
> To have a fat goose on St. Michael for dinner;
> And then all the year round, I pray you would mind it,
> I shall not want money; oh, grant I may find it!
> Now several there are who believe this is true,
> The reason of this is desired from you."

But to change from a goose to a flower (between which there is no connection, save that we speak of Michaelmas daisies). I would speak of Michaelmas daisies and asters. Few persons, comparatively, think of the Michaelmas daisy as an aster, but it is. Of the two plants I prefer the aster; this star-like flower in all its many colours is a truly beautiful plant for the garden. It would be a lovely plant in the height of June and July; but coming when all the others have gone, it is immeasurably more valuable.

The China aster was brought from China to France by a missionary in the eighteenth century, but its flower has been immensely improved of late. In hot seasons they suffer from the green fly and red spider. The best sorts are the Victoria, French pæony, Giant French.

The *Aster alpinus* is a small plant with large blue flowers, and as it grows very low, it appears as a wild blue daisy. Says one—

> "Star of the mead, sweet daughter of the day,
> Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,
> From thy moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold,
> To kiss the tear of eve, the dewdrops cold."

The Michaelmas daisy I do not much care for, unless it be the larger flower; it has, in my opinion, an untidy look when it is going off. If it did not come when it does, when flowers are few, I should never have it in my garden.

Still, poets can talk, and it is descanted on in these verses, though the poet forgets about the chrysanthemums and dahlias, which bloom for some time—

> "Last smile of the departing year,
> Thy sister sweets are flown;
> Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
> From blooming thus alone.
>
> "Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
> Unnoticed might have passed;
> But now thou comest with softer claim,
> The loveliest and the last.
>
> "Sweet are the charms in thee we find,
> Emblem of hope's gay wing;
> 'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
> To promise future Spring."

PARTRIDGES.

One of the most beautiful points about the partridge is that it is a very lovable bird. It can be made the greatest pet; not many people seem to know this. I saw one in captivity at a restaurant in the Strand, and it came quite readily when you went to the cage; it also ran about the floor. They will remember acquaintances, and welcome one of the family who has left and returns. Another great point is its sagacity; it can lure people away from its nest, pretending to be lame, fluttering away until you follow it, and then, when some distance from its nest, flying away and returning later when safety is assured. It is found in stubble grass fields, and is always on the alert. The young, moreover, leave the nest as soon as hatched, and run with great rapidity. To give an instance of its faithfulness to its

young. Some men were mowing a field, and were told to scythe it carefully. They tried to, as a nest was known to be there, and the nest was only found by the scythe severing the head of the mother bird, as she would not desert her young. Let me quote two Old Testament references—1 Samuel, xxvi., 20—"The King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains," for the partridge was at that time chased and beaten to the ground with sticks; it did not try flight, but ran on the rocky hillsides and up the hills. Jeremiah xvii., 11—"As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." This alludes to the robbery of eggs by man and the Arabs eating them for food. "I took a nest," says a writer, "at Judea with twenty-six eggs, and eight hundred more were brought into camp; and the prophecy means that that man who enricheth himself by unjust means shall have little enjoyment of all his ill-gotten gain."

On the continent the partridge abounds from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean, and in some parts of the West of Asia. It is seldom found far from cultivated land.

PHEASANT.

A singularly handsome, attractive bird; still, one that can never, by any process, be domesticated. It is said that when Crœsus, King of Lydia, was seated on his throne adorned with all Eastern splendour, he asked Solon, "Had he seen anything so fine?" And what did Solon answer? He said, "He had seen the plumage of a pheasant." This lovely bird comes from Asia Minor, and its name is derived from Phasis, a river which flows in the Island of Colchis.

Very often people have pheasants in a run for the beauty of the bird. The male bird is very handsome, and there are, besides the common pheasant, the ring-necked, the silver, the argus, and the Impeyan pheasant. The first three are found in China, and the first also in India and Russia, though they have been introduced into many countries in Europe. The most lovely bird is said to be the Impeyan pheasant of the Himalayas. Its plumage is dazzling, with changing hues of green, steel, blue,

violet, and golden-bronze, whilst the plumage is soft and velvety. The golden pheasant is preserved in our country in aviaries, and breeds freely. It is one of a race remarkable for beauty. It has a fine crest and a ruff of orange and black, capable of being erected at pleasure. The male argus pheasant can expand its wings till they present the appearance of a great shield. It is only the size of a fowl, but its tail is so long it frequently measures five feet. Pheasants generally are found in the shelter of thickets and woods, where the grass is long. The young will receive food like an ordinary fowl, yet if anyone approaches, their timidity makes them fly. They are supposed, and rightly so, to be very clever in hiding themselves at the approach of sportsmen, but their triumph is cruelly short.

> "See from the brake the whirling pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
> Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
> Flutters in blood and panting beats the ground.
> Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
> His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
> The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
> His painted wings and breast that flames with gold?"

And the poacher. What shall we say bad enough for him? He sees the pheasant roosting high up in the trees; he burns sulphur beneath, which stupefies the bird, and it falls to the ground.

During the moulting months they spend the night on the ground, and become the food of that brutal, useless animal the fox.

BEAR-BAITING.

In different countries bears were formerly made objects of cruel sport (as were bulls, horses, ponies, cocks, etc.). In England it was a favourite amusement as early as the reign of Henry VI.; whilst later a royal bear ward was attached to the royal household. Shakespeare and Johnson allude to it; Queen Elizabeth particularly patronised it, and her bears were kept in the Paris Gardens, Southwark; an order of Privy Council prohibited plays on Thursdays, as Thursday was a special bear-baiting day. Every town of any importance kept its bear ward

and pack of dogs. All this was stopped in 1835; but for particulars the Rev. Ditchfield quotes as follows: "An old gentleman of Wokingham left money in his will to provide two bulls every year for his village sport. The money is now spent on the bulls, and the meat given to the poor." Erasmus says that, in Henry VIII.'s reign, many herds of bears were maintained for baiting in England. Queen Elizabeth commanded bears, bulls, and an ape to be baited in her presence. This certainly deducts from one's idea of her as a woman. But James I. added to his wretched character this particular cruelty, for a theatre was made, and bears and bulls were tied and worried by large English bulldogs. Evelyn gives an account in his diary of June, 1670, as follows: "I went with some friends to the bear-garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather, barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceedingly well, but the Irish wolf-dog, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff, exceeded. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap, as she sat in one of the boxes, at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback; and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before." A Spanish nobleman says, to see a bear baited, with an ape on his back, was great fun. It kicked against the dogs and the ape screamed; "curs" hung from the ears and neck of the pony; it was very laughable. Now, what a brave hero this nobleman was! It seems marvellous that any man should be such a brute. (I suppose that this bear-baiting was the origin of the word bear-garden, when you say if any room is in disorder, "It is a perfect 'bear-garden.'") But enough has been said of these terrible and monstrous cruelties. Happily for us they no longer exist, and together with cock-fighting, throwing at cocks and hens, and other barbarous amusements, cannot now be reckoned among our sports and pastimes. It was a happy thing for us when the conscience of the nation was aroused, and the law stepped in to put an end to such disgraceful scenes, which were witnessed in the Paris Gardens at Southwark. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not known in the days of bear-baiting.

FALCONRY.

The pastime of falconry was not only a useful, but a very pretty scene. To see the well-apparelled, well-mounted group sally forth, men and women, with plumed hats and falcons on the wrist, was a sight with which we might well do now.

> "The soaring hawk from fist that flies,
> Her falconer doth constrain,
> Sometimes to range the ground about,
> To find her out again.
> And if by sight, or sound of bell,
> His falcon he may see;
> 'Woho!' he cries with cheerful voice,
> The gladdest man is he."

It was considered to be a fine sight to see the falcon single out its quarry, rise above it and make his fatal swoop, and with this the yelping of the dogs and the prancing of the horses. Personally, I see no such particular loveliness in the bird's nature, but the sight must have been fine, and something far superior to what we have now, for tearing about in a motor car seems to be the great idea of the time. Lords and ladies, amidst the blowing of horns and laughter, riding along, galloping up hill and down dale, with their eyes fixed on the birds, must have been a much finer sight.

Let us for one moment trace its history. It was a Saxon custom. One hawk was sent as a present by Boniface to Ethelbert, and on the Bayeux tapestry Harold is represented with a hawk on his wrist. The Plantagenets indulged in it; Richard Cœur de Lion amused himself at Jaffa with hawks; when Edward III. invaded France he had thirty falconers; Henry VIII. and Elizabeth indulged in the sport; James I. and Louis XIII. were very keen on it; certainly it was reckoned to be the sign of a gentleman. Sometimes the hawk lost and died, for a heron, crane or duck might turn up its bill or pouch at the right moment, and pierce the hawk, which, descending at a terrific pace, impaled itself.

A falconer had a pleasant post, being well paid, and his birds knew him as a dog does his master. A falconer of a king of France had 4,000 florins a year and the tax on every bird sold.

The last royal person who hawked was the son of George II.,

and in 1825 there was a hawkery near Epsom. The last owner of heron hawks died in 1871. Possibly it may revive, and it seems to me perhaps a little less cruel than the shooting parties.

Where the birds were housed is a most interesting part. They were housed in mews, and this word meant "to moult." The King kept his hawks in a mews called the King's Mews, near Charing Cross, and I suppose when we speak of mews where horses are kept, many have no idea of its connection as a word with falconry. When hawks were not flying after their prey they were hooded, and so when a person is taken in, or when he is blind with deceit, we call him "hoodwinked."

The clergy in olden times were very fond of hawking, and Chaucer represents them as more skilful in riding and hunting than divinity; and a bishop in the reign of Edward III. excommunicated a man for stealing a hawk from the cloisters of Bermondsey, in Southwark; but it turned out that the bird was the Bishop's own hawk. And service here was often performed by persons with hawks on the wrist.

Sebastian Brant, fifteenth century, says—

> "Into the church there comes another sotte,
> Withouten devotion, getting up and down,
> Or to be seene, and show his garded cote,
> Another on his fist, a spar hawk or falcon."

I may add, with regard to the pursuit, that there were long-winged, dark-eyed falcons, the merlin, goshawk, and sparrow hawk. The falcons rise high and strike to the ground; the hawks pursue in a straight line. The large falcons go for herons and wildfowl, the hawks for pheasants, partridges, rabbits and hares; and from this word "hawk" we no doubt derive our word "hawker."

I will end this small account of so large and interesting a subject with this verse—

> "The falcon is a noble bird;
> And when his heart of hearts is stirred
> He'll seek the eagle, though he run
> Into his chamber near the sun.
> Never was there brute or bird
> Whom the woods or mountains heard
> That could force a fear or care
> From him, the Arab of the air."

THE HOP.

The hop is not a native of Britain, but of Europe and some parts of Asia, and it was introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. from Flanders.

If we go back to English history before the Conquest we find that there was no beer, only cider and mead. Barley was made into malt; it was first steeped in water in iron cisterns, and then removed to drying kilns. But further back still, before the Christian era even, there was an intoxicating drink made from barley and other grains in Egypt. And Pliny refers to a fermented drink of corn and water.

The hop is first mentioned by Pliny as one of the garden plants of the Romans, and you must imagine them taking the young shoots of the hops and eating them, just as we eat asparagus now.

With regard to the hop itself it is the female blossoms which are needed, and they are in cones with large scales, which enlarge as the fruit ripens, and from the ripened cones is the beer made when mixed with barley. The fruit itself is not larger than a grain of mustard seed, and between the outer shell and the kernel there is a small quantity of granular substance, which exists in a sort of effervescence. The powder contains ten per cent. of lupuline, the bitter principle to which hops owe their tonic properties, and this is the reason why some people stuff their pillows with hops, viz., to cure them of sleeplessness.

At first a strong prejudice existed against the innovation of hops, as a wicked weed that would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the public; but this idea vanished, and so "beer" was a title applied to malted barley boiled with hops, which has undergone fermentation.

Pale ale is a highly hopped beer made with the finest selected malt and hops. Mild ale is lightly hopped.

As you travel through Kent in the hop-time, you feel that it is the native home of the hop, for you see field after field of hops tumbling over the hop-poles, and the pretty vine-shaped leaves swaying to and fro in the breeze.

But quainter still are the huts of the hoppers, with their cooking-places and washing-places, with their saucepans and kettles, and the hanging cradles of the infants as they slumber.

But let us look at Mr. E. A. White's farm at Paddock Wood. For the hoppers there it seems to be a very happy time, since they are looked to in the most kindly way. I insert one or two pictures on hopping, kindly given me by the courteous Editor of the *Daily Graphic*. You must picture a large field with brick hop-houses and rows of tents down the middle, and you must think of white tents beneath Kentish oaks. Mr. White provides kindling and straw for bedding, and it must be a quaint and interesting sight as you pass at night to see the camp fires burning, or to fall in to a concert, of which there are two or three a week, and a gramophone to amuse the children.

You can see the women sitting at the tent doors peeling the potatoes or cutting cabbages, to be mixed with stew.

But Mr. White, who is an old Kent county cricketer, makes athletics a great addition, and there are boys' and girls' races, women's and men's races, and even a crawling race for babies; I have thought of a good many races, but I never thought of this one—it is very good. Prizes were given by Mr. White to the successful winners.

But sad to relate, after the hop season last year bade fair to be a splendid crop, a most terrible fortnight of cold and rain came at the end of August. The result was phenomenal. In the *St. James' Gazette* we read as follows: "Thousands of men and women, who have spent all that they possessed getting to the hopping ground, are stranded and without shelter from wind or rain. Many are starving and sleeping in ditches; rheumatic fever has broken out in the camp."

Mr. Cameron, writing for the *Daily Express*, says: "I saw a soup of water with a few pieces of bacon-rind and some crusts of stale bread; this was for a family of seven persons; and two red herrings formed a meal for a widow with six children. In one tent lay a woman with a baby child on a bed of damp straw; before a fire two girls were wringing the water from their skirts. A hospital nurse, 'on holiday,' was doing her best to two women; one had violent rheumatism; another internal pains. In a radius of barely ten miles many and many were starving. The vicar, Mr. Charles, said his wife and two nurses were all hard at work. There are ten thousand here, and their sufferings are terrible."

DINNER TIME IN THE HOPFIELDS.
AT MR. A. G. WHITE'S, PADDOCK WOOD.
By kind permission of "Daily Graphic."

MEASURING THE HOPS.
AT MR. A. G. WHITE'S, PADDOCK WOOD.
By kind permission of "Daily Graphic."

SPECIAL HOP-PICKING VERSES, 1907.

Sung by Professor Vane, at Beltring Entertainments, Paddock Wood, to the tune of "Is the Old Home in the same Place?")

Words by L. Church.

An old Girl who came regularly "hopping" down at WHITE'S
To earn a little for a rainy day,
Is growing old and feeble, and the other day she wrote
This letter as she on her death-bed lay—
She wrote it to her daughter, who comes down every year—
In fact, she first came down when quite a babe,
Now she herself is married, and got kiddies of her own;
Just listen now to what the letter said—

"Is the old Farm in the same place? are the same old pickers
still about?
Does Mr. Grimes still put the tents up?
Does Darkie run about and shout?
Do the same old Garden-walkers blow their horns,
The same old Bookers give you 'subs'?
And does dear Mr. White give you concerts there at night,
Just to keep you out of mischief and the 'Pubs'?"

Words by W. D. Woodrow.

And now the "hopping's" over, and you're going back to town,
You'll not forget the sights you saw down here—
The Graphophone and Conjuring, and "George," our first-rate
"Clown,"
And Professor Vane, whose "turns" we always cheer;
What with singing and with dancing, and with many bright eyes
glancing,
While the shouts of "Oh, my Darling!" fill the air;
Folks can see it all gives pleasure, and your hearts will doubtless
treasure
Grateful mem'ries of the "hopping"—"down in Kent."

"Yes, the old Farm's in the same place, and the dear old
'Guv'nor's' still about;
We've still got a Waite, but he doesn't Harris us,
And Darkie doesn't lose a chance to shout;
We've still got Pellatt, Butchers, Wood, and Grimes,
Sweeting, King, and Guest, as well as Knight;
We've a Waghorn and a Graph'horn that together do
their best,
So Hip! Hooray!! Three cheers for E. A. WHITE!"

And this year, I suppose, has been as bad as the last for hops and hoppers.

THE POTATO.

This is so universal a food now that it seems impossible to do without it; in fact, to have lunch or dinner without potatoes would seem ludicrous, and yet there was a time when there was no potato (before this, however, there was a sweet potato). Humboldt doubted if it had been found wild, but subsequent travellers declare that it has, and that, before the Spaniards took it to the New World, the potato was cultivated by the Incas and other Andean nations. It is said to have been brought to England from Virginia by Sir John Hawkins in 1563, and 1586 by Sir Francis Drake. The potato is of great importance as affording food for human beings and for cattle, and next to the principal cereals is the most valuable of all plants for human food; but it does not do anyone nearly so much good as bread, for potatoes are not so nutritious as wheat. It is about six to one on the wheat; but the same ground which would produce thirty pounds of wheat would produce one thousand pounds of potatoes. Garden potatoes are generally used long before they are ripe, when they produce in summer cholera and kindred diseases.

When first introduced potatoes were considered good for swine; then came the snobbish idea that they were good for the poor, and for the prevention of famine in corn failure. Then the Irish took to it largely, and from there it spread as food to Lancashire, till it became quite general, and now the persons who are forbidden it are gouty persons, on account of the starch contained in it. Then in 1845 there was a bad potato disease, and this lessened their fame, and they were not so extensively grown by farmers. In Holland and Russia there is much difficulty in keeping potatoes through the winter, and so large quantities of starch are made. The flower of the potato I call very pretty, and at one time it was much worn in button-holes. Good potatoes are the Kidney, Early Ashleaf, Early Rose, Village Blacksmith, and Imperator.

SWEET POTATO (Batatas Edulis).

A genus of plants of the order *convolvulaceæ*. The true sweet potato is a climbing plant, clambering over shrubs. The flowers, like the convolvulus, are pale purple. It appears

to be first mentioned by Pigafetta, who found the root much used by the Indians of Brazil as an article of food. It was introduced into Spain about 1519, and the roots were known in England some time before the introduction of the potato.

English supplies we obtained mainly from the Canary Islands, though the plant was cultivated in China, Japan, Malay, America, and North Africa. The roots average three to twelve pounds; some are fifty pounds weight. The taste is sweet, and they are supposed to be superior to the ordinary potato in flesh-forming matters. The roots, steeped in wine, were made into sweetmeats and regarded as restoratives.

THISTLES.

In the Bible, brambles and thistles are spoken of as proverbial types of bad husbandry and the pests of cultivation, because in the Holy Land the tendency of native plants is to be thickly set with thorns; but the thistle family is extensive and embraces those which have prickly stems and leaves. The flowers are of a good size, and generally purple, rarely white or yellowish. Chambers names—the true thistle (Carduus), plume thistle, milk thistle, creeping plume thistle, blessed thistle, cotton thistle, star thistle, carline thistle, sow thistle, nodding thistle, and the stemless thistle. The milk thistle is remarkable for the milky veins of its large waved leaves, which may be used as a boiled vegetable. The creeping plume thistle is a very troublesome weed in the fields of Britain, Europe and America. The roots and stems of the cotton thistle are boiled and eaten. The heads of the flowers of the carline thistle are nailed to cottage doors, as they expand and contract with the weather. The root was held medicinally in high repute, as it was said that Charlemagne and his army were saved from the plague by taking it, he having had information of its virtues from an angel!

The star thistle is a most troublesome intruder in cornfields through all the countries of Southern Europe and Western Australia. The *Centaurea verutum* often so overrun the fields and waste places of Galilee that people have found themselves baffled in the attempt to get past them, and horses even have refused to face the thickets, which have to be beaten down by

sticks. In Australia there are leagues upon leagues covered with them, and all these thistles sprang from one which was brought over by a Scotchman and planted in his garden.

ARTICHOKE.

Few people realise that we eat a thistle—but we do. The artichoke is a thistle (it must not be confounded with the Jerusalem artichoke, which is a completely different plant, being a kind of sunflower). The artichoke is a lovely vegetable, now growing wild in the south of Europe, but probably a native of Asia. The stem is three feet high, with heads of violet-coloured thistle flowers, and there is a part which comes before the flower expands, which is boiled and eaten with melted butter. Few people eat it now, but it was at one time the rage, and they were sold for crowns apiece, but if now you refer to them, most persons think of the Jerusalem artichoke.

BLACKBERRIES.

What a bountiful harvest for many, and especially the poor, is the blackberry! It is the only English fruit which grows wild. One would have thought that it would long ago have been cultivated, but it never has, and there they remain on the hedges, a "capital" which the poor can realise by getting up early and going into the lanes. I have no patience with ladies sending out and stripping the hedges to make preserve for themselves; let them buy them from the poor children, and give them a good price, too, for it is the only fruit they can gather and sell. Blackberries grow most plentifully on those beautiful Devonshire hedges to which I have many times alluded.

In America the blackberry is cultivated like we cultivate the strawberry or raspberry, and if anyone were to get a railing and plant them by it they would soon run along. Here is a speech on their running powers. One W. Whitman says, "The running blackberries would adorn the parlours of heaven." But it does extend from the Arctic circle to the Falkland Isles, and it will run up trees and root at the fork of a branch. Moreover, the pink rosy flowers afford food for the

bee and the butterfly. One Ebenezer Elliot soars into verse over them—

> " Though woodbines flaunt and roses grow
> O'er all the fragrant bowers;
> Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
> Thy satin-headed flowers.
>
> " For dull the heart, the eye is dull
> That cannot feel how fair,
> Amid all beauty beautiful,
> Thy tender blossoms are."

The Arctic bramble is remarkable for its fruit, but it only grows sparingly in England. In Sweden and Norway the fruit grows in great abundance, and is largely used for a popular preserve. Ellacombe notes that Shakespeare considered the " dewberry," a variety of the blackberry, as a fitting plant for Queen Titania to order for her love, and worthy to be placed with apricots, figs, and grapes.

Tennyson speaks of the " bramble roses faint and pale," but, as Step remarks, they are more like the plum and cherry than the wild rose and apple. But I heartily endorse one remark, and that is, that even the very blackberries of the hedges are now ruined for the poor by those fast-paced motor cars; but I had best stop here, as I have no patience with the havoc which they have created everywhere. They should never have been allowed at all on the road.

THE VINE.

What a lovely group of facts centre round the vine, lovely associations of the Old Testament, and surmounted by our Saviour's beautiful comparison of " I am the vine, and ye are the branches"; and then the institution of the Holy Communion, and His divine remarks, " Do this in remembrance of Me;" and " I will not drink any more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in My Heavenly Father's kingdom."

The Hebrew word is *Gephen*, Greek *ampelos*, and Latin *vitis vinifera*. By many Persia is thought to be the home of the vine, but in Greece and Italy it is primeval, and it has been grown in France, Hungary, Germany, and Madeira, and in later times in Australia and the United States. North France, Holland and

England produced it in the Middle Ages, but the wine was inferior. It was introduced into England by the Romans, and was cultivated till the eighteenth century, when it was nearly given up, save on dwelling-house walls, and then more as a hobby. Of course, the finer sorts like Muscats are grown in hothouses. Some growers in the Channel Islands send one hundred tons to market annually.

The vine is propagated by layers, cuttings and eyes, and requires a deal of pruning. It is very fruitful, and has to have the bunches thinned, or it would exhaust itself by over-production.

The great Hampton Court vine, planted in 1769, filled a house sixty-six feet long and thirty feet wide, and bore annually one thousand seven hundred small bunches.

A vine in Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, produced two thousand bunches. The Breadalbane vine, in Derbyshire, covers a house one hundred and seventy-two feet long.

At the Belfast Exhibition of 1874, one bunch of black Hamburgh grapes weighed twenty-one pounds, and in California the acreage of vines was one hundred and fifty thousand, seven-eighths of which was devoted to wine.

Tristram speaks of it as one of the most important and valuable fruits cultivated by man in every warm and temperate climate. It will not, however, bear extreme heat, nor flourish where the summers are cold and damp.

But let us look at its history in the Old Testament. The chief butler in his dream saw a vine, and one of the plagues of Pharaoh was that the vines were destroyed by hailstones. Assyrian monuments depict the vine, and the Promised Land was a land of vines. The rocky hillsides, with their drainage in winter and sunny exposure in summer, their light gravelly soils, were most suitable; and it is clear that the land from Lebanon to Beersheba was once clad on every hill with terraced vineyards, which have left traces of their existence in the wine-presses and vats, for every village had these vats hewn one below the other on the solid slope of the hill out of the solid rock. And these ancient wine-presses are amongst the most interesting remains in the Holy Land reminding us of the children of Israel; as soon, then, as the grape harvest was carried to the vats and

the juice streamed in, the owners were forbidden to glean any more—they were to be left for the poor and the stranger.

After this we think of the Eschol Valley and the spies. It appears that this valley is still clad with vines, and you can gather bunches weighing nearly twenty pounds.

We frequently read of a tower, and as vineyards were planted away from towns, so the owner not only dug a wine-press, but built a tower. And I may here, perhaps, make one interesting remark—there are no fossil remains to be found of the vine. It evidently came into the world with the beautiful rose and the apple, for at those times, as I remarked elsewhere, there were only tree-ferns and mosses. Let me make, however, one or two remarks on the beautiful allegory of Christ. Christ, when in the upper chamber at Jerusalem with His disciples, explained that there was need for the closest union with Him to bring forth fruit and be saved. And doubtless they had just partaken of the Passover feast, and He may have seen the moonlight silvering the leaves of a vine which clustered round a window, or of the one which wreathed one of the temple gates; but His divine lesson was this: The vine is a collection of living and dead plants, and though each year new shoots spring forth, yet they are grafted into the old ones, which still remain, as they are preserved by the new.

And so the Church of Christ is composed of the Church militant and Church triumphant, and both belong to the communion of saints. Yet if a person severs himself from Christ he dies, just as if you cut off a branch from the vine and threw it away. "I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing. Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me."

THE FIG TREE.

The companion tree in the Bible to the vine is most certainly the fig, which is of the order of the "bread-fruit" family.

You will remember that the spies when they viewed the Holy Land brought back figs. And if you read of the judgment of God on the Israelites, "He smote their vines and fig trees." Again,

"They sat every man under his vine and under his fig tree"—food for them and protection from the scorching rays of the sun. Travellers tell us that it is easy on broiling days to sit in Cyprus under the fig trees round the cottage doors. At Engedi, in the fissures moistened by perennial streams, the fig tree clings to the rocks, and it is peculiarly adapted for shading wells.

In India they abound in every jungle and healthy situation, and are cultivated in every village. In England in the south there are a few fig orchards, but our variable climate does not suit its growth.

Near Paris, fig trees are so trained that the branches can be tied in bundles and laid along the ground, when they are covered with litter and earth; or the branches are trained over an area of pillared frame-work.

As a fruit it is mentioned in Scripture with corn, wine and oil, as one of the leading riches of the Promised Land, and in warm climates the fig tree yields two crops in the year—one from the older wood and another from the young.

I may mention that the excellence of Vienna coffee is sometimes ascribed to an admixture of figs, and the finest kinds are tightly packed in boxes and imported into Britain from the Mediterranean or Smyrna. Greece and Italy also export them. Those which we get in boxes are dried in the sun.

They are used medicinally for gumboils and other sores, and administered in lung affections.

THE ROSE OF SHARON (St. John's Wort).

A striking September flower is the Rose of Sharon. A bed of these on a rockery or in a garden is, I consider, a most lovely sight. It is otherwise called "Aaron's Beard," I suppose from the yellow stamens. It is a native of Southern Europe, and when we turn to the Bible we read, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," Sharon being the country west of Jordan that lies between the mountains of central Palestine and the Mediterranean—a country of woods and waters, which well might have been named "the flowery land." It is a Druidical plant, and is looked upon with superstitious reverence in many rural districts, many curious performances being gone through on the Eve of

St. John, enabling the enquirers to prognosticate whether their lives will be single or married. In lower Saxony the girls gather sprigs of St. John's Wort in the evening, and suspend them on the walls of their chambers, the state of the plant in the morning indicating their future fate. If fresh, it foretells a prosperous year, and if it fades it prophesies the reverse; but evidently a damp wall might affect this one way, and a dry one the other. Here is a verse on it—

> "The young maid stole through the cottage door,
> And blushed, as she sought the plant of power;
> 'Thou silvery glow-worm, oh, lend me thy light!
> I must gather the mystic St. John's Wort to-night;
> That wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
> If the coming year shall make me a bride.'"

PHLOX.

This beautiful plant is most certainly one of those that never has its merits acknowledged as it should. If you have several large, pure white planted, I know of no autumn flower to beat it. Of course, it is a very well-known plant, but, as I say, not valued enough. Shirley Hibberd says they are compounds of many species, but little of their origin is traceable in their styles of growth and flowering. I think the prettiest way to plant them is in clumps, and I suppose the finest is the Phlox Drummondi. Its different names are Wild Sweet William, of North America, Texan Pride, American Moss Pink, and they are natives of North America, Texas, and Asia. The best position is sunny, or partially shaded borders; but even in a burning sun they hold their own, when verbenas, calceolarias, and geraniums have begun to flag. The name "phlox" refers, no doubt, to their splendour. The various colours are red, crimson, violet, rose, purple, yellow, and white.

PENTSTEMON.

A most lovely and singularly under-valued flower. Fashion seems to be everything, and I suppose a pentstemon is not the fashion; anyway, you see it in very few gardens. There were a few in England in the last century, but they mostly came here some fifty years ago. Last year at the Crystal Palace Show of Dahlias there were some magnificent blooms, and what I felt was, how

like they are to the foxglove. They say they are not related, but I feel sure they must be. The prevailing colours are red, blue, rose, white, and carmine. Its acknowledged relatives are calceolaria, mimulus, and antirrhinum—it is sometimes called the British gloxinia. The seed may be sown in February and planted out in May; it should be treated much like the calceolaria, and it will flower from May until October.

OCTOBER.

FAREWELL TO FLOWERS.

By Frances Browne.

"Farewell! farewell! bright children of the sun,
Whose beauty rose around our paths where'er
We wandered forth since vernal days began,
The glory and the garland of the year.
Ye come, the children of the Spring's bright promise;
Ye crowned the Summer in her path of light;
And now, when Autumn's wealth is passing from us,
We gaze upon your parting bloom;
Sweet flowers, adieu!"

This I call a very pretty ode, mourning the loss of some and the coming loss of the rest of the flowers.

AUTUMN.

"With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
But there is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods.
Ah! autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle.
Oh, what a glory does this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!"—*Longfellow.*

Of course, this month was called "October" from being the eighth month in the year, and then it became the tenth when Numa changed the commencement of the year to January 1st, retaining its name like September, November, and December, although attempts were made by the Roman Senate and the Emperors Commodus and Domitian, who substituted for a time the terms Faustinus, Invictus and Domitian. But it always

seems to me it was a pity that appropriate names were not found, and not incorrect numbers for these months.

It was called by our ancestors "wyn-monath" or the wine month; it was also called "winter fylleth," from the approach of winter. In some of the ancient calendars this month is allegorized by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders and sowing corn, in allusion to the practice of sowing the winter grain. October last year was lovely; and the thermometer in early October went to 80°; the seaside renewed its early season; lodging houses, boarding houses, and hotels rejoiced in full times. Swimming commenced again; persons who had not gone away went away; persons who were away did not return. It was nearly impossible to think it was October. A partial mist commenced the day very often, but a perfectly lovely sky was the order; there were even warm evenings, and no one thought of winter clothes. The corn was all gathered in, but not only that, there was a second hay crop. The geraniums, calceolarias, Japanese anemone, Japanese thornberry, and tobacco plants were in fine flower; wasps hummed in the breeze, flies were in full force, birds were singing, and the trees looked quite young. It was simply lovely—a second summer.

And you really want to be in the country in October to enjoy the rich foliage of the trees. As you glide through Derbyshire or Devonshire in the train even, you witness the most glorious colour, like a golden evening sunset, and change after change of scene only seems to make the last more lovely.

American writers, however, tell us that we are not qualified to speak of the glories of autumn—that if we want scenery we must go and see their great forests, for they have six weeks of golden summer—what we should call "Indian," and when the moon comes out it is all silver by night, and I suppose their maple trees burst into colour and show like great bonfires on the hills.

Travellers in Ceylon say that the opposite holds good there; that the rich colouring appears with the "spring" growth, and that many an Indian plant shows a sober green amid the old foliage.

Also, Macmillan adds that no ray of sunlight falls on a plant without giving a good account of itself. The colours come out afterwards. The crimson hue makes its appearance in the

MEET OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS AT LORD BROWNLOW'S, BELTON PARK.

Page 236.

By kind permission of F. G. Simpson, Photographer, Grantham.

luscious fruit, and the same with the leaves—they show their cherished beauty in autumn. He says there is no season in all the year so beautiful, so radiant with early glory, as autumn; and there is no time when the human soul drinks in so much of the glory and beauty of Nature. It is like the closing of a beautiful life or the fading of the holy stars in the dim light of morning. The death-glow always beautifies anything that wears the trace of beauty ere it goes back to nothingness.

And have you never noticed this in the dying? Over everything, in fact, that is connected with autumn, or the autumn of life, there lingers some golden spell that penetrates the soul with its mysterious power. Autumn is the dim shadow that clusters about the sweet and precious things that God has created in the realm of Nature, for whilst it robs them of life, it yet tears away the veil and reveals the golden germ of beauty and sweetness, since all bears the beauteous glory of love.

Benson says how "on every morning he finds the same glorious return of day, when the clear smell is more exquisite than all the gold of Arabia. The same brisk air and luminousness prevails; flowers are having their last romp. Gloire de Dijon is playing with *canariensis* hide and seek over the trellis, phloxes grace the borders, sunflowers raise their tall heads." All autumn, we may say, has a rich, hectic red on the cheek, too beautiful to last long.

But what about this colouring? Whence comes it? It is supposed that the trees absorb oxygen during the night, which, owing to the coldness of the weather, they have not strength to throw off in the day, and this gives an acidity to the juice of the trees, which changes the colour of the leaf.

But here I must halt, and mention one very interesting point in a *dead* tree. You will have noticed that the dead leaves cling on, and why is this? Some persons would expect them to drop off more readily than from a tree which was alive. But the reason is the very interesting one that there is no new bud to push the dead leaf off. But the decayed leaf teaches us a good lesson. They have, in their hey-day of life, kept the atmosphere pure by breathing the noxious gases. They have not only adorned the landscape, but protected streams from the heat, and now when dead they enrich the soil. What is more good for flowers than leaf mould?

And "What can *we* do?" Longfellow answers thus—

"When departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Travelling o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

We can certainly leave behind us the flower of a good example.

I have a motto card which is very beautiful—"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, which I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

So many can be cheered, so many hearts made bright; the work of this world is done by few; God asks that a part may be done by you. Persons think that they do no harm by being gloomy, but they do. Why should persons be always gloomy? I remember two lovely verses by someone whose name I cannot recall. They run thus—

"Only a smile from one of a crowd,
Because the world was rainy and loud;
And the wind ran gustily down the street,
With buffeting dance of boisterous feet.
Only a smile, but passing sweet,
For the world was rainy and loud.

"Only a smile—not anything more,
For further response the rude wind bore
High out of our reach—yet unto us straight
The strong world stooped, as a slave, in its state,
As the token of that which is passing great.
A smile—not anything more."

And there is no pleasure like that of giving joy to others.

But may I leave one last reflection about the "leaves." When we commenced life, our companions and friends and acquaintances were, perhaps, as numerous as the leaves on the trees. Now we pick up the paper, and every now and again say, "Well! well! my old friend gone," and soon God's acre is full of your old companions. It is then that we realise that eternity is no longer a "realm of shadows," and as your own eyes grow dim, and your natural force abates, you feel more related to the future than the present; and a death-bed scene, when the departed speaks to you

of Jesus as being present to their vision, is a point you readily grasp. Although "you" cannot see Him, their spiritual vision is increasing, for like the new bud the new life is pushing away the old, and eternity is clear. And may it be for us in the words of the poet—"It shall be"—

> "Although far away the sound
> Dies in the infinite silence of the sky;
> Although obscure, and hid in the profound,
> Our days stream outwards, onwards, and pass by,
> It shall be. Behold, a new world is made
> Out of the old, and the old dieth not;
> For though the mountain forms and flowers fade,
> Ageless remains the far-informing Thought.
> Ah! when this troublous dream and mortal sleep
> Fades from our eyelids, and the end is near,
> Down through the spaceless void and starry steep,
> Instinct with love the dreaming soul shall hear
> One whispered word; and all the past shall be
> Up-gathered into love's eternity."

HUNTING.

I suppose from the earliest ages the inhabitants of our islands lived by the chase. Men hunted the badger, the boar, the hare, the stag, and the otter. In fact, our Saxon forefathers lived by, and loved, the chase. Edgar the King imposed a tribute of wolves' heads, and Athelstan ordered the payment of fines in hawks and strong-scented dogs. William the Conqueror pulled down whole villages and churches to enlarge the royal forests, especially the New Forest. Henry and John were of the same mind. But to quote quite an interesting case. When the armies of Henry VIII. and Francis of France were drawn up together, a fox getting up, was pursued by the English soldiers (presumably huntsmen) into the French lines, where they fell. And when the cornfields are cleared—when the leaves are strewn around, and the shortening days speak of winter—when the keenness of shooting has worn off, then begins fox hunting. There are times when you cannot fox-hunt, of course—times when a sharp north-easterly breeze prevails. It is not much use then; but when the air is moist with a gentle gale, then the scent clings, or, as the old rhyme has it—

> "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
> Proclaim a hunting morning;
> Before the sun rises we nimbly fly,
> Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning."

But a stormy sky o'ercharged with rain both hounds and huntsmen opposes.

I quote the words of one John Maunsell Richardson—

> "Hounds stout, horses healthy.
> Earths well stopped, and foxes plenty."

And he says this is the best old-time toast for a master of hounds, and he adds, "A good fox, a good scent, and a good country; never let the fox get a start of a few minutes, or the scent becomes bad." He declares that there were never better horsemen than at the present day, and that there were never more ladies hunting than do now. He tells a very good story of Parson Howson, of Brant Broughton, a village I know quite well, so I will quote the story.

"How many brilliant hunting friends do I know amongst the clergy? Well, there is Parson Howson, who rode straight to hounds up to eighty, and actually cleared the Whissendine at that age. A rural dean once asked him how he pronounced the brook Kedron. Did he call it 'Kedron' or 'Kidron?' And he said, 'I only know two brooks, the Brant and the Whissendine, and I can spell them both, and, thank God, I can jump them both.'" Personally, I have no doubt whatever that English huntsmen must make splendid cavalry officers, with no fear and plenty of dash and go. And C. B. Fry in his lovely book, "A Mother's Son," relates, by the way, the same spirit animating three officers in the Boer war. When the ranks hesitated to face a terrible cross-fire, these three raced one another into the enemy's ranks, and all fell.

Again, sporting annals speak of one Thomas Asheton Smith, of Tedworth, Hampshire, who began hunting when ten years of age, and went on till he was eighty, and was a master of the hounds for fifty years. I remember reading in an old book, now out of print, of how the clergy would, at the sound of hounds, throw off their surplices and leave funerals and weddings to take care of themselves; or, in the middle of a sermon, tell the clerk below to go out and shoot some grouse which he saw outside. This was an abominable abuse of sport, and can in no manner of way be stood up for; but I rather fancy the Rev. Ditchfield is quoting from the book to which I refer, when he writes about the old-time parson.

He refers to the Rev. Jack Russell, the perpetual curate of Swymbridge, how "he visited the sick in his parish, and was very charitable, honest, manly and straightforward." Still, it is stated, he ran through £50,000 of his wife's money on sport, and tried to sell a blind horse to a near neighbour, and rode fifty miles for a hunt, then dined, and went to a dance, and so on, though he appears to have been a most kind-hearted man, and evidently saw to his parish, which many do not do now. Nevertheless, it is only fair to say what he did for the parish. He not only attended to his parish and improved the church, but built a district church.

But one good answer I must quote, because it is a harmless one. An archdeacon once asked a cleric for his "terrier," which was a roll explaining about the land, and he replied, "I have no terrier, but I can lend you a capital brace of pointers."

One of the worst specimens of his class was the Rev. John Froude, vicar of Knowstone. He appears to have been a perfect terror. He drank heavily, upset the bishop's carriage into a bog, illtreated his wife, and caused everyone in his parish to live in perpetual fear of him. He died of hydrophobia, in wretchedness.

Jack Hannaford was a friend of Froude's, and said to be the strongest man in England. His point seems to have been, that he could thrash any three men, and so no man said him nay; and he, like Froude, kept a pack of hounds. His successor found the parish in a terrible state, and had to go out at first armed.

William Moreton, of Willenhall, Staffordshire, who came to his living in 1783, was, besides being a hunting parson, an enthusiastic cock-fighter and a three-bottle man; and it was said of him—

"A tumble-down church,
A tottering steeple,
A drunken parson,
A wicked people."

And yet it is said he had a strong influence over his people for fifty years.

But the best testimony to hunting is to say that the Rev. Charles Kingsley loved hunting. I know of no better testimony, for Kingsley was undoubtedly a splendid man; and with all its failings in every way or any way, I honestly think that a clergy-

man is none the worse for being daring, only that he must keep his tastes within bounds.

Turning to Montreal we find a pack in existence in 1826. In Florida they hunt by moonlight, and the Peshawur Vale hounds are most famous in India.

A meet, too, is a very pretty sight, and when the start has commenced, and you see all the huntsmen in full pursuit, with phætons, pony traps, bicycles, and fleet runners, it is certainly an exhilarating sight, and when you catch sight of the hounds, heads down, it is a sight not easily forgotten.

MYSTERIES AND MIRACLE PLAYS.

There were dramas founded on the historical parts of the Old and New Testament, performed first in churches and afterwards in the streets, on stages. Then there were Latin plays on the lives of the Saints.

They were first meant to educate the people, and Luther described them as much more effective, when seriously performed, than sermons. They were very popular in France, Germany, Spain, and England.

I will name some which were acted—"The Wise and Foolish Virgins," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and in the village of Oberammergau, in 1633, the "Passion of our Blessed Lord" was dramatised, and this lasted even to 1890, only remodelled. Then "Noah and the Flood" was a very popular piece. His wife is represented as opposed to the voyage in the ark, and abuses Noah for compelling her to go; and we have these entries in the churchwardens' accounts—

> Item.—Paid to Noah and his wife 2*d*.
> For a rope to hang the ship in the church 11*d*.

Then plays called "Moralities" were introduced, and you would hear "Faith" preaching to "Prudence," and "Death" lecturing "Beauty" and "Pride."

Then another. A man stood in the garb of St. Nicolas. A rich heathen comes in and lays down his treasures before the image of St. Nicolas. A band of thieves come in and steal the treasures, and when the rich heathen returns he chastises the image of the saint,

EARLY BRITONS AT THE CHURCH PAGEANT, FULHAM.

Page 239.

By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

when the image descends and marches out of church. Struck with fear, the thieves restore the treasures. The Pagan sings a song of joy, and St. Nicolas tells him to worship God. And one can readily imagine that the impression produced by such plays as these was extremely good; it would teach by the eye, and the effect would be lasting.

PAGEANTS.

The people loved pageants, and they were performed at a royal progress. Great preparations were made; long verses were committed to memory; rehearsals were endless. Greek and Roman mythology was searched, and thus afforded the country folk great amusement. Moreover, I consider it was a great intellectual training. Shepherds and shepherdesses, gods and goddesses, clowns and mummers, all took part in the play (so says the Rev. Ditchfield in his able work on "English Sports").

Here is one performed before Elizabeth. The classical story was "Apollo and Daphne." The sun-god Apollo was charmed by Daphne and pursued her. Daphne prays, and was changed into a laurel tree, and so they represented this, and a disappointed shepherd bewailed his fate, for Apollo wooed Daphne. When the laurel opens Daphne comes forth, and Apollo resigns her to the shepherd.

Now this play would, I consider, do good. It ends up in the right way.

After the shepherds had acted a piece, in which the King and Queen of the Bean had formed a part, they knelt before the proud Elizabeth and humbled themselves with some speech to suit her vanity. When Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, splendid pageants were performed in her honour, and the "Lady of the Lake," surrounded by tritons and nereids, came on a floating island to do homage to her.

The Guild of St. Mary at Beverley made a yearly representation of the presentation of Christ in the Temple, one of their number being dressed to represent the Virgin, two others representing Joseph and Simeon, and two others going as angels carrying lights.

Last year pageants were the rage all over England, crowds flocking to them, and I expect the love for them will again increase and increase as it did in the Middle Ages.

MARTIAL EXERCISES.

These were the days of chivalrous England and of great pomp and show, in the midst of many wars and crusades, when we, as a nation, were very hard to tackle; when knights were chivalrous soldiers, and not as now, knighted for all sorts of reasons. Much military skill was shown at these tournaments, and it was the pastime of the nobility and gentry.

I will, just before I speak more, jot down the accomplishments of a gentleman. He had to ride well, run fair at a tilt, shoot well, vault, run, leap, wrestle, swim, dance, sing and play, engage in hawking, hunt, and play tennis. So you see it meant that he had to be a graceful and athletic gentleman, and not merely be rich. Tournaments were mock battles, and something more. There was a kind of theatre for the combat and pavilions were all round. They were hung with tapestry and embroidered with gold, each one ornamented by the arms of the family, who came to witness the struggle. Everyone was beautifully dressed. Minstrels and heralds were clothed in the costliest garments. The knights and their steeds were gorgeous in their array. Then we have to picture the shouts of the heralds, the trumpeting, the clash of steel, and the shouts of the spectators as the armed horsemen rode at one another with a pointless sword, when it was considered the greatest disgrace to be unhorsed.

A French earl once tried to unhorse Edward I., and threw his arms around his neck, but Edward put spurs to his horse and, riding away, dragged the earl to the ground.

At the joust lances were used, and the object was to strike the combatant on the helmet, and beat him backwards. Here a boarding was put up, and the combatants rode on separate sides, so that they could not come together except with their lances.

At all these engagements one point was certain, and that was, that only gentlemen and men of family were allowed to enter the lists.

If it were a point of honour, sometimes they were allowed to fight the matter out, and with the idea of the time the victor was considered to be in the right. Prizes were bestowed by the Lady of the tournament.

An accident happened once which threw a damper over all

tournaments, and that was, that Henry II. of France died from the piercing of the eye with a lance. And then the progress of firearms put them out of fashion. Richard the Lion-hearted was a great champion for tournaments, and the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the periods when they were held, at the tilting yard of Smithfield, near St. James's. Spectacles like this seem to have been common in France, and from thence they spread to Germany, England, and the south of Europe.

We, of course, have military tournaments now, but they are shorn of all ancient splendour. Nevertheless, it is a good substitute, and is always well patronised.

CRYSTAL PALACE AUTUMN SHOW.

This show of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and pentstemons was very fine indeed in 1908, but the attendance I called poor, considering the show. Mr. Thomas Esware, of Feltham, Middlesex, had a most superb collection of cactus dahlias; indeed, such a collection would be very hard to beat. I particularly noticed the Etruria, Flame, T. B. Riding, Mr. H. Shoesmith (white), and Mr. Searle (crimson)—this last was very fine indeed—the Souvenir de Gustave Douson (orange red) and William Marshall (rich orange).

Then of chrysanthemums, Messrs. Wells & Co. had a fine collection reaching the length of the show, beautiful potted plants and cut flowers; the Market White and Roi des Blancs were very beautiful.

Then pentstemons. This flower seems not a favourite. I do not know why, for I call it a lovely bloom, and it is worthy of far more attention than it gets. Like the gladiolus, and related to the foxglove, it is very handsome indeed.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

What a lovely autumn flower this is for rich and poor! What a miserable sight our gardens would look in late autumn, and our conservatories too, if it were not for the chrysanthemum! I suppose it is a very good time to go to Japan when they are out, but I have not yet been.

So beloved is the flower in Japan, that it gives its name to the highest order of honour—the Order of the Golden Flower.

R

They are said to grow so large in China and Japan that they could not be put into a man's hat.

We possess two thousand varieties, which is a goodly number. You can only realise "this" by going to the Temple, Kew Gardens, Crystal Palace and Westminster Shows. But I am very easily pleased, for to my taste nothing even equals the old country village garden sorts, with their innumerable bronze-headed flowers; but then my taste stands alone, and my idea on the subject would, I know, be called absurd.

The old-fashioned yellow and white chrysanthemum of our cottage gardens comes from Sicily and North Africa, and the flower seems to have been introduced into England about the year 1764; then in 1843 there was a Norwich Exhibition, which gave them a great impetus; in 1846 came a Stoke Newington Exhibition, which spread their name further.

The word "chrysanthemum" is expansive. In this family are the oxeye daisy, corn marigold, yellow cornflower, marsh feverfew and the marguerite. Pictorial art in China and Japan—an art which owes much of its life to the chrysanthemum and pæony. These flowers are seen on their splendid pottery and in the fantastic pictures of artists; but besides these the camellia, azalea, and lilium auratum (which covers the hillsides in July) are very important.

MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

Nearly all the singing birds have gone to other lands, and the swallows are leaving (certainly the woodcock, snipe, redwing and fieldfare are coming), but the swallows are very interesting in their departure. They leave the houses and the meadows for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy and the palms of Africa, and so strong is their instinct of migration, that when the time comes and their fellows are ready, they will even desert their young to go.

One writer has made a calculation of the distance traversed by a swallow in its life, and he puts it down as 2,190,000 miles. He remarks, "Go into a meadow one evening and single out one swallow, and see the sweeps he makes and the rapidity of his flight; see it darting over sheets of water and then in the air, and you will easily credit the distance when you count the

sweeps for one minute and then multiply for ten years; you will arrive at a distance eighty-seven times the circumference of the globe." But what particular good does the swallow do for us whilst here? Again I will quote the same writer. He says, "If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds our crops would be annihilated; the insects, like the British locust (which increases to a fabulous extent), which a swallow destroys in its flight are beyond conception." He remarks, "I would sooner have a boy rob my hen-roost or shoot my fowls, than kill these splendid benefactors to man."

The British sparrow will sometimes take possession of their nests; but there was a remarkable instance of punishment meted out to them by the swallow, which I quote. He appeared one day with a number of other swallows, with tempered clay in their mouths, and they imprisoned the sparrows by plastering up the hole, from which they could not escape.

THE APPLE TREE.

This is an undoubted native of Great Britain, and our lovely English orchards, with their beautiful masses of pink and white blossom, are the pride of our land. Certainly there is nothing more beautiful than to see tree after tree in the full bloom of spring. The idea of the apple seems to sink into insignificance—when we see the flower we wish it to stop there. I quote it now not only because October is the month for apples, but I should like to speak at the end of the old English drink of cider. Let us look at Darwin on the Valdivian apple. Valdivia is a town in South America, and he describes it as buried in apple trees, and the streets are merely paths in an orchard, so it must look sweetly pretty. "I have never seen any part in South America," he says, "where apple trees thrive so well as in this damp part; on the borders of the roads trees were evidently self sown. In Chiloe the inhabitants have a remarkable way of making an orchard. At the lower part of every branch wrinkled points project. These are always ready to change into roots when even mud is splashed against the tree; so beneath these points a branch as thick as a man's thigh is cut off in the spring; then all the smaller branches are lopped off, and it is placed two feet in the ground. During the next summer it will bear fruit. A

splendid example of this bore twenty-three apples the next year; probably it was unusual. The next season it would be a well wooded tree and loaded. An old man in Valdivia said, after making cider and wine he extracted from the refuse a finely flavoured spirit, then some sweet treacle, and his children and pigs lived on his orchard."

Of new sorts of apples, besides those generally named, Rider Haggard names James Grieve, which might be styled an early Cox's orange. Of course apple trees were well known to the Greeks and Romans, and probably introduced into England by the Romans; and now Canada, Australia, and New Zealand produce splendid apples, which may be seen on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. They may be found by the Mediterranean and the West Indies. In England the best counties are Devonshire, Gloucestershire and Hertfordshire.

I will here mention one apple, because it has a story connected with it, viz., the "costard." It is from the sale of this that we derived our familiar appellation of "costard-monger," converted by misuse into costermonger. No one now connects the two words, but this is the derivation, and when we speak of "coster songs," we allude to the costermonger, generally so-called as a seller in the street.

But here and there we have curious customs. A writer says he once passed Twelfth Night on the borders of Dartmoor, and was alarmed in the night by hearing fire-arms near the house. On enquiry he was told that the farm men were firing at the orchards—a similar custom, no doubt, to that in Devonshire and Sussex, when they wassailed the orchards. Here is a verse sung on Epiphany Eve—

> "Here's to the old apple tree,
> Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
> And whence thou may'st bear apples enow;
> Hats full, caps full,
> And my pockets full, too; huzza!"

Cider.

What is cider? This is the fermented juice of apples, and the apples used for this are unfit to eat raw or to be cooked. Three kinds may be used—the bitter, sweet, and sour, but the bitter are generally preferred, and late apples afford much better cider than

the early ones. The apples after being gathered are left some days to mature; then they are crushed by passing them between fluted rollers, or in mills of various kinds, which grind the fruit to a pulp; they are then placed in vats with a little water for a day; the pulp is then placed in bags for the juice to drain, and the next process is fermentation; the casks are filled with juice and left to ferment. The bottling of cider demands great care, and carefully bottled cider is frequently passed off as fictitious champagne.

HALLOW-E'EN.

There is perhaps no night in the year which the popular imagination has thought more of than the eve of All Saints' Day, or Hallow-e'en. In England and Scotland it was long consecrated to harmless fireside revelries, with numerous plans for finding out your future sweetheart.

The leading idea is that spirits walk about. In the North of England it is called "Nutcrack Night," for nuts and apples are in great requisition. I here give a testing plan for sweethearts to see if their young men will be faithful. Put three nuts on the bars of the grate—(1) If the nut cracks or jumps your lover will be unfaithful. (2) If it blazes or burns you love the girl. (3) If the nuts named after the girl and you burn together you will be married.

A second performance is to hang a stick from a ceiling with a lighted candle at one end and an apple at the other, whilst a snatch is made with the mouth at the apple. The fun is that occasionally the candle hits the individual on the face.

A third plan is to put apples in a tub of water and duck the face in for them. A certain time, of course, is given to each competitor; naturally the apples with longest stalks are first gained; and of course the surest method is to put the head right in and pursue the apples to the bottom before opening the mouth.

A fourth is to have three dishes—(1) full of clear water, (2) full of foul water, (3) empty. Then each aspirant is blindfolded and goes up in turn, the dishes being changed as to position after each trial. Those who dip in the clear water marry a maiden or bachelor; those who put their hand in the foul water a widow or widower, and those who dip in the empty one are to remain

single. And what I contend is that all these customs are harmless, and certainly they are amusing.

GOLF.

(Called also Goff and Gowf.)

The game of golf is certainly one about which we can say that the hold which it has taken in England is increasing every year. If you feel a desire to look up a Continental hotel in "Where to Stay" you will observe, "within so-and-so of the famous links," wherever that may be. Of course the game originated in Holland, though we call it Scotch. In India it was first played in 1829 at Calcutta, then it spread to Bombay in 1842. Pau, in France, and the Channel Islands indulge in it. The Americans have taken it up since 1890. As to England, it came here in 1864, and now there are hundreds of clubs. We call our grounds "downs," and the Scotch theirs "links."

Poets have flown into raptures over the glories of it, alluding particularly to those who drive their balls along St. Andrew's links. It is no use any ordinary person saying, "I don't see much in golf," because evidently such a speech would be born of ignorance—non-players should never express an opinion. Everyone calls it a lovely game. It is acknowledged that you have to begin early to be very good, but that long practice will make a fairly good player.

It is a very old game, and was played with a crooked club or staff, called a "bandy." Now there are a great many sorts of clubs for different strokes. Two or more persons can play, and a good driver will send the ball two hundred yards. Here is a curious notice of 1457. The Scottish Parliament enacted that "futeball and golfe be utterly cryit downe, and nocht usit, and archery be practised instead." Nevertheless, it went on. Charles I. was fond of it; James II. was very good at it.

Everyone knows that there are a series of round holes for play, several inches in depth, at a distance varying from one to six hundred yards; and the game can be played for victory decided by either the greatest number of holes scored or holes won in the fewest number of strokes.

THOMPSON DRIVING IN THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

NOVEMBER.

Hood wittily writes—

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue.
No road, no street, no t'other side the way;
No mail, no post, no news from foreign court,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-vember."

"And truly melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brightest light, and softest airs, and beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying lowly in their beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again."

November was called by the ancient Saxons "Wint-monath," or the wind month, from the gales of wind which are so prevalent at this season of the year, obliging our Scandinavian ancestors to lay up their keels on shore, and refrain from exposing themselves on the ocean till the advent of more genial weather in the ensuing year. It also bore the name of "Blot-monath," or bloody month, from the circumstance of its being customary then to slaughter great numbers of cattle, to be salted for winter use. The epithet has possibly also reference to the sacrificial rites practised at this time. It is regarded as the gloomiest month of the year, and has been styled "the month of blue devils and suicides, of leaden skies, choking fogs, and torrents of rain"; and very few persons can say anything cheerful about it, except that the next month is Christmas month.

If you look at the garden you see a moist mass of wet leaves and clogged soil, blasted dahlias and shrivelled chrysanthemums; in fact, all now looks black and gloomy. The word garden

seems a misnomer. You feel a desire to compose verses on the laurel, fir, and ivy, for being an oasis in this desert of death. But here Maud E. Sargent comes to our relief. She says—

"Hosts of odd-shaped gay-hued mushrooms
Stand in paddock, wood and lane;
Scarlet, yellow, white and purple,
Brown and olive swell the train,
Holding up their wee umbrellas,
In the falling autumn rain."

And there are some mushrooms left in this month which you can go and gather.

In the forest all is uproar! The November winds lift up their mighty voices and the huge trees crash together, and sometimes one comes down as quick as an avalanche, and so November has been well called the "pioneer of winter"; the wind blows all the decaying leaves into the hollows. And Chambers is very pretty—I will quote him on streams—"The swollen streams roar and hurry along, as if they were eager to bury themselves in the great rivers, for they have no flowers to mirror, no singing birds to tempt them to linger amongst the pebbles and listen, no green bending sprays to toss to and fro and play with on their way. The few cattle that are out stand head to head, as if each tried to warm the other with his breath, or turned to shut out the gloomy prospect of November. Even the clouds have a vagrant look as they wander along the sky. The woodman returns home at night, feeling there is nothing cheerful to look upon." The most wonderful plant is the "Butcher's broom," of which elsewhere I will say a word; but the bird-cherry has berries which now have turned very red.

I have an old book on the garden, which mentions one or two lovely hot-house plants in November. I have never tried them, but I will quote them—

(1) *Mandevilla suaveolens.* It flowers first in spring and will flower to the end of the year; it is then pruned back in the same manner as the vines.

(2) *Agapetes boxifolia.* A relative of the "ericas" or heaths.

(3) *Desfontainia spinosa.* It can be planted in shrubberies, and is very handsome; its leaf is like the holly, though I think myself that November is beyond its flowering time, as it commences to flower in August,

But you can prepare for next year. You can dig the garden well, manure it, turn the soil over and let the coming frost and snow do their appointed work; and it is the correct time to dig, far more correct than leaving it, as some do, until the spring. Fruit trees should now be pruned, all cross-growing shoots should be cut out; where many branches are growing together you can cut off the weakest and all dead wood. In old trees cut out all budless branches, whilst young trees want the centre roots thinned and shortened. Sometimes, of course, in order to procure fine-sized fruit (just as you do with chrysanthemums in the flower world), you diminish the number of branches likely to bear fruit beyond what would otherwise be desirable. Some trees, particularly cherries, are best pruned in summer, as they then throw out less gum.

Now let us speak of the leaves, which simply litter the ground and get brushed up in heaps by the road-man.

Macmillan says: "We call winter the leafless season, when Nature, as it were, is at anchor in the harbour, with her sails furled and only her masts and rigging exposed; but the leaves are there, and only covered with tiny scales, and these scales are really leaves of the lowest type, and when the summer leaves fall, it is because all nutriment is going to next year's leaves contained in the bud." This, however, we saw last month. I may add that, in warm climates, there are no scales or "great coats." Now, our body is a "case," which falls away when the higher life is ready, and so winter leaves are not a lesson of death, but of immortality. I know of no divine, ancient or modern, who gives purer, loftier, or more exquisite sermons on Nature than Hugh Macmillan, and it is because I think all his books should be regarded quite as a classic that I quote so largely from him. Speaking on that, to my mind, all-absorbing topic of the new life after this, he says, "Life has a deeper spring than the ordinary sources of pleasure and pain. All the circumstances of this world are winter leaves nourishing and protecting the bud of immortality, just as the scales of a bud protect the bud. Life is not an end, as most people view it, but 'a means.'"

Then again, we can compare a leaf to the structure of ourselves. The central vein of the leaf is like the spine of man; the side veins correspond with the ribs; and the multitude of

delicate vessels filled with sap, which ramify through the substance of the leaf, are like our blood-vessels, which carry the fluid of life through the body. Besides this, there are a number of pores which absorb light, air, and moisture, just as the pores of our skin, which perform such an active part in the economy of our nature. Referring to the rings of an old tree, you can tell whether any summer was warm or wet, or a mixture of wind, rain, and sunshine, if you only know how to look. A large broad ring says that summer was unusually wet; the thin compact ring says that the season was very warm and bright.

FOG.

There was an enquiry into fogs in the winter of 1902-3, and it was observed that there are fogs of many colours and of diverse character and density. Some are on the surface, others which do not come so low as even the tops of buildings produce at noonday the darkness of night. There are, in fact, three kinds of fogs —(1) the steaming white fog, (2) the cold surface fog, (3) the cloud fog. And it is certain that very varying temperatures and moistures prevail at different altitudes. The *Telegraph* says, "It is probable that one day in December the air at the top of St. Paul's was cool and damp enough to produce condensation of vapour, whilst in the street below warmth held the moisture in solution and uncondensed, and unless there is sufficient motion in the air above to carry away the accumulation, local darkness must follow, as the light of day is cut off. Suddenly a motion comes, and then we see the fog disperse. Take water. You can notice fog above water, and if the air above the surface is sufficiently cold in the evening condensation of vapour results. The fogs on the coasts of Nova Scotia and other places are caused by warm air moving over cold water."

The *Telegraph* comments thus on the fog of January, 1909:— 'Fog is produced by a nearly stagnant atmosphere and cold weather below forty degrees Fahrenheit. The air is probably never quite motionless; when its horizontal movement falls below two or three miles an hour, insufficient to shake the leaf on the tree, and the air is cooled below forty degrees, fog is almost certain. Yesterday the air was still, because between London and places

A LONDON FOG: LOOKING FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
TAKEN AT NOONDAY.

By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

at a distance of, say, fifty miles, the difference of pressure was extremely slight. Under the circumstances the invisible moisture of the atmosphere is condensed into vesicles, extremely minute and infinitely numerous. Mr. Aitken has proved that they form round particles of dust; and in a dustless atmosphere, say high up Mont Blanc, there is no fog. London's air is not dustless. We burn some forty thousand tons of coal per day, and the products of that combustion, especially the sulphur particles, become the *nuclei* of fog. All the worst features of London's distinctive palls that shut out sunlight more or less all the year round, are due to its smoke, and they grow less as the use of gas and, better still, electric heating extends." Chambers says, "Water vapour is always present in the air, and it condenses either as rain, mist, or fog, when the state of saturation is reached. In some cases dust particles condense moisture from non-saturated air, and this produces a 'dry fog.' The amount of vapour present, and the number and size of dust particles in part determine whether fog, mist, or rain will be formed under given conditions of temperature or pressure. And of course in large cities there are a great amount of dust particles and smoke particles in the air, and when the sun's rays are withdrawn the air surrounding the particles is cooled and the moisture condenses."

In 1879 there was a very dense, unhealthy fog in London, and persons afflicted with asthma died. In January the deaths were forty-three per cent. above the average; bronchitis rose to thirty-three per cent. above the average, and whooping cough to about the same; and it was far worse in the low-lying districts. In about 1890 it became one afternoon at Hampstead, when I lived there, densely black—so much so that you could not see your garden gate—you could only guess at it; and torches were a necessity to walk about.

About three years ago Christmas shopping was prevented by fog, and hansoms even got off the road on to the pavement. But I know of one thing worse than this, and that is, fog at sea. Anyone who has been in a dense sea-fog, when on board a not over large Channel vessel, has an idea of what I mean.

I remember once crossing to Boulogne, and the fog became intensely dense; fog-signals were fired off every minute. Everyone was in abject terror, thinking that the end was near. One

moment I saw a vessel dash past ours, only a few yards away; it was just as if we were struck—a collision seemed unavoidable.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

This festival takes its origin from the conversion, in the seventh century, of the Pantheon in Rome into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication by Pope Boniface IV. to the Virgin and all the martyrs. The anniversary was first celebrated on May 1st, afterwards altered to November 1st, which was then called "The Feast of All Saints." This was November 1st, 608, and it has been kept on that day ever since. The Venerable Bede speaks of May 13th as "Dedicatio, Sanctœ, Mariœ, ad Martyres"; and November 1st, "Natale omnium Sanctorum." In the Eastern Church the Festival of All Martyrs is observed on the day corresponding with our Trinity Sunday. In consequence of the name "All Saints," it is a day very dear to Christians, who have lost those they loved and felt were very good; and certainly if the religion of Christ (and I say this with emphasis) were to enter into the hearts of those who profess to be Christians, then we should be knit together in one communion and belong to the Communion of Saints. Amongst the Early Christians this was so. All that believed were together and had all things in common, sold their possessions and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And this plan seems to me a spirit which in part should enter into the question of the unemployed. I cannot help calling it awful for many to be rich and see their fellow-creatures without even the chance of earning their living. I wrote to a paper upon this last winter, and a solicitor informed me when I met him out that the unemployed were a —— crew, and wanted crushing out of existence. And it is just this terrible spirit amongst certain rich that destroys harmony and alienates the poor from the rich.

Ignatius of old said, "It is profitable for you to live in an unblamable unity, so that ye may have fellowship with God, and be like unto Christ, of whom ye are members."

To be fitted for the Communion of Saints certainly means a loving heart here, a love for our fellow-creatures, without which we cannot be united to Christ. The glory of the old saints was

never in themselves, but upon the cross of Christ. Their praise was not for themselves, but for the Gospel; and their excuses not for themselves, but for their neighbours. Everyone has not only his own temptation, but his own liability to fall. Beware, then, how you judge another.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

We may, I think, say that the whole course of the Gunpowder Plot arose from the wretched, shifty character of King James. He appears to have had no conscience and no manliness. No one knew, so to speak, "where to have him." Catholics were at their wits' end. Whilst King of Scotland he had raised the hopes of the English Catholics, but the English Parliament was against it, so it was an attempt by the Catholics to destroy James and the Houses of Lords and Commons.

But to understand the Gunpowder Plot correctly we ought to go back to the reign of Elizabeth, for then there were many Romish plots against her life, and it was found to be necessary to make very severe laws against Roman Catholics. So the terrible reign of Mary had left its mark on the feelings of the nation. The fires of Smithfield and the massacre of St. Bartholomew were within the memory of those then living, and this was the reason of the summary vengeance on the conspiracy, but it had been well said of James—

> "Here lies our mutton-eating King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> He never said a foolish thing,
> But never did a wise one."

Excommunication had been pronounced against any who denied the supremacy of the King; the orthodoxy of the Church; who affirmed the Book of Common Prayer to be unlawful; who denied any of the Thirty-nine Articles; or who should separate from the Established Church. Bancroft had let loose the fury of the Church against Nonconformists, whether Catholic or Protestant, and three hundred were forced from their livings. The Puritans did not submit without resistance, but the Catholics were harassed, fined, and insulted, and resorted to vengeance.

Who was the originator of the plot?

Robert Catesby, the descendant of an ancient Catholic family, seated for centuries at Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire,

had embraced Protestantism, but returned to Catholicism, and determined to destroy King and Parliament. He began by enlisting Thomas Winter, and then Fawkes, Percy, and Wright joined the scheme. They first met at a house in St. Clement's Fields; then Percy hired a house near Parliament House, and one near Lambeth for storing gunpowder and other combustibles. After that they migrated to a cellar under the House of Lords, removing the gunpowder there. Catesby, Bates, and Grant had now joined them. Then money was wanted to provide men, horses and arms for the insurrection, so some rich Catholics were enlisted.

Firstly, Sir Everard Digby, who advanced £1,500, then Ambrose Rookwood and Sir Francis Tresham (who probably divulged the plot to Lord Monteagle). Tresham advanced £2,000, and Percy £4,000. Guido Fawkes was to slowly fire the train and escape to Flanders, and even a new Sovereign was decided upon; but when the time drew near Tresham wished to save Mordaunt and Monteagle, and Percy Northumberland, and this caused exposure of the plot. And so it happened that on the 4th of November the Lord Chamberlain and Monteagle went to the cellars and saw Fawkes. Sir Thomas Knevett was sent down later with soldiers and captured Fawkes ready for flight and armed with a lantern and matches. He was pinioned, but refused to give up the names of the conspirators. When brought before James (so writers say) the King was frightened of him, and said, "Why did you do this?" "To blow you up," responded Fawkes, "and I am sorry that I failed."

James then had Fawkes tortured to try and get names from him, but he refused to act the coward; and base as the act would have been if carried out, awful as the consequences must have been, yet James was a wretchedly poor man as king, and Tresham was a very mean character, as history records.

Most of the conspirators dashed off, but were pursued by Sir Richard Walsh. Catesby, the two Wrights, and Percy were mortally wounded; Tresham, who pleaded innocence, was taken in London. Digby and others excused their conduct by the cruelty of their persecutors and the violated promises of the King, but they were all condemned to death in all its revolting

severity, and St. Paul's Churchyard was the scene of the execution.

Here is a well-known verse—

"The fifth of November,
Since I can remember,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot.
This is the day that God did prevent
To blow up the King and Parliament.
A stick and a stake for Victoria's sake,
If you won't give me one I'll take two,
The better for me, and the worse for you."

TEXT OF LETTER TO LORD MONTEAGLE.

"My lord out of the love i beare to some of youer frends i have a caer of youer preservacion there for i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyfe to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hath concurred to punishe the wickedness of this tyme and think not slightlye of this advertisement but retyere to youer self into youer contri wheare you may expect the event in safeti for thowghe theare be no apparance of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them this cowncel is not to be contemned because for the danger is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope God will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it to whose holy protecion i comend yowe."

By reference to an old prayer book you will see that there was a special service for the martyrdom of Charles I. and the restoration of Charles II., and also for the Gunpowder Plot. After 1859 these were omitted.

The appointment of the fifth as a holiday dates from January, 1606.

There was formerly a bonfire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, conducted on a splendid scale. Two hundred cartloads of fuel were consumed, and thirty guys were burned; whilst another immense fire was heaped up by the butchers in Clare Market.

I remember Exeter in about 1866, and "the fifth" was then a very great event.

Bells were formerly rung in the churches, and as late as 1850 they say an effigy of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster (then recently created by the Pope) was burnt in effigy.

MARTINMAS (November 11th).

Martinmas Day, celebrated on November 11th, is an extremely interesting day. It leads us to think not only of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury (the oldest existing British church in the land), but of St. Martin too.

Firstly, then, who was St. Martin? He was the son of a military tribune, born 316, and compelled against his will to be a Hungarian soldier.

But at last he returned and was elected Bishop of Tours, after having been a disciple of Hilary, of Poitiers, and founding a convent of monks. He was exceedingly kind to the poor, and the renown of his sanctity brought crowds to hear him. He overthrew Pagan temples, converted all his diocese to Christianity, and erected churches.

The famous story of his life is, that when he was a soldier he took his sword and cut his coat in half to cover a beggar at the gate of Amiens, and this coat became a relic, and the Oratory where it was, was called a chape, and the custodian chaplain. It is from this that we get our word "chapel."

Another story is, that Satan met him in Rome and said, "Why don't you have a carriage?" So he promptly changed Satan into a mule and rode him, Satan saying as follows when he was beaten—

> "Signate signa temere me tangis et angis,
> Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor."

Which is thus translated—

> "Cross, cross thyself, thou plaguest and vexest
> Me without necessity; for owing to
> My exertions thou wilt shortly reach Rome,
> The object of thy wishes."

And you will notice that the Latin reads backwards just the same as it does forwards.

There was another scene in the Lord Mayor's Show of 1702. Dashwood was Lord Mayor, and St. Martin was the most conspicuous figure. He was arrayed in polished armour and mounted on a lovely steed; satyrs were beating tambourines, ten Roman lictors carried axes; there were beggars, too, and at St. Paul's Churchyard St. Martin cut his cloak for them. Queen Anne then dined with the Lord Mayor.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY.

Page 256.

By kind permission of Mr. H. J. Goulden, Canterbury.

I went in 1908 to see the Canterbury cricket week, and I took especial care to visit the interesting church of St. Martin. Its lych gate, its ivy mantled tower, its ancient architecture and venerable graves, all lend a halo which makes one stand still and reflect on back centuries.

In that churchyard are buried Dean Alford, Bishop Parry and Canon Robertson, and you can see quite plainly a tombstone of 1686, and a cross dated 1484, bearing the names Hew Whyte and Alys his wife.

Yonder is a tomb alleged to be that of Ethelbert and Bertha, though the real remains lie in the church of St. Augustine.

At the west end you see a window-opening in the stone, where it is said the lepers stood and listened to the service on Sundays. The person who took me round the church was a particularly interesting old person, and she pointed to the stone slab all round the church, and said that was the seat for the poor, and so you will feel the truth of the remark—"The weak go to the wall."

The font was very interesting. There is Saxon work in the middle and Norman at the top, and it reminded me very much of the beautiful old font at St. Martin's, Ancaster, where I formerly was vicar, and by its very great age it said to me, "How many children must have been christened here!" and reminded one of the words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

The east window has the landing of St. Augustine, Queen Bertha attending service, the procession to Canterbury; and the other windows have St. Martin's death, St. Gregory in the slave market, and again St. Martin—but this picture shows him sharing his cloak.

Service has been held here since 597; it was the oratory of Queen Bertha and her chaplain. But one great point I felt was the sight of Roman, Saxon and Norman architecture.

At Canterbury also, besides St. Martin, you see the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul and St. Augustine in a state of ruin. The scene here struck me at once, reminding me on a small scale of the Forum in Rome. Here, too, are the remains of an old Saxon flint wall.

But I suppose (though I speak of it last) that persons go to Canterbury to see the Cathedral and Beckett's tomb, and to picture all

"those pilgrimages." Beckett's tomb is too well known to need reference, but the Perpendicular windows are very beautiful, and the painted glass with scenes of the Black Prince (with Canon Farrar's conception); and then there is Bishop Temple's tomb, and I always consider that he was a grand old bishop, manly and courageous, fair and upright, who, in his brave old way, raised England, because he never stooped to petty, mean ways, or to jealousies, but did his duty and worshipped his God in a manner which made everyone realise that the Bible was full of justice and love, and that if a clergyman was to be a just man he must be loving, and if he was loving he must be just. Temple was one of the fine stamp of Englishmen represented by Lightfoot, Kingsley, Maurice and Robertson, and it is to be hoped many more like them will spring up and carry on the dear old Church of our fathers.

Then we come to the famous Abbey, which existed prior to Oxford and Cambridge. And, moreover, it is the chief burying-place of the Archbishops of Canterbury and the Kings of Kent.

In 1844 the present college was founded by Beresford Hope. The quadrangle has a very nice appearance. At this college some sixty or eighty men are prepared for Holy Orders.

Sad to relate, early in the nineteenth century the whole place was desecrated by making it a dancing saloon, and having cock-fights there.

The feast of Martinmas comes at a time when the new wines of the year are drawn and tasted, when cattle are killed, and geese are in their prime.

In Scotland a fat ox is called a "mart." The Germans are fond of a good dinner, and here is one of their verses—

"To belly cheer yet once again
Doth Martin more incline,
Whom all the people worshippeth
With roasted geese and wine.
Both all day long and all the night
How each man open makes
His vessels all, and of the must,
Oft times the last he takes,
Which holy Martin afterwards
Alloweth to be wine,
Therefore they him unto the skies
Extol with praise divine."

CHESS.

In the Lords' Hall, at the time of Martinmas, chess was played. It was formerly a very popular game in England, and it is a game which ought, I consider, to be almost compulsory in schools, as it prepares the player for the emergencies of life. It says in practice, "What shall I do if my enemy does this? And then if I do that, what can he do?" and so on. Most people in life do acts all of a sudden and never think.

What does the word mean? The French is *échecs*, Italian *scacchi*, German *schach*, Low Latin *ludus scacchorum*, Dutch *schaak*. Originally it comes from the Persian "shah," a king. It is the game of kings. Its origin is uncertain; China, India, Persia and Egypt are claimed as its birth-place, but it was probably introduced into Europe by the Arabs in the eighth century, though some say it was introduced in the court of Evil Merodack, King of Babylon. One of the earliest references to it is a book written about 1300 by Jacobus de Cessolis, a preaching friar, and the name was, *Liber de moribus, hominum et officiis nobilium super ludo scaccorum*. The game found its first home in Spain; then in 1584 it went to Italy, and afterwards to France; then to England. Some of the greatest chess players settled in London. Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester had several clubs.

Germany, Austria, Paris, and the United States are very great at it. It is a curious fact, which one would never have expected, that King John was good at chess, and when he heard that the French king had besieged one of his castles he waited till his game was over. And yet he was particularly poor at warfare. Now, if we take Moltke, it is said that he won the war against the French in 1870 from his study of chess—that he planned the campaign in that way.

The word "checkmate" is interesting. It comes from two words "sháh mát"—"the King is dead." This I call very interesting.

The complicated names of the pieces look as if it were a game which had been improved upon from time to time.

There are good books on chess by Forbes, 1860; Van der Linden, Berlin, 1880; works by Gossip, 1894; and many others for those who are interested in the game.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

In the opinion of many, the Lord Mayor's Show is a needless stoppage of traffic and a great waste of money, the reason being, I suppose, that it is shorn of its ancient magnificence; and though it was interesting in 1908, with its old list of worthies—Shakespeare, Jonson, and others—yet if it is to be done at all, I cannot see why we should not return to its former splendour.

The Mayor was formerly the king of the City, and poets of great repute celebrated his election.

The poor nobility used to exact tolls, which were heavy, from the merchantmen. On the Rhine and Danube, boats were obliged to pay toll on passing the castles, and there was a ridiculous contempt felt by the nobles for money gained in trade. But ultimately the wealthy townsmen became as proud as the nobles; and when persons, dressed in mythological costumes, received their sovereigns as they entered cities, and welcomed them with set speeches, then they had become persons of no small importance. Likewise, foreign ambassadors received the same attention, in order that the dignity of the City might be upheld.

The Lord Mayor went to Westminster in his gilded barge, and on his return he was greeted by his pageant; and civic speeches were uttered, composed by the best dramatists of the day.

The most popular additions were giants. The giants of Antwerp, Douai and Lille were from thirty to forty feet high, and so England followed suit with giants at London Bridge. When Henry V. entered London, after Agincourt, a male and female giant stood at London Bridge.

In 1432 Henry VI. entered London, to find a mighty giant awaiting him as his champion. He carried a drawn sword, with this inscription—

> "All those that be enemies to our king
> I shall clothe with confusion."

In 1554 Philip and Mary found two giants awaiting them, one named Corineus and the other named Gogmagog.

In 1558 Temple Bar was dressed with two giants, who held a poetic representation of the pageant.

In 1585 the earliest printed description of the show appears.

THE LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Page 260. *By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.*

Sir Wolstan Dixie was Mayor, and children dressed, personated London, the Thames, Magnanimity, Loyalty.

In 1616 Sir John Lemon, of the Fishmongers Company, was installed, and there was a fishing boat in the pageant, with fishermen drawing up their nets; this was put on wheels, with painted drapery representing waves; this ship was followed by a crowned dolphin, in allusion to the Mayor's arms and those of the Company in which dolphins appear, and Arion, a musician, rode on his back. But the principal piece was a lemon tree, richly laden with fruit and flowers, which was a smart idea. Then came a bower adorned with all the names of the Fishmongers Company, with the great hero, Sir William Walworth, and an armed officer with the head of Wat Tyler; on the top was a victorious angel, and King Richard beneath surrounded by impersonations of royal and kingly virtues.

Cromwell's era stopped all for sixteen years, but with the Restoration came all the City shows in their ancient splendour.

In 1674 Charles II. was present, and it appears that he got intoxicated when Sir Richard Viner was Mayor. Viner followed the King and insisted on his returning to take "t'other bottle." Charles allowed himself to be dragged back, singing—

"The man that is drunk is as great as a king,"

and there was a loose familiarity of the citizens with the King.

In 1691 Elkanah Settle succeeded to the post of Poet Laureate, and he was supposed to have had a sense of gorgeous display, which pleased the people; and he got up in 1698 a most perfect chariot of Justice, in which the goddess sat accompanied by Charity, Concord, and other virtues, the chariot being drawn by two unicorns guided by Moors, sounding forth the fame of the honourable Company of Goldsmiths. But all he did was very clever.

The last great show was in 1702, and besides St. Martin, to which I referred, it is described as a costly and stupid display, and the age, it is said, decided to abandon them or lessen them.

In 1706 we find Marlborough sitting on the right hand of the Mayor, the Lord High Treasurer on the left.

The first coach was provided in 1712. Till then the Mayor had ridden on horseback (and I think this was far nicer). The present

gorgeous coach was built in 1757 and cost £1,060, the panels being painted by Cipriani.

In 1853 Fenton and Cooke, of Astley's, under the superintendence of Bunning, reproduced the old cars. First came a chariot of Justice drawn by six horses, followed by standard-bearers of all nations on horseback; an Australian cart with a gold-digger; a car with nine horses, with a throne, on which sat Peace and Prosperity.

After this the city barges were sold and the water pageant abolished. Now it is a matter more of the Guildhall dinner, which costs £2,500. The annual expense of the Mayoralty is £25,000, and the Mayor pays £10,000 of it.

DECEMBER.

No month in the year has had more names (although it has no Roman title like January or April). Of course it is needless to say that it is called December because it was formerly the tenth month, and not the twelfth. One of its names was "Aerra Geola," because the sun then turns his glorious course. Before Christianity it was held as the "Feast of Thor," and the "wassail bowl" was circulated in honour of the heathen god. The Saxons called it "Winter monat." After the introduction of Christianity it was called "Helig-monat," or Holy Month, in allusion to the birth of our Lord and Saviour Christ. And amongst the modern Germans it is still called "Christ-monat." It has always been held as a month of festivity, and in the Anglo-Saxon calendar there is a wood-cut, with figures engaged in threshing corn, winnowing it, and taking it away. Martial calls it "fumosos," or smoky month, in allusion to the fires; but surely "Christ-monat" would be a far better name than December, which is absolutely wrong. Dark December has now come upon the scene, and when I wrote this first, last December, the shortest day and Christmas Day had both passed, a canopy of snow covered the ground, and the cold was intense. Skating had commenced and traffic was very slow, and one felt for shivering humanity and the unemployed.

If you go into the country bleak winds whistle through the trees, the owl is creeping for shelter as far as he can into the hollow tree. You may occasionally see him, but rarely, and you have to satisfy yourself with the extraordinary hootings which he sends forth so constantly. There are the footmarks of robin redbreast as he seeks the shelter of yonder kindly farmhouse. The mole has burrowed deeper in search of food. The water wagtail is pecking about in the less frozen pools. The fox, hungry and cruel, has just dashed by with a fowl in his mouth, and no doubt it was he who robbed the ducks the night before, taking the wall with one spring. Wood pigeons and larks awake the silence, getting all that they can find to eat.

That over there which we see clambering round the hawthorn trees is the mistletoe, and our minds are turned to the Druids with their reverential love for the plant. The black "hellebore," or Christmas rose, is one of the prettiest flowers seen out of doors, though persons seem now to have resigned it to ignominy. Then there is that lovely form of laurestinus, viz., the *Aucuba Japonica*, with its beautiful spotted leaves making such an exquisite show in that lovely garden by the Glastonbury thorn, and the picturesque holly hedge, and you see it is a vicarage garden well cared for, and from the choir of the church you hear your childhood's favourite hymns, "O Come, all ye Faithful" and "Angels from the Realms of Glory," with these touching words—

> "God with man is now residing;
> Yonder shines the Infant light."

But how about December in the olden time? What was formerly so bad was the terribly badly-lit streets and worse lit villages. You would meet people crawling along with lanterns. Coaches were unknown; there was the slow-paced stage waggon proceeding at two miles an hour. At night-time men stuck fast in the badly-kept clayey roads, and were only too pleased to alight on a sheep-fold. Goods were taken in the saddlebags of pack horses from one place to another, whilst the road was never safe from the highwayman, who, fully armed and well horsed, cried out, "Stand and deliver!" (This was bad enough, but I don't think it was a worse evil than when you meet unscrupulous and callous motor drivers who race at sixty miles an hour and run over children and old people as if they thought no more of them than a fox or a rabbit.)

But if a severe frost came, then all was ice-bound for months, and oil froze in the lamps. One year bread was sold for 1s. 4d. a quartern and wheat fetched £7 a quarter. Many were frozen to death in the fields, judges were detained on the roads and could not get to the assizes, flocks of sheep perished in the snowdrifts, and shepherds who went in search were lost. Such waggons as ventured stuck fast in the drifts, and the Scotch Express was snowed up. Shakespeare, you know, describes the icicles hanging on the wall, Dick the shepherd

boy blowing his nails to warm them, boys dragging logs to the hall fire, the milk frozen in the pail, whilst the coughing on Sunday in the cold church drowns the parson's sixteenthly.

Christmas Day, we may say, with all its beautiful thoughts on the birth of our Lord and Saviour Christ, sanctifies the Roman Festival of the Saturnalia. All the joy and festivity which surrounded the Saturnalia is still kept as happily, but with a different subject, viz., keeping the birthday of the Son of God. It is almost as if we could say He whom they ignorantly worshipped only under a false image, "Now I declare unto you." It was the festival of Saturnus to whom the inhabitants of Latium attributed the introduction of agriculture and the arts of civilised life. Saturn was a very ancient god, and the festival is lost in antiquity. Augustus enacted that the 17th, 18th, and 19th December should be set apart for the festival under the "Empire." The merrymaking lasted seven days, and three different festivals were celebrated. First came the Saturnalia, then the Opalia, and lastly, the Sigillaria, when earthenware figures were exposed for sale and given as toys to children. Since the agricultural labours of the year were completed it was celebrated in ancient times by the rustic population as a sort of joyous harvest home, and in every age was viewed by all classes of the community as a period of absolute recreation and unrestrained merriment. During its continuance no public business could be transacted, the law courts were closed, the schools kept holiday. To commence work or to punish a malefactor was a positive crime. Slaves were released from ordinary toils, wore the badge of freedom, and attended a banquet attired in the clothes of their masters, being waited upon at table, whilst all ranks devoted themselves to feasting and mirth. Presents were given, sacrifices were offered, and the crowds shouted "Saturnalia!" In fact, the whole population wore loose gowns, walked about with the pileus on their heads, and, as on Twelfth Night, a mock king was elected.

So first we had Druidical rites and superstitions; then, with the arrival of the Saxons, various ceremonies of the Germans and Scandinavians. The result has been a strange medley of Christian and Pagan rites, which contribute to the festivities which we may say existed round about Christmas. But of

course the Saturnalia originated with the joy at the sun becoming stronger, which we feel now at the shortest day. And if at Rome the sun was worshipped as Saturn, under the Scandinavians he was known under the epithet of "Odin" or "Woden," with the Persians as "Mithras," and the Phœnicians as "Baal." In the bleak north blocks of wood blazed in honour of Woden and Thor, and in the early ages of Christianity of course it was difficult to prevent all the ancient ideas of revelry or amusement from cropping up. Having thus spoken about Saturn and the Saturnalia, I think it would be as well to make a few remarks about the planet. Saturn seems, by all accounts, to be the planet concerning which astronomers know least. First, let me state a few facts about Saturn.

It is probably seven hundred times as large as the earth, the length of a day is ten and a half hours, and a year is 10,759 days. It is twenty-nine and a half years going round the sun, and it travels at the rate of 21,220 miles an hour, and round its own axis at the rate of 22,216 miles an hour.

It has a wonderful ring system, which is considered to be a multitude of satellites, guided by the attraction of Saturn, in rapid revolution round the planet. The rings are three in number, the innermost being eighty-eight thousand miles from Saturn's centre; but through the centre ring you can see Saturn's disc. It is easy to imagine that this ring system naturally deprives Saturn of light; but outside this ring system circle eight worlds within four million miles of Saturn, the largest probably the size of Mars. It is a conclusion carefully arrived at that Saturn is probably uninhabited, but if, perchance, inhabited, then it must be a different kind of creature to ourselves; or that, as was the case at one time with our earth, it may not have reached a stage fit for habitation by human beings. Anyway, it is a planet far more wonderful than our world, and the scheme of worlds over which it bears sway seems a miniature of our solar system.

Its surface is resplendent with the most lovely colours, blue at the poles, yellow elsewhere, crossed by a creamy white central belt flecked with spots, which under favourable circumstances show brown, purple, and ruddy tints.

I now give Mitchell's remarks on Saturn; it is beautifully

described; his account of the ring system does not seem quite the same as Proctor's, but he is an older writer.

MITCHELL ON THE PLANET SATURN.

This great planet is surrounded certainly by two, probably by three, immense rings, which are formed of solid matter, in all respects like that constituting the central body. These wonderful appendages are nowhere else to be found throughout the entire solar system, at least with certainty. Their existence has elsewhere been suspected, but around Saturn they are seen with a perfection and distinctness which defies all scepticism as to their actual existence. The diameter of the outer ring is no less than 176,000 miles. Its breadth is 21,000 miles, while its thickness does not exceed 100 miles. The inner ring is separated from the outer one by a space of about 1,800 miles; its breadth 34,000 miles; its inner edge being about 20,000 miles from the surface of the planet. Its thickness is the same as that of the outer ring. These extraordinary objects are rotating in the same direction as the planet, and with a velocity so great that objects on the exterior edge of the outer ring are carried through space with the amazing velocity of nearly 50,000 miles an hour, or nearly fifty times more swiftly than the objects on the earth's equator.

What power of adjustment can secure the stability of these stupendous rings? No solid bond fastens them to the planet; isolated in space, they hold their places, and, revolving with incredible velocity around an imaginary axis, they accompany their planet in its mighty orbit round the sun. Such is the exceeding delicacy with which this system is adjusted, that the slightest external cause once deranging the equilibrium, no readjustment would be effected. The rings would be thrown on the body of the planet, and the system would be destroyed.

For more than two hundred years have these wonderful circles of light whirled in their rapid career under the eye of man, and freed from all external action, they are so poised that millions of years shall in no wise affect their beautiful organisation. Their graceful figures and beautiful light shall greet the eyes of the student of the heavens when ten thousand years shall have rolled away.

Thus do we find that God has built the heavens in wisdom, to declare His glory and to show forth His handiwork. There are no iron tracks, with bars and bolts, to hold the planets in their orbits. Freely in space they move, ever changing, but never changed; poised and balancing, swaying and swayed, disturbing and disturbed, onward they fly, fulfilling with unerring certainty their mighty cycles. The entire system forms one grand complicated piece of celestial machinery, circle within circle, wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle, revolutions so swift as to be completed in a few hours—movements so slow that their mighty periods are only counted by millions of years.

If there is one custom which reminds us of the near approach of Christmas it is the singing of Christmas carols at the door. I may say the word carol is derived from "cantore," to sing, and "rola," an interjection expressive of joy; and we are informed that in the early age of the Church the bishops were accustomed to sing carols on Christmas Day.

Formerly each village boasted its own musicians, who played violins, clarionettes, flutes, and other instruments in church, and they used to delight in practising them at home. It seems to me that they had a great love for their religion, and were imbued with the spirit of the first Christmas carol, "Glory to God in the highest," of which Milton says—

> "His place of birth a solemn angel tells
> To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
> They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
> Of squadroned angels hear this carol sung."

Then there were the more secular carols—"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen!" "I Saw Three Ships come Sailing By," and "The Holly and the Ivy." And the more sacred—"Sleep, my Saviour, Sleep," "Midnight Stillness Sweetly Reigns," and "All this Night Bright Angels Sing."

One Christmas at Norwood (at the Normal College for the Blind), I heard some of the mostly lovely carols, sung by those who were sightless, and I shall never forget that evening; it was most beautiful. I think their being blind and "feeling Christmas Day" made everyone else "feel it"; they seemed to picture heaven, and were in harmony with their Creator. One pretty

carol which they sang was kindly copied for me and sent by Dr. Campbell, manager of the Blind College. I append it; it was "The Holly and the Ivy."

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.

"The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O, the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the quire,
Sweet singing in the quire.

"The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.
O, the rising of the sun, &c.

"The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
O, the rising of the sun, &c.

"The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn,
O, the rising of the sun, &c.

"The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.
O, the rising of the sun, &c.

"The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O, the rising of the sun, &c."

And now one word about carol-singing in the street. I allude to those boys and girls who come round to the doors, pull the bells, and sing, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and "O Come all ye Faithful." There is no music in it, and many of the words are wrongly pronounced; moreover, there is no feeling. Would it not be better if they were taught beforehand to sing? They would then be heartily welcomed.

Singing, surely, is not just knowing the air of the hymn. Neither do I mean it is *bad* because it is wrongly pronounced; but there needs to be a combination of music, grammar and feeling at so sacred a season.

Then the "waits." There seems to be a question as to whether the word alludes to the musical instruments or the persons who play them? At one time it was given to minstrels of the king's court, who combined the duties of policeman and watchman (proclaiming the hour of the night). *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1756 speaks of waits as persons "timber waits." I see Nuttall's dictionary derives the word "wait" from the French "waite," or watch; whilst in the famous history of "De Faustus" the term is applied to musical instruments, organs, lutes, harps, waits, &c.

The word "waith," in Scotland, refers to wandering minstrels, blind men of respectable character, who performed on violins soothing airs. However, at present they are musicians who play during the night hours several times before Christmas, and very beautiful it is to wake up and hear them.

The Lord of Misrule was a functionary to be found in every large house at Christmastide. His duties were to lead the revelries and act as "master of the ceremonies." The King, at the feast of Christmas, had his "master of merry disports"; the Mayor his, and noblemen theirs. At Cambridge he was styled, "Imperator ludoram," and the office was held by an M.A. At the London Inns of Court he was very famous, reigning with great splendour; he had his lord keeper and treasurer, his guard of honour and two chaplains, and he reigned on Twelfth Day.

In 1635 he spent £2,000 from his own purse. Charles I. knighted this man, who was generally a young gentleman of good family.

I suppose the successor of the Lord of Misrule is the clown in the pantomime, but this particular observance led to licentiousness, and the word "misrule" is good. It was a remnant of Bacchanalian festivities, and in its wake there was much idleness and drunken dancing, which were utterly beside the beauty of the time of the birth of Christ. Then there were the mummers, another remnant of the Saturnalia. This was a passion for masquerade, when masks of all kinds were worn in abundance,

and men and women assumed the attire of the opposite sex; and these were eventually altered and improved till there came the miracle and mystery plays.

Stow, in his "Survey of London," gives an account of a splendid "mummerie" in 1377, performed for the amusement of the son of the Black Prince, and in 1400 Henry IV. had mummers at Eltham. Henry VIII. issued an order against it all, declaring that all persons who went about to houses arrayed in this fashion should be committed to jail, and the reason was that there were murders connected with it. The idea was, it is stated—

> "To shorten winter's sadness,
> See where the folks with gladness,
> Disguised all, are coming,
> Right wantonly a-mumming."

One time-honoured performance represented St. George and the Dragon. First Father Christmas came with the holly bough and the wassail bowl, then a pretty little girl with a bunch of mistletoe; then came the Grand Turk, the good knight St. George, and the devouring dragon; a doctor with a box of pills, and the parish beadle who had the command of the stocks.

The Turkish knight fights with St. George; the Turk falls, and St. George says—

> "Ladies and gentlemen, you've seen what I've done;
> I've cut the Turk down like the evening sun;
> Is there any doctor that can be found
> To cure this knight of his deadly wound?"

Then the doctor cures the Turk, and a collection is made at the house where they are acting—

> "Ladies and gentlemen, our story is ended,
> And now our money-box is recommended;
> Five or six shillings will not do us harm,
> Silver or copper, or gold if you can."

Now the stage can be an immense factor for good. I am aware fully that it can do harm. But if plays could be sifted and only fine, manly-toned plays allowed, I think it would be an immense help. I will name plays which I consider good. I have said elsewhere of the "Sign of the Cross" and "A Message from Mars." Then all of Wilson Barrett's were good, and "The Light that Failed," "The Village Priest," "The Liars," "The Daughters of Babylon," "The Arcadians," and the admirably put

on piece this year of "The Proud Prince," at the Lyceum; but somehow it often happens that very loose plays, or very senseless plays, take the fancy of the public. I saw one at the Crystal Palace, "Sergeant Brue." It was intensely poor and vulgar, and yet it was liked, therefore it follows that the taste of the public wants educating. Garrick once said—

> "They in the drama find no joys,
> But doat on mimicry and toys;
> Thus, when a dance is on my bill
> Nobility my boxes fill;
> Or send three days before my time,
> To crowd a new-made pantomime."

Many pantomimes are now very good indeed. One at the Crystal Palace last year was splendid ("Robinson Crusoe"); nothing was vulgar, and it was exhilarating.

But going back. In 1807 there was a very classical pantomime—Ignoso, the spirit of fire; Aquina, the fairy of the fountain; Aurino, the genius of air; Terrena, the spirit of earth; the harlequin; columbine; guardian to columbine.

MISTLETOE AND THE YULE LOG.

There was a splendid picture in the Christmas number of last year's *Illustrated London News* of the Druids cutting down the mistletoe in the woods. There is the ladder with maidens ascending; then the platform with a priest at one end with a knife cutting the mistletoe, for on Christmas morning the ancient Britons used to sally forth to the oak, accompanied by their priests, whilst two white bulls were attached to the tree. The chief Druid, clothed in white, ascended, and with a golden knife cut the sacred plant, which was caught in his robe. The bulls were then sacrificed, whilst the people hung up the sprays at the entrance of their dwellings as a propitiation to the sylvan deities through the period of frost and cold. The Druids, we know, regarded the mistletoe with the utmost veneration, though their veneration seemed restricted to the plant when growing on the oak, the favourite tree of their divinity, Tutanes, who seems to have been the same as the Phœnician god Baal, or the sun. The mistletoe with us grows on apple trees, pear, hawthorn, sycamore, very rarely on oak trees; in the Himalayas on the apricot; in Italy on the vine; in France and Switzerland on the spruce fir.

The flowers are small, the male and female blossoms on separate plants. The berries are about the size of a currant, and have a viscid juice, which serves to attach the seeds to branches, where they take root. It was called by the Druids "all-heal," as an antidote in their opinion for all diseases.

Culpepper says it "cures the itch and toothache"; whilst Sir Thomas Browne asserts that it cures epilepsy. The word mistletoe, I may add, is taken from "mist," or "gloom," and "tan," a twig; and according to an old tradition the mistletoe supplied the wood for the Cross.

Virgil tells us this story. Æneas was anxious to visit his dead father in the other world, and was directed by a prophetess to pluck a golden plant that grew upon a tree in the dense forest. Æneas succeeded, and with it saw his father; and this plant was the mistletoe.

Then Baldur the Good was the son of the goddess Freya, but not immortal, like his mother. Anxious to preserve him, his mother made all created things swear they would not hurt him; but she forgot about the mistletoe, and an evil spirit called Loki hated Baldur, so he made an arrow of mistletoe and killed Baldur with it.

The burning of the Yule log is another point in old Christmas festivities which come direct from our Pagan ancestors. "The Scandinavians," who at their feast of Juul at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honour of their god Thor, from whence we get the name Thursday.

The bringing in and placing the ponderous log on the hearth of the wide chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous ceremony on Christmas Eve; it was drawn in triumph from its resting-place, at the feet of its living brethren in the woods, where it had been kept to light the new log with. Each wayfarer raised his hat to it as it passed, for it was supposed that it could burn out all wrongdoings and heartburnings, and cause the liquor to bubble in the wassail bowl, to the song of "Welcome, Yule"—

> "Welcome be you, Stephen John;
> Welcome, innocents, everyone,
> Welcome, Thomas, martyr one,
> Welcome, Yule!"

And Herrick—

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

It was regarded as an evil omen if a barefooted person, or a flat-footed one, or a squinting person, entered the hall when the log was burning, and an accompaniment was the "Yule candle." An ancient candle socket of stone still remains in the buttery of St. John's, Oxford, ornamented with a figure of the Holy Lamb. The candle used to burn during the twelve nights of the festival, *i.e.*, till Twelfth Night.

"In Devonshire," says Chambers, "the log takes the form of the Ashton fagot. All meet on terms of equality, master and servant; they sit down with cider or egg-hot, and all sorts of fun is indulged."

And Ditchfield says the ceremonies of our forefathers, the glad procession of relations and friends, the lights flaring in all directions, with the shouts and choruses of many voices, beating drums and flutes, must have made the ceremony of Yule particularly interesting.

SNAPDRAGON.

A very old custom at Christmas was to have games because the weather was cold, and often outdoor games were impossible; and an old book, "Round about our Coal Fire," quotes dancing, "blind man's buff," and "puss in the corner," "questions and commands," cards, and dice; and we may add charades. We may rest happily and feel that children in the reign of Queen Anne and the Georges were much the same as in Victoria's. Now, however, it seems as if children were bored by such games, save dancing; but the essentially Christmas game is the one above. Raisins are put in a shallow bowl and brandy is poured over them. The bystanders grasp a raisin by plunging their hand in the flame.

Here are verses—

"Take care you do not take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! snap! dragon!

" With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! snap! dragon!

" Don't 'ee fear him, be but bold—
Out he goes, his flames are cold,
Snip! snap! dragon!"

At the time lights are extinguished. The idea is supposed to come from the Druidical fire-worship.

Here is a reference—" When Hercules killed the famous dragon Hisperia, with the apples of an orchard, he made fiery meat and called it ' snapdragon.' "

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

The quaint old days gone by, if not so refined as ours, were a deal more hospitable. Now it is each man for himself; then it undoubtedly was, " Let us see what we can do for others." On this most vital point of Christianity we, as a Church, have declined. We are over-fastidious and unreal. In old days barons and knights kept open house, and the principal dish, the boar's head, was heralded with a fanfare of trumpets, and was carried on a dish of gold, whilst noblest knights and ladies sang—

" Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

" The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
Qui estis in convivio.

" The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land.
Look wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico."

The serving up of the ancient dish at Oxford sprang from an act of a student of the college. Whilst studying his " Aristotle " a wild boar ran at him open-mouthed, when he rammed the " Aristotle " down its throat and choked it, with the words, " Groecum est."

FAVOURITE DISHES AND CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

First came the peacock after the boar's head. This was a very grand dish, beautifully served. " Food for lovers, and meat for lords," stuffed, basted, and roasted. It was served by the most

distinguished and beautiful ladies; and over this dish the knights errant swore to undertake any perilous enterprise, and succour lovely women in distress. Then geese, capons, pheasants, and venison, with frumenty. Mince-pies were popular as early as 1596.

Here is a menu of Henry VII.'s at Winchester Castle—

Boars' heads	48
Fowls	1,900
Partridges	500
Swans	41
Peacocks	48
Hares	260
Eggs	24,000

Also three hundred gallons of oysters, three hundred rabbits. And at York, seven thousand fowls and 1,750 partridges, with boars, swans, pheasants, etc.

The decorating our churches and houses at Christmas seems to have sprung from a period so ancient, and sanctified so much by Christianity, that it would be a great mistake if the custom were ever given up.

The inhabitants of old Rome decorated their temples and dwellings with green boughs. The Jews decorated at the Feast of Tabernacles. The ancient Druids hung up mistletoe and green branches over their doors to propitiate the woodland sprites. Stow, in his "Survey of London," says, "Against the Feast of Christmas every man's house was decked with holme, ivy, bayes. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished." The favourite plants were holly, bay, rosemary, and laurel. And at the Feast of the Purification all are taken down. In the words of Herrick we have—

> "Down with the rosemary and so
> Down with the baies and mistletoe,
> Down with the holly, ivie all,
> Wherewith ye dressed the Xmas hall."

Some plead the sanction of our Saviour, when palm branches were strewed in His way; others that it comes from the consideration of the passage in Isaiah, in which the coming of the "Light of the Gentiles, and the rising of the glory of the Lord upon His people" is foretold. "The glory of Lebanon shall

come unto Thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box tree together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary."

The Prince Consort, of immortal memory, brought, too, to the Court the German and Lutheran customs, which also Charles Dickens did not a little to promote; and another custom which Prince Consort brought us was the Christmas tree, which is quite an event for the young. But we have no idea, unless we have travelled, how the Christmas tree is the custom abroad. I was at the Grand Hotel, Paris, one Christmas Day, and there was a magnificent Christmas tree, and presents from it were given to all the ladies; moreover, the Christmas pudding was brought in by pages. Abroad Christmas Eve is the most joyous night in the year for children. Every branch is laden with presents, and glittering with tapers. All the presents are labelled—the children, too, make presents to their parents (as well as the parents to the children). They have for this saved up their money for months before. An eye-witness says, "The joy of the parents is most touching, and they even shed tears, and the next day the parents on giving the presents say what has been most praiseworthy or faulty in the conduct of their children."

In Pennsylvania the children hang up their stockings to be filled by a person bearing the name of "Kreshkonkle" or "Christ-kondlein," who they suppose descends the chimney. But if they have been bad children they are corrected by another person called "Pensnichol." And now comes a very interesting part of Christmas—who was this person? He is, no doubt, the person whom we call "Santa Claus."

ST. NIKOLAS DAY.

Who was St. Nikolas? And what has St. Nikolas to do with Christmas Day? These are important and interesting Christmas questions. He belongs to the fourth century, and was a native of Patara, Asia Minor. His devotional tendencies were very great, and he embraced a religious life, entering a monastery, and soon after rising from Abbot to be Archbishop of Myra. He is said to have suffered imprisonment in the persecution of Diocletian, and after his death his relics were preserved at Myra till the end of the eleventh century, when certain merchants of Bari broke open his coffin and carried his bones to Italy.

By the Russian nation he was adopted as their patron, and everyone knows that there are a number of churches in England dedicated to him (nearly four hundred). He is regarded as the special guardian of virgins, children, and sailors. But before we introduce the subject of the children and Santa Claus, I had best put before you the great point of the story. A nobleman had three dowerless daughters. St. Nikolas, being a rich man, and feeling pity for these ladies, proceeded to the house by night, and finding the window open, he threw in a purse of gold, which fell at the feet of the father, and thus the eldest daughter had a dowry; he then threw in two more, but was caught when throwing in the third purse. And thus we have the custom of unknown visitants, supposed to bring presents to children at Christmas. And from this we have the sign of the pawnbroker, with three balls of gold. Lombard merchants settled in England at an early period, and were the first to open places for the lending of money; and so when you see the three gold balls, you must remember the connection with St. Nikolas (Santa Claus).

THE FEAST OF ST. NIKOLAS.

The Feast of St. Nikolas is one of the great ecclesiastical festivals of southern Italy, and is attended by thousands of pilgrims.

Bari is situated in a most fertile region, nearly opposite to Naples, bathed by the Adriatic, and rather out of the beat of the ordinary tourist. The people are highly industrious and get abundant harvests—first beans, then oranges and lemons, then oats, barley, wheat and flax. In July, on the early frescoes at Pompeii, maize is represented as eaten; then there comes a harvest of silk, cotton, tobacco, and figs, then grapes and wool, and lastly, olives and oil.

Bari is a most important city, but its ancient cathedral is outshone by St. Nikolas Church; and the Grand Prior is a most important person. In fact the King of Italy, when he enters the precincts, is less important than the Grand Prior.

On the first day of the Feast the city is absolutely invaded by pilgrims, clothed in every costume. The Prior gives to each a meal, and shelter to many. Again, the bones of St. Nikolas are

deposited in a sepulchre beneath the crypt; and through the native rock water exudes, which is taken in a bottle and given to pilgrims, being called the "manna of St. Nikolas." And they, to show their reverence and obtain the benediction, are sometimes dragged along the marble pavement with their foreheads down, for it is marvellous what the superstitious will endure.

Again, there is a parade of mariners through the city. They enter the church; they go out to sea with a wooden image of the Saint; they disembark; and all the population say the Gregorian litany of St. Nikolas. But, says an eye-witness, everyone has a deep, serious conviction. And it must be deeply impressive, this nocturnal procession; these flashing torches and deep-toned litany, whilst the stars gaze down upon the rite, and the waters of the Adriatic supply a deep bass to the litany as they roll in.

On St. Nikolas Day in ancient times there appears to have been a very singular ceremony, and that was the election of the Boy Bishop, who from this date to Innocents Day exercised a strange episcopal jurisdiction. He had a juvenile dean, and parodied various ecclesiastical functions and ceremonies. So says Chambers, "A boy bishop was elected at the various English cathedrals and grammar schools, but especially at the diocese of Sarum. The actors were the choristers of the church, and the extraordinary part was that the boy bishop could fill up prebendal stalls. If he died in office he had a bishop's funeral and a monument in the cathedral. They perambulated the neighbourhood and demanded money from the passers-by, and we learn that Edward I. permitted a boy bishop to say vespers before him. With the final establishment of Protestantism in England the procession was forbidden."

The Rev. Ditchfield has the following piece of information about it: "In the archives of the ancient town of Bristol there is a book of directions for the Mayor and his brethren, and on St. Nikolas Day they are ordered to go to the church of St. Nikolas and join in the festival of the boy bishop, hear his sermon, and receive his blessing. Then they dined together, and waited for the young bishop to come to them, playing in the meantime at dice, the town clerk being ordered to find the dice and to receive a penny for every raffle. The bishop was regaled with bread and wine, and preached again to the Mayor and

Corporation in the evening. A curious memorial existed until recent years in one village. An old woman recollected that when she was a child she was allowed to play with her companions in church on St. Nikolas Day.

"Then came the 'Eton montem.' It was a march of scholars to Salt Hill—the clerical part changed to the military. Certain boys thronged the roads and levied taxes from the passers-by for the benefit of their captain, which was supposed to afford him the means of maintaining himself at the University, and often amounted to £1,000, the salt-bearers carrying salt to give to any who contributed; and apparently the jest was carried so far that when a countryman contributed they filled his mouth with salt. George III. apparently liked it, but it was abolished in 1847 at the instigation of the Master of Eton. I suppose the remark 'not worth his salt' is taken from this custom. Another custom at the beginning of last century was for one boy, habited as a parson, to read prayers, whilst another, acting as clerk, was kicked by the parson down hill at the end of the service."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

There is no festival to compare with Christmas Day; it is the day in the year to which everyone looks to meet their friends; it is a day of peace and goodwill; it is the day of the Christmas anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men." The rich and fairly well-to-do have a large gathering, and the poor try to see their own. There are various soup kitchens; Christmas dinners are provided for the many. Most people decorate their homes, and those who do not decorate their churches, which takes up most of their time; but most do something to their homes. Presents are very general; Christmas cards flow in in crowds; everyone is happy with everyone else, and the Roman Saturnalia is sanctified and blessed by a quiet, deep joy at the birthday of the Saviour of the world. Many have been the times for celebrating it. Some have done so on January 6th, some on March 29th, and some on September 29th. Some say, if it were a cold time shepherds could not "sit out." Then again, some say A.D. 1 should be A.D. 4; but we all love the day, and argue as anyone might,

RATIONAL DRESS FOR SNOW SPORTS.
TAKEN ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

By kind permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

December 25th is our day; and we have been so accustomed to that date that, like the old version of our Bible, we want no other, and love to think of the snow, and not to argue the time.

It is said of Diocletian that, when he found the Christians celebrating Christmas Day, he had the doors of the church shut and then set fire to the building, although this only increased the spirit of Christianity.

I think we are all of us, as a people, delighted when we hear the sound of the Christmas bells. One thought is uppermost—it is the birthday of the Son of God. I give some few verses on the bells—

"The bells, the bells, the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
As if they felt the joy they tell,
To every human thing.
The silvery tones o'er vale and hill
Are swelling soft and clear;
As wave on wave the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

"The bells, the solemn Christmas bells,
Are calling us to prayer;
And hark! the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
And glorious hymns to-day;
Te Deums, loud and jubilant,
Burst from the church away."

The *Queen* newspaper has one lovely drawing, representing angels coming down from the sky around the Holy Child, and calls it "The Legend of the Nativity Flowers"; for there the legend states that the hay in the manger came to life, the clover made a halo round our Lord's head, and the yellow bed-straw was a coverlet.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

What a very pretty flower this is, and so uncommon, mainly because it never seems to be appreciated! Moreover, it has a history connected with Christmas in the legend about it, so it should be a favourite flower. We call daffodils Lent lilies, and the hellebore the Christmas rose. The purple hellebore produces

lovely flowers. I append to these few words quotations from Erasmus Darwin and *Punch*, and also the legend.

> " Bright as the silvery plume or pearly shell,
> The snow-white rose or lily's virgin bell;
> The fair helleborus attractive shone,
> And warned every sage, and every shepherd won."
> —*Erasmus Darwin.*

> " Know ye the flower that just now blows
> In the middle of winter, the Christmas rose.
> Tho' it lack perfume to regale the nose,
> To the eyes right fair is the Christmas rose.
> A fiddle-stick's end for the frost and snow,
> Sing hey! sing ho! for the Christmas rose!"—*Punch.*

The legend: A very poor maiden named Madelon came to the manger, and was so touched by the scene that she burst into tears at having nothing to offer, and thus show her sympathy with the little Child. In her distress the angel Gabriel appeared and said, "Why do you weep?" "My Lord," the maiden replied, "I have nothing to offer the infant Jesus; if I had some flowers to give Him, I should be happy." Whereupon the angel took her by the hand and led her to a blaze of sunlight, to places she knew not of, and to rich blossoms springing up all around; and Madelon, gathering an armful of roses, joyfully returned with her gift of homage to the Holy Child. These flowers blossoming so unexpectedly in a field of snow have since been called Christmas roses.

RUSCUS—BUTCHER'S BROOM.

The various names of this picturesque little plant are, butcher's broom, box holly, Jew's myrtle, knee-holly, Alexandrian laurel, and shepherd's myrtle. It is a hardy evergreen shrub, growing well in shady shrubberies or woods. It is certainly a lovely plant to have at Christmas, with its cherry-looking berries.

The word "knee-holly" is given because the plant is said to be as high as a man's knee; and "butcher's broom" because butchers sweep their boards with it. Its rigid leaves are an expansion of the stem, and it has a small green flower in the centre of the leaves. The young shoots are sometimes eaten like asparagus.

JAPANESE THORN.

Here is another lovely berried plant, which is out in December, and a great addition it is then to this dull month. Its red berries

make a garden look quite bright, and it will lighten up the walls of houses near London, when the fog has all at its mercy. It is, therefore, a very desirable shrub to cultivate.

THE HOLLY.

If we had to do without any of our present decorations, I am quite sure we could not do without holly. From time far back everyone has been accustomed to holly for church decoration, for house decoration, and, above all, for the Christmas pudding. In fact, holly is called Christmas (just as we call the hawthorn May), and the old spelling of the word was "holy tree."

The origin of decoration was said to have sprung from a custom of the Romans of sending boughs accompanied by presents to their friends, at the festival of the Saturnalia.

Dr. Chandler says the custom is taken from the Druids, who decorated their dwelling-places with evergreens during the winter, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their abodes. But possibly the Early Christians adopted the custom of decorating their churches with green boughs to show the Jewish feast of Tabernacles and Christmas, for we read, "The Word was made flesh, and tabernacled amongst us."

In some countries it is called "Christ's thorn." It has been called "hulver" and "holme" in Norfolk and Devonshire, and so we have Holme Chase and Holmsdale.

Pliny calls it "needle-leaf," the leaves being thick and glossy and edged with prickles. I may add that the berries, though eaten by birds, are poisonous to man.

THE IVY.

This well known favourite creeper is almost confined to temperate climates; in Asia Minor it ornaments almost every garden.

In the Himalaya Mountains it produces yellow berries, and this is the plant held in repute by the Greeks and Romans. In Egypt it was sacred to Osiris, and in Greece to Bacchus. The Romans, of course, used it as a wreath for victors.

The warrior-god Bacchus had his brows and spear decked with ivy; the people of Thrace adorned their armour with it; the

Grecian priests presented newly-married couples with a sprig, to symbolise the closeness of the tie, just similarly to the present practice amongst lovers. It has very strong adhesive powers, and will eat into almost any wall. I do not admire it round a house at all, but I do like it round old ruins; and I admire it in the churchyard—it makes beautiful that which is sad.

In early autumn it bursts into a cluster of flowers, food in the shape of honey for the winged creatures, the butterflies and the numerous bees; later the berries are most welcome food to the blackbirds, thrushes and wood pigeons; but as a church decoration "I" should be sorry to do without it (some dislike it), as it twines so beautifully round church pillars.

ST. STEPHEN.

The end of St. Stephen was singularly beautiful; none could help being touched with the thought of his last moments. We are told that, when before the council, his face was, as it were, the face of an angel; and before dying, it was permitted to him to gaze into heaven and see Christ sitting on the right hand of God. And after being stoned, we know how he said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Dr. John James in his book speaks beautifully of him thus—"Strengthened by the hope of immortality, steeled against bodily pain and superior to human suffering, with countenance upraised to heaven and beaming with the radiance of a highly-wrought mind, he unshrinkingly awaits his doom, his eyes steadfastly fixed on the glory of God; the more infuriated his enemies were, the more unruffled his spirit."

I suppose the smile on Stephen's face was that which we see in the faces of the faithful when dying—a recognition of the face and compassion of our Lord and Saviour Christ. Lines of care come to the worldly, smiles of joy come into the faces of true Christians. Stephen was soon to be with his God, and his face showed it.

ST. JOHN.

The beloved disciple is known as the Apostle of love. He and his brother James were called "Boanerges," referring to their

great eloquence. He was present on the Mount of Transfiguration and at the agony in the garden; and to him was committed by Christ on the cross the care of the blessed Virgin Mary: for evidently he was beloved by Christ, as He showed when He permitted him to lie on His bosom at the Last Supper. His life was certainly hard. He had been summoned to Rome for attempting to subvert the religion of Rome, and was there cast into a cauldron of burning oil, but ultimately escaped uninjured. Domitian, however, banished him to Patmos, where he had his vision of the Apocalypse.

There is one pretty story told of him. When he was old and could not preach, he called the people together and said, "Little children, love one another." He died a peaceful death at the age of ninety-four years. When we think of his close and intimate connection with Christ, we can imagine that he learnt truths unheard of by any other heart, which angels might well have desired to hear. And what can be more lovely than some of the chapters of his Gospel? What can show more the mind of Christ? The fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters are ever chapters beloved by the dying. They seem to bring us so close to the throne of glory, especially the seventeenth chapter, where we are told what Jesus was like when He prayed to His Heavenly Father, and how He loved mankind—"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

When we read the account of this awful massacre, or when we gaze at the cleverly executed statue of it in the Crystal Palace, or go into German galleries and see a painted conception of it, we can but be reminded of one saying, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This awful death has laid before the world the most glorious act of martyrdom (unconscious maybe), but a splendid witness to Christ. It is the very infancy of the martyrs that impresses the mind; the very agonising pain inflicted in the hearts of the mothers when their children were torn from their arms and slain;

and so Christ always directed persons to be as "little children" before they could hope to enter the kingdom of heaven; to copy their innocence, their helplessness, and trustfulness; and in all ages it is the children that win the heart and cheer the world with their brightness and natural ways.

HOGMANAY.

The last day in the year was styled in Scotland "Hogmanay," and in the north of England it was a most particular day, and so joyous was it that it was called the "daft, or mad days," as applied to the new year season.

The derivation of the word is a great question. Some suppose *αγια μηνη*, the holy moon or month; others "homme est né," a man is born; or "trois Rois la," three kings are there. Another "Hoggu-nitt," hogenatt, or hogg night, the ancient Scandinavian name for the night preceding the feast of Yule. The word "hogg" means to kill, and so it is an allusion to the animals slaughtered at Christmastide. Another derivation is "Au gud menez," to the mistletoe go; or "au gui l'an neuf," to the mistletoe this new year. In Touraine it is called "Aguilanneu"; in Guernsey "Hoguinanno"; in Spain "Aguinaldo." In Scotland the children of the poor call at the doors of the wealthy for oaten bread, with the words—

> "Get up, good wife, and shake your feathers,
> And dinna think that we are beggars;
> For we are bairns come out to play;
> Get up and gie's our hogmanay."

And another—

> "My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
> Gie's my cakes, and let me rin."

RINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

The closing of a year brings with it, naturally, sadness. Two ideas, one that of sadness. Some have lost dear friends, or a wife or child, and it is sad there is a vacant chair, the unhandled book, the left-off clothes, for they have passed away. Then there is a feeling of joy that another year is coming, with all its opportunities; and one of the best known customs is to sit up and see the old year go out and the new year come in, to go at

the stroke to the front door, let out the old and let in the new year. In Scotland it is a time for social gatherings. In Philadelphia the old year is fired out and the new fired in. In Guernsey the children dress up a figure in the shape of an old man, and bring it on the sea-shore. We have a midnight service, and remind ourselves of the flight of time. Here is a verse or two on the ringing out the year—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

"Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

ROCHESTER AND THE KING'S SCHOOL.

I think I must say, in a book like this, a word or two about Rochester, where I went to school, and around which so many brilliant memories are centred; moreover, it is the last resting-place of my father, mother and sister.

The other day I received an invitation from the genial and able head-master, the Rev. Thomas Frederick Hobson, M.A. (Oxford), to attend the prize-giving, so I went; it was a day with a sudden burst of October sunshine. I may say, by way of introduction, that as you approach Rochester you see the prettily flowing Medway rolling through the arches of Rochester Bridge, with its esplanade lying beneath the elegantly laid out grounds of the historic castle, and just beyond this is the ancient cathedral school called the King's School (Henry VIII.); on the other side of the school you have what used in my time to be the football ground, yclept "The Vines," but it is now a most refined and tastily laid out park with seats, but still called "The Vines."

At the prize-giving the courteous and venerable Dean was in the chair, and a nice company had assembled. The Honourable Hart Dyke was expected to give away the prizes, but was unable to be present, and so the Bishop of Rochester kindly supplied his place, and he gave the boys who had won prizes a most hearty welcome, the pleasant way in which the prizes were handed to the boys making what was enjoyable still more enjoyable. Ah! what memories prize-giving brings up—"memories of long ago." I remember, for instance, that when I was at Rochester School there were scarcely any prizes, but now I saw a table covered with elegant books. The hero of the day was evidently Mr. M. J. Miskin, who won prizes for French and English literature, and had two scholarships; he is also a brilliant cricketer; that he will do well at Oxford I am sure is my most ardent wish. All passed off most happily, and afterwards, at the tea kindly provided by the head-master and Mrs. Hobson; and I for one, at any rate, am looking forward for an invitation next year; I shall most certainly say "Yes." After the tea I went to St. Margaret's

Cemetery to see my parents' graves, then walked about the ancient High Streets of Rochester and Chatham, and dropped into "The Old Curiosity Shop." When I was at school the Rev. Robert Whiston, a highly gifted man, was head-master, and we certainly could boast of one brilliant Senior Wrangler, Joseph Timmis Ward, who is now in a high position at Cambridge; and when I was at school the singing at the cathedral also, as no doubt it is now, was exquisite. We boasted of one splendid bass, Armes, and a famous singer called "Maas,' a renowned tenor; also the famous family of organists, the Bridges, came from Rochester.

Of course Rochester is immortalised by the gifted Charles Dickens, and how well I remember, as a little boy, seeing him on Rochester Bridge, and someone saying, "There is Charles Dickens." He was then wearing a velveteen jacket, and had a very easy yet stately walk, and stood, I should guess, about 5 ft. 9 in., and what a power Dickens' works are still, and ever will be!

When I left school I took an eleven to Gads Hill and played against an eleven got up by Charles Dickens' son. On his side was George Bennett, the Kent County lob bowler—and may I be excused for saying how proud I was when I bowled him out. We had a most kindly host at dinner and spent a most enjoyable day. Our Old Boys' matches were then played on Chatham Lines, in Lord Darnley's park at Cobham, and after that in the paddock by the river. Then there is, of course, the grand old dockyard to see, and the then famous reviews on Chatham Lines, when I remember the fine voice of the Duke of Cambridge and the elegant attire of General Sir Lintorn Simmons; to my recollection, as a boy, he appeared simply nothing less than a king on horseback.

One sad event also comes to my mind. One year at a review some foot soldiers were marching under a bridge with "fixed bayonets"; the bridge gave way, and those walking over the bridge on Chatham Lines were impaled on the bayonets below. It was awful; the sight and shock were terrible.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

It is very easy for persons to say, "I believe in one God," merely as a statement of faith, and perhaps it seems monstrous that anyone should believe in "gods many"; but we must never forget that before missionaries came we were in the same state.

Moreover, men must worship something, and I never wonder at the worship of these gods. With a limited, very limited, grasp of the laws of Nature, what else could happen? There was a feeling that man must look up to something greater—one who was watching over him and doing him good; and it was the most evident thing that would happen, that they should worship the sun. It was lovely! it was magnificent! and it affected all the earth. The sun, they thought, must surely be a god, and so they called the first day of the week Sunday, and worshipped the sun; and so they felt about the moon, which was their next god, and Monday was named after that.

SUNDAY.

The one day set apart in the week as the day of rest is, of course, called Sunday from the sun, and here Dr. McDuff opens so beautifully in his "Brighter than the Sun," that I can but copy him. He says, "Who can wonder that Chaldean, Persian, Assyrian and Phœnician worshipped it? Who can wonder that altars were built all over the east to the sun-god? and generally placed on the tops of the hills to catch the earliest morning rays? The deity of Thebes, the old capital of Egypt, was called 'Amun Ra,' the sun; the sun emblem is still visible on the gateways of Karnac and Denderah. The first sight of Egypt's ancient temples was at On, the city of the sun. The most splendid ruin I have even seen is at Baalbec, 'The Temple of the Sun,' and Oriental kings wear a golden image of the kingly orb as the proudest badge of royalty, and take their name of 'children of the sun' as their proudest boast. Who can forget when he has seen the Arab fall flat on his mat on the sand, as he

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

(AFTER THE PICTURE BY HOLMAN HUNT.)

By permission of the Photochrom Co., Ltd., London.

descries the first rim of gold on the horizon; and of God it is said, 'He covereth Himself with light as with a garment.'"

And as the sun makes its appearance, one star after another pales away, whilst the birds wake up to their chorus of song. Then the sun climbs higher and higher in the heavens, till at last comes sunset with its parting burst of radiance.

"And then in glorious pomp the sun retired
Behind that solemn curtain, and his train
Of crimson, of azure, and of gold,
Went floating up the zenith; tint on tint
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
His parting benediction."

"Then the cloud rose sunward,
Ever brighter, higher;
Ever floated onwards
Towards the gates of fire.

"All its being belted
With a glory bright;
Into heaven it melted
In a dream of light.

"And when earth was covered
With its twilight shroud;
Still a radiance hovered
Nigh the vanished cloud."

But besides persons worshipping the sun—at which I never in the least marvel—how it makes the animals bound and the birds sing! How the leaves of the trees expand, and the flowers come out in all their beauty! How the violet lifts its cap of blue and says, "You are mine"; and the primrose, "You are mine"! And then the lilies and the roses, how they love it! On a mountain at one moment the sharp distant outline of ranges stands out against the rosy sky; then peak after peak catches the fire, until it creeps on to the woods, streams, meadows, and homesteads. And then the autumn sunsets, when the brightest tints are spent lavishly over the western sky. The Thracians, thinking of the power of God, and comparing it with the sun, said—

"The sun had three beams,
One shining on a sea of ice and dissolving it.
So God melts the hardest heart.
Another upon a rock, melting it.
Another upon a dead man, and putting into him new life."

The sun, too, is an emblem of the Almighty in being the source whence all that lives upon the earth derives support.

Our very existence does depend upon the beneficent supply of light and heat poured out continually upon the earth. "And if," says Proctor, "the sun did not shine for a single day, it would be as if God had forgotten our existence. Millions would perish, and uncounted millions would suffer fearfully. And if it did not shine for five days all the earth would be destroyed; and so the Vedas called it 'Agne-agnis'; the Egyptians 'Osiris'; and the Phœnicians 'Baal.'"

Then we have that beautiful text, which I love to hear, viz., "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Heavenly Father." This was most exquisitely rendered by that melodious singer Ivo McKaye, at St. Peter's, Belsize Park—

"No cloud upon their radiant joy,
No shadow o'er their bright employ.
No sleep! no night!
But perfect sight;
The Lord their everlasting light."

Nearest to the sun, in the following order, are these planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

The sun outweighs 730 times the combined mass of all the planets which circle round him, and is also 120,000 times larger than the earth. The distance of the earth from the sun is 92,000,000 miles. Alpha Centauri is a far bigger sun than ours, and is 200,000 miles further off; then at a greater distance still comes Sirius. Alpha Centauri gives three times as much light as the sun, Sirius one hundred times as much; so we could not live, constituted as we are now, as near to Sirius as we do to the sun by a hundred times.

MACMILLAN ON THE SUN.

"Only a little glimmering, dancing ray of light, but on its golden wings what blessings did it bear! It came to the window of the room, where all through the long, dreary night the weary sufferer had restlessly tossed to and fro. The hired nurse had carefully closed the shutters to exclude the light of the early morn, and to avail herself of a few moments rest she had fallen

asleep in her chair. The sick woman started; it had been many weary days since the glorious sun shone; she spread out her thin hands to catch the glow, and a faint smile passed over her face. Silently she feasted on the brightness; it spoke to her of heaven. She fell asleep and forgot her pain, and when the doctor came, he said, 'What, nurse, is this? Whence this improvement?' 'Ah! doctor,' said the nurse, 'what your medicine and my nursing could not do, God did!' It was the golden messenger from heaven; it brought sweet sleep to the eyes that before refused to close."

"I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march;
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And in their fading glory shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown.
The vale of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where, upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way."—*Longfellow.*

MONDAY.

BROWNE ON THE MOON.

"By Thy command the moon, as daylight fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades.
Arrayed in glory, and enthroned in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same.
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
Her failing lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now of increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and give a paler day.
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold;
Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night."

Undoubtedly it is by living in the country that you realise the full beauty of the moon, as it sheds its gentle light o'er field, wood, and stream, and turns the darkness of night into the half

daylight, till all the twinkling stars are lost in its peaceful, solitary splendour, and it seems to foretell the coming dawn. Rydal says thus—

> "Queen of the stars, so gentle, so benign,
> That ancient fable did to thee assign.
> Oft while the sailor, 'mid an open sea
> Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
> Paces the deck, no star perhaps in sight,
> And nothing save the moving ship's own light
> To cheer the long, dark hours of vacant night,
> Soon finds his mind so depressed, ascend,
> For thou, O moon, art still the sailor's friend."

We know that the word "month" and "moon" have the same root word, and that the religious feasts of the Jews were dependent on the new moon. On the 30th day of every month watchmen went on the heights round Jerusalem, and when they sighted the new moon, they announced the fact; and from the Mount of Olives it was declared, till beacon fires were lit from hill to hill, much in the same way as the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria. And of course the day "Monday" is taken from the word "moon," and the word "month" likewise.

It seems quite an effort of mind to think of the earth as a planet, but she does circle round the sun, and in reality she is governed by the sun. The moon takes one month to go round the earth, and the earth takes one year to go round the sun.

Whilst the moon is performing its revolution round the earth, its illuminated hemisphere will be turned towards the sun, and then the moon is situated between the earth and the sun, the sun's rays falling on just that part of the moon which is invisible to us, and consequently the unilluminated part is turned towards us; but as the moon goes on, more of the illuminated part is turned towards us, then it becomes three-quarters and full moon. On September 22nd the moon rises as the sun sets, and it continues light till sunset, and this holds good for several days, so that practically there is no darkness, and we call this the "harvest moon."

The moon is 2,160 miles in diameter, and revolves at a mean distance from the earth's centre of about 239,000 miles; its light is borrowed from the sun by reflection; it travels too, with a velocity of 3,334 feet per second.

The sailor can tell by it his longitude or latitude, his distance east or west of Greenwich, and so the moon is a kind of clock and saves him from danger, since currents and misjudged rate of sailing affect him. As to its real appearance. It is a perfectly waterless globe, its arid surface being covered with ring-shaped mountains, mountain ranges, peaks, fissures and rocks; except in certain regions called seas, where the surface really solid is apparently quite smooth. It was formerly supposed that these smooth regions, which are rather darker than the rest of her surface, were seas. As far as can be judged the moon has no air.

TIDES AND DISASTERS TO NATURE AND ANIMALS.

The moon we know is the great ruler of the tides, and the tides keep the waters in a continual round of movement; also by means of the tides ships are launched. But it has a strange effect on Demerara, and taking Demerara we see its power over seasons. It is said there are ever so many springs and autumns there, for many times does the sap ascend to the branches and descend to the roots. And with animals a writer says, "I have noticed the newly-littered young perish in a few hours if exposed to the rays of the full moon, and fish become putrid, and the mariner is sometimes affected with blindness." In the East they cover their faces and heads, and in Ireland poor people cross themselves and say, "May'st thou leave us as well as thou found us."

LIFE ON THE MOON.

The idea of Proctor is that there may possibly have at one time been life on the moon, but there was not now, the forces which would sustain life being now non-existent; possibly a comet having caused in some way the lunar oceans and atmosphere to be carried away, or that the lunar seas have become frozen, or the heat to which the moon is subject has dried up the waters. There is now no vegetation, no rosy dawn, no evening twilight, but a dead star, and probably no star was ever so torn with volcanoes.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

The moon was anciently an object of worship, and even as late as the seventeenth century was supposed to exercise great influence in human affairs. There were certain defined periods for taking medicines and attempting the cure of particular diseases. In Scotland a waning moon was a bad time to undertake anything, and a full moon a good time for any enterprise. The special influence on persons of weak mind is shown in our word "lunatic." Another superstition is, that changes of the moon bring changes of weather.

DIVISIONS OF THE DAY.

Amongst the Romans the divisions of the day were—

Media nox...	Midnight.
Gallicinium	Cock-crowing.
Mane	The morning.
Meridies	Mid-day.
Solis occasus	Sunset.
Vesper	The evening.
Crepusculum	Twilight.
Concubium	Bedtime.

The divisions of days into hours was received by the Greeks from the Babylonians.

TUESDAY.

This day is called after "Tyr," or "Tuesco," the Mars of the Romans; in old Norse it is "Tir," a son of Odin; the Saxon is "Tiwœsdæg," from whence we get Tuesday; the Danish is "Tirsdag."

WEDNESDAY.

WODENSDŒG. ANGLO-SAXON, WODNESDÆG. DIES MERCURII.

This name is taken from Odin, or Woden, the principal deity of the ancient Scandinavians and North Germans. The Anglo-Saxons worshipped Woden as the god of merchants. Woden was not considered to be the creator of the world, but its ruler, as god of war. He held his court in Valhalla, whence all brave warriors came after death to revel in those joys which they loved

most on earth. He was classed as ancestor of various royal dynasties. He was also called "Woden," the mover in space, or god of the wind. The same word which meant wind meant man's soul, and so they thought that the wind was inhabited by a spirit to inspire them with good ideas, and thus it was a pattern of the spirit of man.

THURSDAY.

The fifth day of the week, "Thorsdæg" of the Saxons, was dedicated to their god Thor, who in his supremacy over other gods and his attribute of Thunderer corresponds with Jupiter, and so the Romans called it "Dies Jovis."

What more awful than the sound of thunder? And so they called the thunder "Thor," and the noise was caused by the rolling of his chariot; the dark cloud was his frowning eyebrow, and the lightning flash Thor's hammer, with which he split the rocks and melted the winter ice. They pictured him as a kindly god, in the vigour of youth; the strongest of gods and men. Giants were enemies of his, and he knocked them down with his hammer. He loved to see men working in the fields. He is represented as holding in his right hand a sceptre, and having round his head a circlet of stars. His name survives in places like Thunderfield, in Surrey, and Thundersley, in Essex.

FRIDAY. Dies Veneris.

From Frigga, the Venus of the North, the wife of Odin, named by the Saxons "Frigedaeg," and by the Germans "Freitag." She was the goddess of the earth and marriage, and the only Scandinavian goddess placed amongst the stars. And I may mention that Orion's belt is called in Swedish, "Frigga's distaff."

The Spring was a great wonder, seeing all things burst up fresh and clean, after the winter's rain, so the spring was "Freeza," the cheerful one; and the goddess rejoices to see the flowers blooming and the birds building their nests, and all young creatures enjoying life.

As the day on which our Lord was crucified it has always been held very sacred; and almost everywhere it is held to be

a day when it would be ill-luck to put to sea, or marry, or put any undertaking in hand. Another name is "Mother Pyatnitza Prascovia," who wanders about the house, and is displeased if she sees work going on, revenging herself by plagues of sore-eyes and whitlows.

SATURDAY.

The last day of the week took its Roman name of "Dies Saturni," and its Saxon appellative of "Sator Daeg," from deities who approach each other in character.

I have commented on the word Saturn, in December, about the Saturnalia; and it was quite natural that ancients should feel they wanted a god for the corn and the fruit of the earth. Its growing up from a seed, and providing them with food, must be the work of a god, so Saturn was "Sator," the planter; and Italy was called "Saturnia," the land of plenty.

He was looked upon as a homely god. Artists represented him as an old man, with long, straight hair, with a sickle in his hand.

His wife was called "Ops," meaning plenty, and at the foot of the Capitoline hill a temple was dedicated to his worship, and used as a Treasury of State, wherein were deposited laws.

So here in our English woodlands our forefathers worshipped their gods, and we have their names stamped on the days of the week.

You might have seen an altar, and human beings sacrificed to Thor and Odin, the gods of thunder and wind. You might have seen the bodies of men hanging up to "propitiate" their gods. This was an idea based on the spirit of man—he liked revenge, and so he fancied the gods did. When the thunder did damage or the lightning, when the wind rooted up trees, they thought "Thor" or "Woden" were in a temper—sacrifice would possibly appease them.

They at last learnt of a God who could not change, who gave good gifts, and sought not revenge; that thunder was a part of Nature, and that the wind was good; and their minds were altered, and they looked to the cross of Christ.

FINIS.

INDEX.

A

PAGE

Aconite... 30
Ageratum 198
Alfred the Great's Mother and Spinning 19
All Saints Day 252
Almond Tree 86
Anemone 58
Anemone Japonica 199
Apple Tree 244
—— Costermonger 244
—— Darwin and Valdivia ... 244
April: Venus Month ... 65, 66
—— in the Country 67
—— in the Snow 68
Archery 58
Ascension Day 105
Ash Tree 165
Ash Wednesday 54
Asphodels: Lilies of Greece 150
Ass: Festival of the 24
Asters and Michaelmas Daisies 212, 213
August 187
—— Augustus Cæsar 187
—— Canon Farrar on "Our Daily Bread" 191
—— Harvest Month 188
—— Herrick on August ... 188
—— Macmillan on Corn ... 190
—— Pagan Festival of Lammas 188
—— Spenser 187
—— The Patriarchs and Corn 189
Auricula 85
Austrian Tyrol at Easter ... 76
Azalea 117
Azaleas at Kew 117

B

PAGE

Balsam 156
Bat 124
Battle of Actium, B.C. 31 ... 188
Bear-baiting, and its revolting cruelty 216
Beating the Bounds on Ascension Day 105
Beau: King and Queen of Beau 21
Beech 166
Bees 99
—— Beehives 111
—— Humble Bees 113
—— in May 108, 109
—— Male 111
—— Nuptial Flight 112
—— Queen in Hive 112
—— Swarming 111
—— The Queen 110
—— Workers 111
Begonia 161
Belgium and Rowing 93
Bell-ringing 133, 134
Beltein Festival ... 101, 102
Beulah Hill and the Owl ... 26
Birds and their nests 67
Blackberries 224
Boar's Head 275
Boy Bishop 279
—— By Rev. Ditchfield ... 279
Browning on Kingcups ... 85
Bruce on the Cuckoo... ... 89
Buffet Game 73, 74
Burns (the Poet) 14
Buttercups 124
Butterflies 99

C

PAGE

Cactuses from South America 141
Caistor Church and the Gad Whip 71
Cakes on Twelfth Night ... 22
Calceolaria 160
Camellia 136
Candlemas Day ... 38, 39
Carnations 159
Carol Singing 268
Carpenter 7
Charles II. on the Frozen Thames 16
Chaucer on the Daisy ... 78
Cherry Tree 116, 117
—— Bird 116
Chess 259
Chestnuts (Horse) 113
Christmas Day... ... 280, 281
Christmas Rose and Legend... 282
Chrysanthemums 242
Cider 245
Cineraria 156
Clematis ... 29, 143, 149
Clive and the Thrush... ... 64
Coal and Ferns 201
Cochineal 141
Cockchafers and Corn ... 191
Cock-fighting 56
Coleridge on the Geum ... 200
Convolvulus, Major and Minor 200
Cornflower 156
Cottage Roses 147
Cowley on Sweet Williams ... 159
Cowper on Jessamine... ... 138
Cowslip... 84
Crabbe 11
Cricket 167
—— by a Babu ... 182, 183
—— Cambridge and Sussex, 1890 180
—— Canterbury Week ... 173
—— Derivation of the word... 168
—— Hambledon and England 176
—— Hits and Hitters ... 181

PAGE

Cricket: Kent and England... 175
—— Oxford and Cambridge in 1827 178
—— Oxford and Cambridge in 1878 179
—— Recent Names 169
—— Six England *v.* Six Hampshire 176
—— Surrey *v.* England ... 177
—— The Australians 182
—— The Prince Consort and the Oval 174
Crocuses 45
—— Legend 46
Crosses: Erected for Christian Congregations 75
Crusoe (Robinson Crusoe) and the Umbrella 41
Crystal Palace Ferns 202
—— Autumn Show 241
Cuckoo 88
Culpeper and the Moonwort... 205
Cyclamen 31

D

Daffodils 59, 60
Daisy, The: Carpenter ... 78
—— Wordsworth 80
Dandelion 80
Danish Legend on the Cuckoo 89
Darkie and the Bees 110
Darwin on Ferns 202
December: Holy Month ... 263
—— in Olden Times 264
Decorations 276
—— How Ancient a Custom 276
—— Prince Consort and Charles Dickens introduced the Christmas Tree to England ... 277
Delphinium Formosum ... 157
Demeter: Goddess of Corn ... 189
Dew 18
Dianthus 158

PAGE
Distaff (St. Distaff's Day) ... 23
—— and the Spinning Wheel 23
Ditchfield, The Rev., on May Day 103
Divisions of the Day 296
Dunkin on Orion 50

E

Easter Day 76
Easter, from "Eos," the Dawn 76
Elizabeth (Queen) and Presents 13
Ellacombe, Canon, on Roses in his Gloucestershire Garden 144
Embalming and Flowers ... 37
Epiphany 20
Epiphany Star: Drama of the 20
Eschscholtzia 197
Eton Montem 280
Eucharistic Birthday 72

F

Falconry: Pursuit of Kings, Gentlemen, and Clergy ... 217
Famous Ancient Cricketers 170, 171
Farrar, Canon, on "Our Daily Bread" 191
Favourite Dishes and Christmas Dishes 275, 276
Ferns 201
—— Bracken 202
—— Holly 204
—— Horse Tail 205
—— Lady Fern 203
—— Maiden Hair 203
—— Male 203
—— Moonwort 205
—— Polypody Fern 204
—— Royal 204
Ferns: First planting in Virgin Soil 201
Ferns: Names of Villages ... 202
Festival of Hyacinthia and the Amiclaeans 77, 78
Fever-Few 80

PAGE
Fig Tree 228
Firs 61, 62
Floralia and May ... 98, 101
Florists' Windows 35
Flowers: Beauty of 29
—— Artificial 35
—— and Fragrance 37
—— in Churchyards, the beauty of them ... 37
Fog: *Telegraph* on Fog ... 257
—— Aitken and Chambers ... 257
—— London Fogs 257
Football and Final Tie at Crystal Palace 57
Forget-me-not: The German Story 123
Foxglove 129
Friday 297
Frosts: Special 16
Fuchsia 162
Furze: in Russia a Greenhouse Flower 61

G

Geraniums 164
Geum: The 200
Goldie at Cambridge 93
Golf 246
Gook, Dr. Mc., on Snow ... 17
Grace, W. G., on Cricket ... 169
Greenlanders on their Skis ... 17
Greenwich Fair on the Frozen Thames 16
Groundsel 81
Guelder Rose 119
—— in Germany and Switzerland 119
Gunpowder Plot 253
—— Text of Monteagle's letter about Plot 255

H

Haarlem and Hyacinth Farm 77
Haggard, Rider, on Tulips ... 121
—— On a July Evening 154, 155

PAGE

Halloween 245
Hambledon Club 172
Hampton Court and House Boats 93
Harebells 153
Harvest Month 188
—— Queen 189
Havergal, Cecilia, on the Nightingale 91
Hay Month 129
Hazel Tree 42
Heather and Clifton Downs ... 193
Hemans, Mrs.... 32
Henley Regatta 92
Hibberd, Shirley, on Tulips... 121
Hogmanay 286
Hole, Dean, on Roses 144, 145, 146
Holland Chaffinches 129
Holly 283
Hollyhock 199
Holy Innocents, The... ... 285
Honeysuckle 140
—— Ben Jonson on Honeysuckle 141
—— Milton on Honeysuckle 141
—— Shakespeare on Honeysuckle 141
Hood on Corn... 209
Hood, Robin, and May Day... 103
Hops: Mentioned by Pliny ... 219
—— Flood of 1908 220
—— Mr. White's Hop Fields 220
—— A Song at Mr. White's 221
Hot Cross Buns: Saxon Relic 55
Hunt on the White Lily ... 149
Hunting 236
—— Kings Hunted in Olden Times 236
—— Parson Howson 236
—— Rev. Charles Kingsley ... 237
—— Rev. Jack Hannaford ... 237
—— Rev. Jack Russell ... 237
—— Rev. John Froude ... 237
Hyacinth: The Flower ... 77
—— The Legend 77

I

PAGE

Imperial Crown of Queen Elizabeth's Time 150
India and Lilies of the Valley 149
Irises 139
Irish Heath: Tells us History 193
Irving, Washington, on the Maypole 104
Island of Islay covered with Heather 193
Ivy and Its Many Uses ... 283

J

January Presents 13
Janus: Roman God 12
Japanese Thorn 282
Jasmine: Winter Flower ... 30
Jenner on the Robin 28
Jericho: The City of Palms ... 70
Jessamine 138
July: Spenser... 151
—— and Julius Cæsar ... 152
—— and Water Lilies ... 153
June: Junioribus 126
—— Marriages ... 126, 127
—— The Leafy Month ... 128
—— The Birds 129

K

Keats on Lilies of the Valley 149
Keble on the Olive 95
Kennington Park 100
Kentish Farmyard 67
Kew Gardens in April ... 68
Kingcups 85
King's Highway in June ... 130
Kings (Festival of the Three Kings) 20

L

Laburnum 114
Lamb 18
Lammas 188

PAGE
Lavender 200
Leaf, The 51
Leicester Square and Baron Grant 100
Lent 53
Longfellow on Flowers ... 36
Lord Mayor's Show and Charles II. 260, 261
Lord's Cricket Ground ... 174
Lilac 114
Lilies 147
Lilies of the Valley in Lincolnshire 149
Lily, White 149
Lime Tree 196
Lime Trees and the Swiss ... 196
Limes in the Berlin street, Unter den Linden 196
Lincolnshire and the Ice ... 16
Linnæus and Furze on Wimbledon Common 62
Lupercalia, Luperci, and February 34, 35

M

Mackinlay on the Maji ... 20
Macmillan and the Buffet Game 74
—— on Corn 190
—— on Ferns 201
Magdalen College, Oxford—May Day 102
—— Sermon on St. John's Day 134, 135
Magnolia: a kind of Tulip Tree 123
Mallow: Indian and Crimson 164
March: Beginning of New Year 12
March and Mars 47
March Nature's Forester ... 51
Marigold 162
Mars: Martial Bearing, Martial Law 48
PAGE
Martial Exercises: The French Earl and Edward I. ... 240
Martinmas: St. Martin's Church — Beckett's Tomb 257, 258
May: Chaucer and Milton ... 98
May and the Majores 98
—— Doves and Jays 99
May-day 29th 107
May-pole 102, 103
Maundy Thursday 72
Mezereon 62
"Message from Mars, A" ... 48
Michaelmas Day 211
—— Fat Geese as presents on Michaelmas Day ... 212
Migration of Swallows ... 243
Misrule: Lord of the ... 270
Mistletoe 273, 274
Mitchell on Saturn 267
Monday 293
—— Browne on the Moon ... 293
—— The Moon going round the earth 294
—— Latitude and Longitude 295
—— Ruler of Tides 295
—— Life on the Moon ... 295
—— Superstitions about the Moon 296
Montegazza, Professor, on Flowers 37
Moore, Tom 33
Moore on the Jessamine ... 138
Morgan, Fred, and the boy and girl 128
Morris Dancers ... 103, 132
Mosses, Club 206
—— Fur Club 206
Mothering Sunday 54
Mountain Ash 115
Mummers 271
Musk 197
Muttlebury at Cambridge ... 93
Mysteries and Miracle Plays... 238

N

	PAGE
Narcissus	60
Nightingale	87
Nineveh: Sculptures of the Umbrella	41
Norway Churches and Flowers	37
Norwood College for the Blind	268
Norwood Cuckoos	89
Nottingham and Roses ...	145
November	247
—— Time to Dig	249
—— Leafless Season	249
Numa Pompilius and January	11
Nuthatch	43
Nutting...	210

O

Oak Tree: Rev. C. A. Johns	106
—— Christmas Yule Log ...	106
—— King Arthur's Round Table	106
—— William the Conqueror...	106
—— Cradle of Edward II. ...	106
—— Charles II. in the Oak ...	106
—— King Alfred and British Navy	107
—— The Oak and Acorns eaten in Greece and Italy as Food	107
October	231
—— Francis Browne... ...	231
—— Longfellow	231
—— Names once used for October	232
—— October in 1908 lovely...	232
—— Autumn and the passing away of Souls	233
—— A Dead Tree and Autumn	233
—— A Cheery Smile... ...	234
—— Leaves and their Lesson	234
Oleander	198
Olive Groves	195
Olive Oil	195
Olive Tree	194
Olives, Mount of	194
Olives, Pickled	195
Olympian Games	168
Opium	192
Orchids...	119, 120
Oriental Night	50
Oval Cricket Ground	174
Owl	25, 26

P

Pageants	239
—— and Queen Elizabeth ...	239
Palilia	69
Palm Sunday	71
Palm Tree	69, 70
Palm of Children	70
Pæony	139
Pansy	82
Parson, Meaning of	22
Partridges, Lovable and Sagacious	213
Passion Flower	139
Paul (St. Paul's Day)... ...	25
Peas, Sweet	161
Pelargonium	164
Pemberton, Childe, on the Nightingale	87
Pennsylvania Children and Santa Claus	277
Pentstemon	229
Petunia	160
Pheasants: A Beautiful Bird	214
Phlox	229
Phyllis and the Almond Tree	87
Picotee	160
Pimpernel, Scarlet	154
Pinks, Indian	159
Pins, as Presents and Pin Money	13
Pitman, I., on Rowing ...	93
Planet Mars	49
Pleiades and Orion	49
Plough Monday	23
Polish Peasants and the Star	21

PAGE
Potato: Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake ... 222
Potato, Sweet 223
Poppies 192
Primroses, by Forbes Watson, Mrs. Hemans, Clare and Herrick 82, 83
Public Houses and Their Names 131
Puritans and May Day ... 103
Pyrus Japonica 59

Q

Quarter Staff and Other Games 133

R

Ranunculus 86
Read, W., on Cricket ... 168
Regatta on the Medway at Rochester 91
Rhododendrons 118
Ringing out the Old Year ... 286
Robin Redbreast ... 27, 28
Rochester Bridge and Swimming 184
Rochester and the King's School 288
—— The River 288
—— The Vines 288
—— Charles Dickens ... 288
—— Gad's Hill 289
—— Reviews on the Lines ... 289
—— An Accident at a Review 289
—— The Dockyard 289
—— Prize Giving 288
Roses, and Greeks and Romans 143
—— Dedicated to Venus, Bacchus and Cupid ... 143
—— And the Esquimaux ... 144
—— Dean Hole ... 145, 146
—— Dog Roses 147
Rose of Sharon 229
Rowing... 91
PAGE
Ruscus 283
Russell, Dean, at Cambridge 94
Russia and Birds at Easter ... 76

S

Sundews 52
Saturday 298
Saturn 266
Saxifrage 198
Seaside in July 155
September: Spenser 207
—— Barley Month 207
—— Regent's Park 208
—— Westminster Rose Show 208
—— Gleaning Month... ... 208
Septembrists 210
Shelley and Narcissus ... 60
—— on the Daisy 78
—— on Flowers 35
—— on the Skylark 130
—— on Lilies of the Valley ... 149
Shakespeare on Violets ... 81
Shakespeare 26
—— on Lilies 148
Shrove Tuesday 53
Sign of the Cross 49
Skylark 130
Snail as an Article of Food ... 33
Snapdragon 274
Snow 17
Snowdrop or Galanthus ... 43
—— and the Legend... ... 44
Spenser 11, 32
Squirrels in Regent's Park 207, 43
St. John 285
St. John's Day 134
—— Scandinavians and Bonfires 134
St. John's Wood Churchyard 100
St. Nikolas Day 277
St. Nikolas: Patron Saint of Russia 277
St. Nikolas, Feast of ... 278

PAGE
St. Stephen 284
St. Swithin's Day 155
Stage, The 271
Star of Bethlehem 157
Step on Tree Ferns 202
Stocks 157
Story of Santa Claus 278
Sunday and the Worship of the Sun 290, 291
—— Our Existence depends on the Sun 292
—— Ivo McKaye singing, "Then shall the Righteous Shine" 292
—— Macmillan on the Sun... 292
—— The effect of the Sun to Health 293
Sunflower 198
Swallow 90
Sweet William 159
Sweet Summer Time... ... 152
Swift and the Umbrella ... 41
Swimming 184, 185
—— Honble. Holland ... 185
—— Chambers 185
—— Miss Smith, Long Distance Swimmer ... 186
—— Life Saving 185
—— Captain Webb and the Channel Swim... ... 185
Syringa... 139

T

Tenacetum, the 198
Teneriffe and Flowers ... 37
Tennis and Lawn Tennis ... 136
Tennyson 29
—— on Brambles 225
—— on Kingcups 85
—— on the May Queen ... 103
—— on the Snowdrop ... 45
Thistles and Artichokes ... 223
Thornton, C. I., the Great Hitter at Cricket 180
PAGE
Thoreau compares the Earth to a Gigantic Leaf 52
Thomson on Lilies of the Valley 149
Thomson 11
Thrush 63
Thursday 297
Thwaites, Clara, on the Iris... 137
Tissington Hall 106
Tristram on Lilies 148
Tuberose 197
Tuesday 296
Tuffill, Josh, as an Oar ... 91
Tulips 121
—— Derivation of the Word Tulip 122
—— Lancashire and Tulips ... 122
—— Stock Exchange Gamble 122
Turner and the Polypody ... 204

U

Umbrella 41
—— General Wolfe 41
—— Jonas Hanway 41
—— Swift 41
University Sports 94, 95, 96, 97
—— Hammer Throwing ... 95
—— Jumping 95
—— Putting the Weight ... 95
—— Hurdle Racing 96
—— Mile Race 96
—— Oxford and Cambridge, Records 97
—— The World's Records ... 97
University Boat Race... ... 92

V

Valentine's Day 40
Vancouver Island Indians eat Roots of Ferns 202
Venus Fly Trap 52
Verbena 163
Vienna (Grand Park)... ... 208

PAGE
Vine, The: The Promised Land 226
—— Christ's Lesson on ... 226
Viola 82
Violets... 81

W

Waits 270
Wakes, Festival of the ... 193
Walton, Izaak, on the Nightingale 88
Wallflowers on Hove Sea Front 120
—— by Bernard Barton ... 120
Wassail Bowl and Wassailing the Orchards 15
Water Wagtail 26
Watson Forbes on the Crocus 46
—— on Primroses 82
Wednesday 296
Webb on June 131
Whit Sunday 131, 132
Whitsun Mysteries 132
Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" 48
Wistaria (a Laburnum) ... 196
Wordsworth 18
—— on Infancy 36
—— on the Snowdrop ... 44
Worsley-Benison on Furze ... 62

X

Xenophon and the Azalea ... 117

Y

Yacht: A Dutch Word ... 91
Yule Log 272

Z

Zealand, New, and White Clematis 143

W. H. & L. Collingridge Printers, 148 & 149, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–50*m*-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 198 020 8

QH
81
L77m